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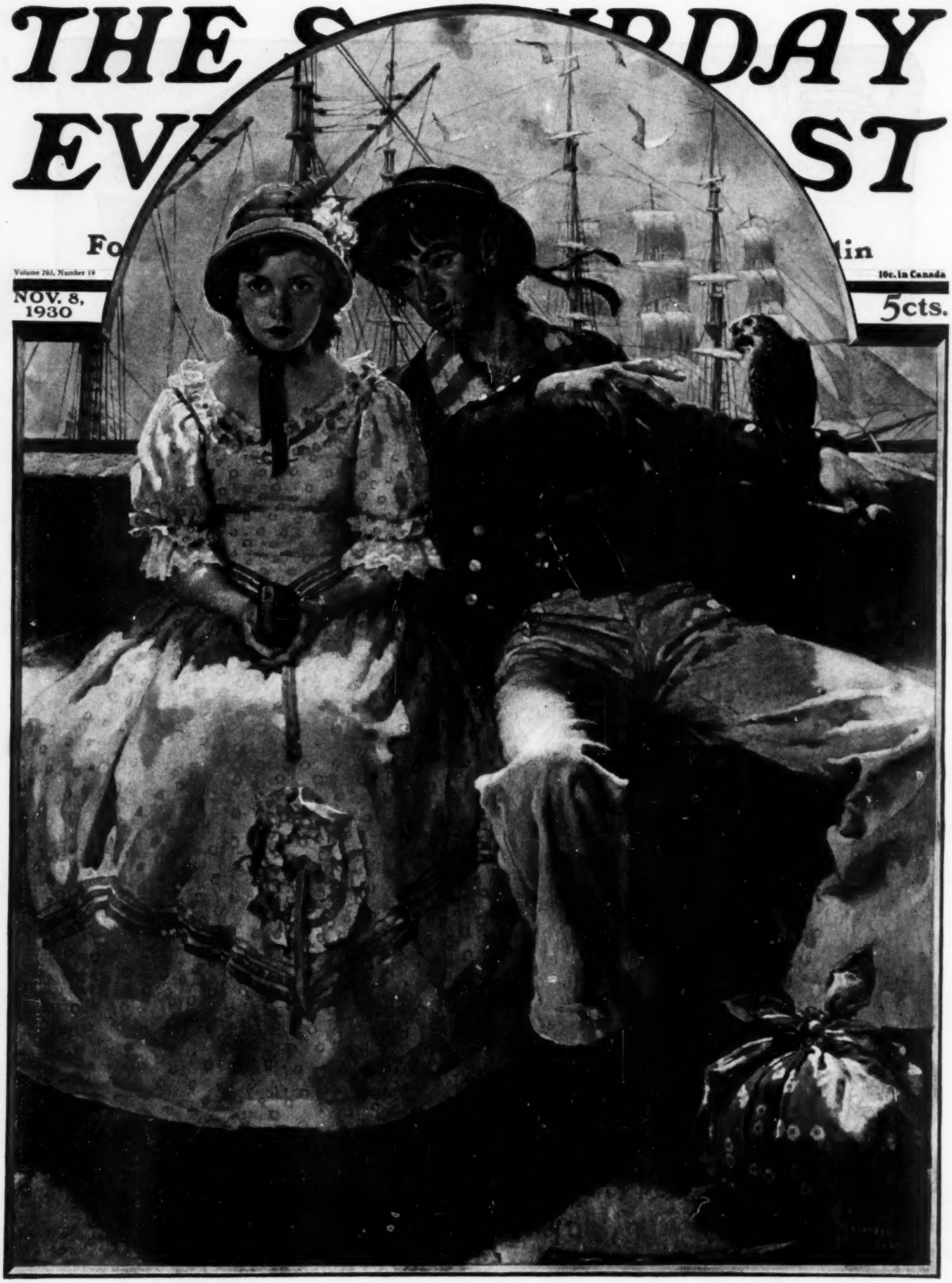

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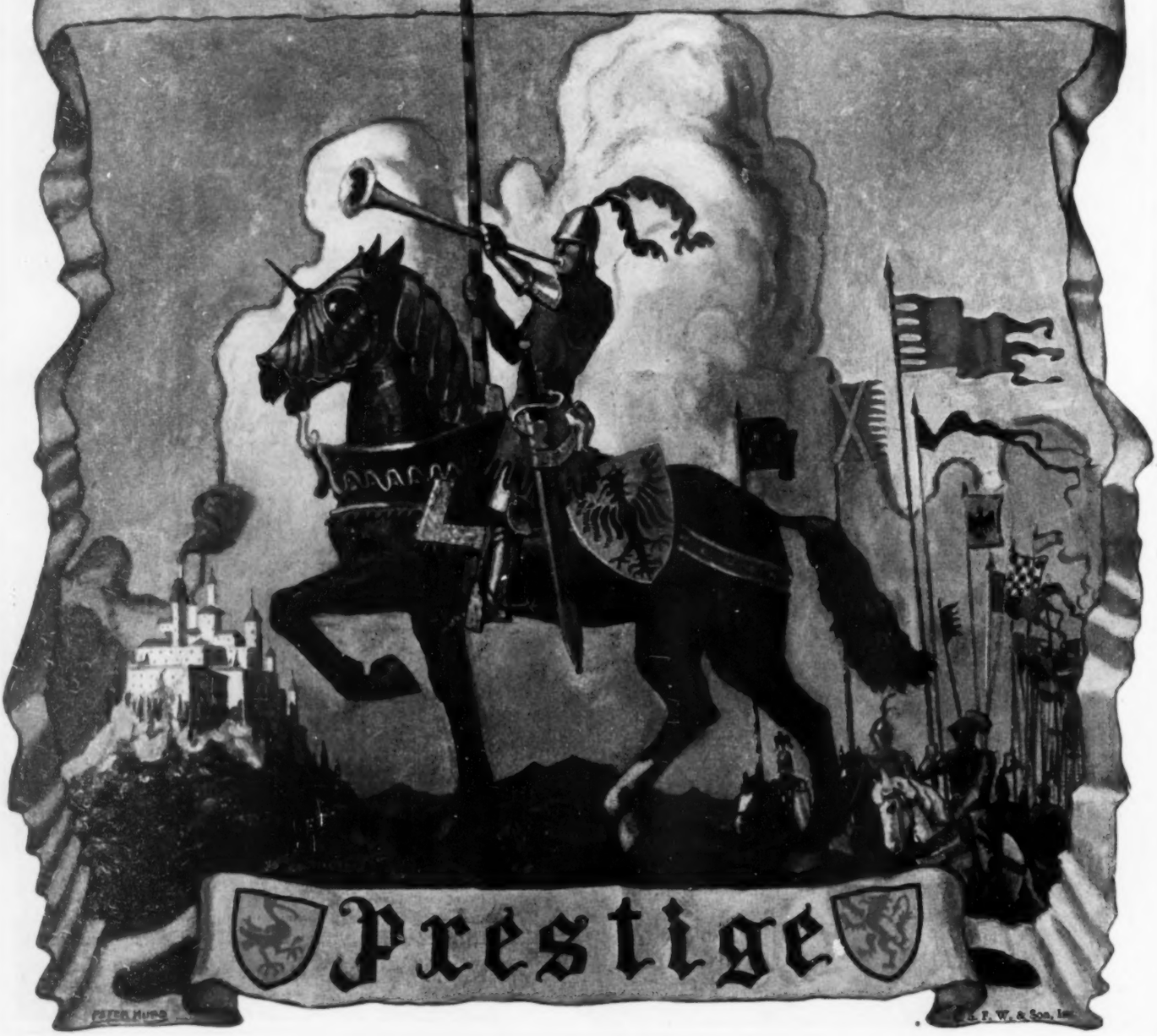

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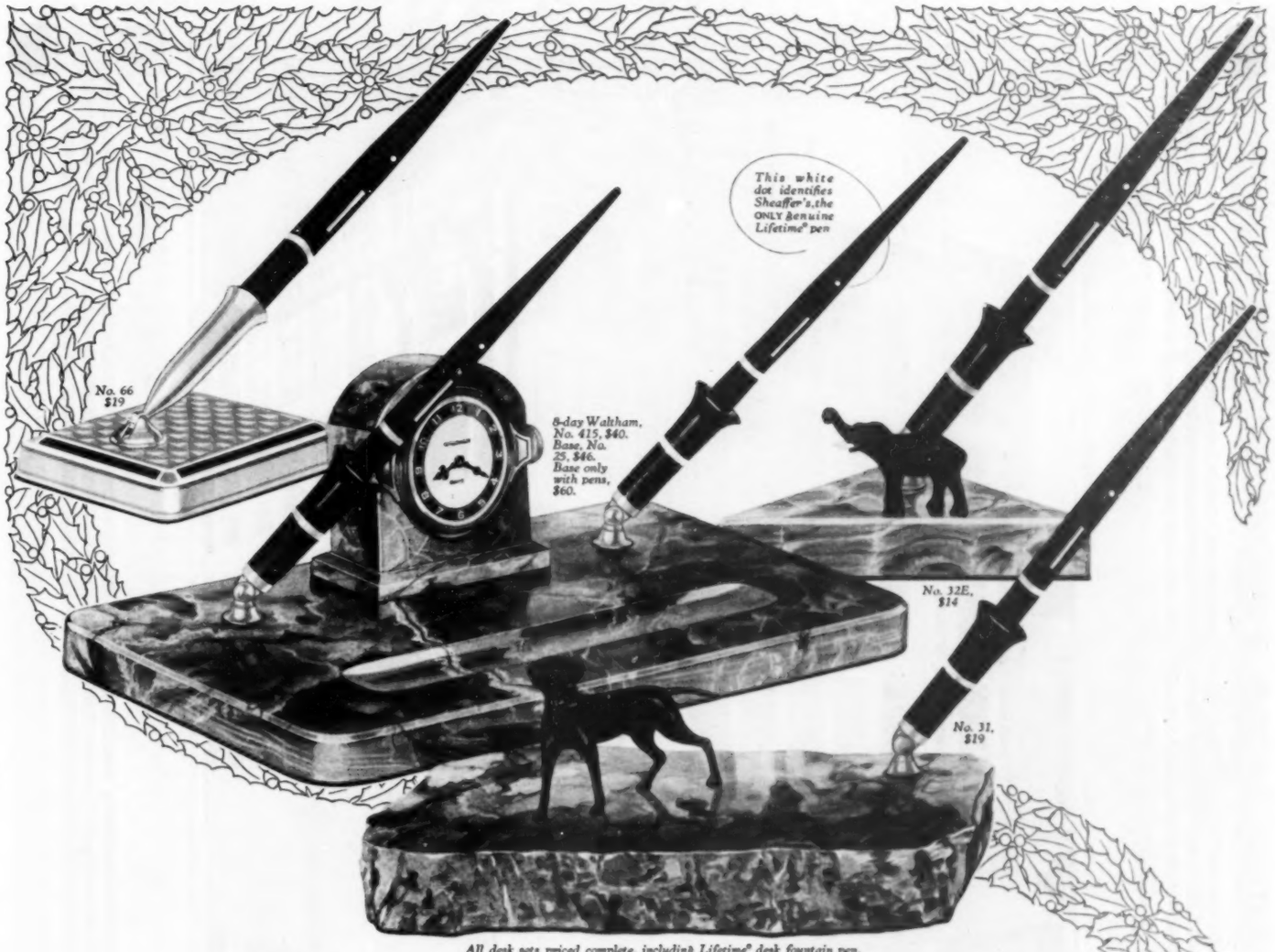
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THE MASACCIO PANEL

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You've Never Struck a Man, or Kissed a Girl, or Imagined Yourself a Robber. What Have You Done That Amounts to Anything?"

PROF. ERASMUS ORSON FOX stood on a flagstone which was almost equidistant from the Baptistry and the Duomo and Giotto's tower, and looked at none of the three. He was peering, with no little bewilderment, down a long vista of months of leisure, and was somewhat appalled by the seeming endlessness of it. For the professor had disposed of only fourteen days of his sabbatical year, and there remained three hundred and fifty-one of it yet to be utilized to the best and most scholarly advantage.

The professor was not so old as he looked. Nature had attended to a portion of it by endowing him with a lean face of extreme gravity, and he had embellished Nature half consciously by striving always to wear the expression of one who has lived long and thought deeply and ponderously. If you had seen him at the moment and been moved to scrutinize him, you would have guessed his age at something beyond forty; as a matter of demonstrable fact, he was only a month past his twenty-eighth birthday.

His father had been—and still was, for that matter—professor of psychology in a Midwestern university. When Erasmus Orson was born his father regarded him, not as a son but as heaven-sent raw material for psychological experiment. The result of this laboratory work was that old Professor Fox was made happy by demonstrating a number of curiously uninteresting facts to a world which persisted in regarding these facts not as scientific accomplishments but rather as the capers of a mental freak.

And so Erasmus Orson had his little day of fame as a juvenile prodigy who mastered Greek at twelve and wrote incomprehensibly upon higher mathematics at thirteen and took his degree from the university two years later.

These were the results as far as Professor Fox was concerned; the results to Erasmus Orson were fantastic. Of human relationships, of the business of boyhood, of everything which did not pertain to dry erudition, he was as ignorant as a block of ice. To him the chief and only end of man was to amass more facts in his mind or to instruct others in these facts.

He understood dumb-bells but not football. His father had harbored one ray of common sense which had to do with the old sound-mind-in-a-sound-body theory. So he saw to it that his son went in for calisthenics instead of athletics. The body, being nothing but a sort of suitcase in which the mind was carried around, must be kept in proper condition. But there was no reason why this should be done pleasurably. There was no trace of the hedonist in Professor Fox, but he did contrive to rear a healthy son, equipped with proper muscles and digestion. And that was that.

For several years Erasmus Orson continued to amass degrees, and, at a time when other young men were investigating this and that fascinating aspect of life, such as how a masculine arm feels when placed around a feminine waist, or if it is possible to lick a policeman, he became full professor of ancient languages, which, as anybody knows, can neither yield seductively nor hit back enthusiastically.

Now he was embarking upon his sabbatical year, which all professors spend in foreign travel. His idea of a swell time was to visit the University of Padua! His conception of Italy was of soil upon which Latin had been spoken, and he had no more idea of beauty to be enjoyed than he had that the lips of a young woman might be devoted to some more pleasing use than pronouncing Greek verbs.

In short, he stood, in his twenty-ninth year, in as glamorous a spot as the world can afford, and had no more idea of the existence of glamour, or pleasure, or friendship, or love, or hatred, than one of those round, red cheeses which one may buy in a delicatessen store.

A brother professor had recommended that he stay, while in Florence, at a place called the Villa Christina, which was about one-third *pension* and two-thirds hotel, and which was out Fiesole way and was just over the garden wall from that house in which Boccaccio is credited with having written his Decameron. It was a lovely place in a marvelous setting, with miraculous gardens and superb food. None of which Erasmus noticed.

This was his first day. He had set out with a guidebook, and hope in his heart that he might meet somebody with whom he could gossip in Sanskrit. He had hurried his departure because another guest in the villa had shown a

disposition to converse with him in the banal language of 1929, and upon subjects which had happened since Homer set down in dactylic hexameters the scandal about Helen and Paris. This was a Mr. Biddiford Luce, whose name Erasmus did not recognize, because he never read the newspapers. Mr. Biddiford Luce had made so many millions in railroads and transit lines and utilities that he could have bought and sold Lorenzo the Magnificent without making a noticeable dent in his capital. Also, Mr. Luce was the sole remaining American capitalist to wear whiskers.

"American, aren't you?" Mr. Luce said by way of friendly overture, after breakfast.

"Yes," said Erasmus.

"What's your line of business?"

Erasmus looked a trifle puzzled, but reached the conclusion that this queer creature was inquiring as to his occupation. "Ancient languages," he answered.

Mr. Luce essayed a joke. "What's the quotation on them this morning?" he asked.

To Erasmus a quotation signified something said by an ancient, and which was surrounded by quotation marks.

"What quotation," he asked, "do you refer to?"

"Never mind," Mr. Luce said. "I guess I spoke out of turn. Staying here long? I sure was tickled to see an American face. The trouble with travel is that you're away from home. But the womenfolks like it."

"It would be difficult," said Erasmus, "to travel and to remain at home."

Mr. Luce blinked and wondered if he were being kidded, but the face of this young man was so preternaturally serious that he could hardly believe it.

"That's a good one," he said by way of geniality and to cover his perplexity. "What did you say your name was? Mine's Biddiford Luce."

"I've heard of Biddeford Pool," said Erasmus. "You inquired as to my name. It can be of little interest to you; nevertheless, I am Prof. Erasmus Orson Fox."

"Gosh," said Mr. Luce. Then his face brightened. "You'll have to meet Mrs. Luce. She's educated. Women's clubs and all that. She'll be right up your street. And Carrie—Carrie's graduated from Vassar! She's a debutante, and since she came out the old man's pretty nearly had to go and sit in the garage, the house was so cluttered up with boys."

"The garage?" asked Erasmus.

"Well, not quite as bad as that, of course. I never really sat in the garage. But I felt kind of out of it. There she is now. . . . Oh, Carrie! . . . And if she isn't the prettiest girl in our city, then I'm blinder than a bat. . . . Carrie, where's your mother? And come here and meet the professor."

"The name," said the slender, brown-haired, brown-eyed young woman, "is Caroline, not Carrie. Not by any means Carrie. If you had wanted to name me Carrie, you could have, and I wouldn't kick. But you didn't. You named me Caroline, and I'm all for accuracy."

"Your mother named you Caroline, but you didn't turn out to be one. The first time I set eyes on you I knew you were a Carrie. You had the earmarks. Carrie is as Carrie does. This is Professor Fox, Carrie. And, Professor Fox, this is my daughter Carrie, not Caroline."

"How do you do?" said Erasmus.

"Ripping."

"He dickers in ancient languages," said Mr. Luce.

"They're tripe," said Caroline emphatically.

"Tripe!" said Erasmus with mild surprise. "I am not certain that I follow you. What possible association can there be between the languages of the ancients and tripe?"

"I was speaking," said Caroline, "the language of flowers."

"Now, Carrie!" expostulated Mr. Luce.

Erasmus got suddenly to his feet. There was something about the situation and the conversation that troubled him—he could not have told exactly what. Possibly it was that he did not understand what was going on, or the reason for it.

"Good morning," he said.

Caroline shook her head.

"He's not abrupt," she said. "No, he just acts that way."

She watched Erasmus walk erectly across the room and out of the door, and her eyes twinkled.

"You made him sore," said her father. "You've got no more manners than a little red hen. You're a pest. What good did you get out of making the old professor go off with a grouch."

"Old?"

"Well, isn't he?"

"No," said Caroline. "And he's good-looking, sort of." *(Continued on Page 149)*

"Generally I'm Noticed," She Said. "I Am Distinctly Visible. My Age is Twenty-Two, My Weight is a Hundred and Fourteen, and Gentlemen Have Been Known to Walk Miles for a Brief Glimpse of Me. To Put it Briefly, I Dislike Being Ignored"

THE POETRY BUSINESS

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY CORINNE BOYD DILLON

THE poetry business is not quite what it was two or three years ago. But at that it is a great deal better than it was twenty-five years ago. There was a great boom period of fifteen to twenty years, during which vast quantities of poetry were manufactured, sold and consumed by the American public. In fact, this public became almost verse-minded. Never again will the trade sink to the low levels of the time before the big boom, in my estimation. I look for a revival of business which will get us out of the present temporary slump, and will carry the peak of production and consumption to a higher crest than has ever before been attained in these states; and that within the next five or six years. The domestic market absorbs more and more poetry, and a small but active export trade has been growing up. Importations have always done well, sometimes to the prejudice of the home industry.

I am writing from the point of view of the sympathetic outsider. I used to set the machines in my plant for verse and knock out a good deal of it at one time; but I have given up that line of goods and deal almost exclusively in various grades and brands of prose. Economic reasons governed my change in production policy. I have always found that it takes just as much time and trouble and hard work to manufacture and assemble a Class A-1 sonnet, which contains only fourteen lines, as to get a complete short story ready for a customer; and the difference in pay would astonish you unless you have had occasion to investigate this business. But if I ever get rich enough I shall go back to poetry. I shall get me a yacht and sit all day long on the back porch of it and write poems, and cork them up in bottles—bottles which have been emptied in the process of producing the poetry—and throw them overboard. Hundreds of editors and women's clubs and radio people and little groups of serious thinkers will follow the yacht about and scramble for the poetry, and I shall turn machine guns on them from the yacht. It is the perfect way to spend a happy and contented old age.

Before Very Long, Having Acquired the Technic in My Own Little Poetry Society, I Should Begin to Give Readings and Lectures

It was always a great question what to charge for poetry. Some of the best poems in the world never brought their authors enough money to irritate the blind part of an old owl's eye. Some of my own worst ones have been so popular, and, in a minor way, so profitable, that I would blush every time I think about them, if a long journalistic training had not partially atrophied the mechanism which brings about blushes. The editor of a magazine, an old friend of mine in whose company I had often sought for a passable substitute for the Mermaid Tavern, put the thing right up to me, over the telephone, three or four years ago.

"What," he said, "is your poetry worth?"

I knew he wasn't talking of the imponderable and spiritual elements. He meant in cash; he had the wild idea of buying some verse and printing it. The conversation which ensued went somewhat as follows:

BARD: What do you mean—what is my poetry worth?

EDITOR: I want to run a series of your poems—good poems, y'understand—during the next year. Each one in the center of a page.

B: With a border of doodads and gewgaws and typographical gadgets around them?

E: Uh-huh. And illustrations.

B: That kind of a poem would be worth more than a plain poem that is printed at the bottom of a page just to fill in a blank space.

E: Well, how much? What do you consider your poetry worth? Come, now!

B: Well, it is better poetry than Eddie Guest's poetry, but it is not so good as John Keats' poetry.

E: What makes you think that?

B: Everybody says so. Why, I never claimed to be as good as Keats!

E: I didn't mean that. I meant about Eddie Guest.

B: Well, everybody says so.

E: Listen! Don't go upstage on me! And don't pick on Eddie Guest just to be smart. All you poets pick on Eddie Guest because you are jealous of him. Why, a volume of Eddie Guest's poetry sells as many copies as a popular novel. Smoke that!

B: Well, probably you are right. But I have only one poem in stock, and it isn't quite finished.

E: Is it a good poem? What's it about?

B: I don't know. It's just a sonnet.

E: How long is this sonnet?

B: Listen, you poor fish—a sonnet has got to have fourteen lines; that's one thing that helps make it a sonnet. But I have only eleven lines of it finished.

E: Well, write the other three right away and send it in. You'll get a good deal of advertising and publicity out of this stuff, the way we will play it up. What do you want for this sonnet?

B: I want $40,000 for it.

E: *(An indeterminate gurgling sort of noise in the telephone.)*

B: What did you say?

E: What did you say?

B: I said $40,000. Listen! I've been working on that poem since 1910, and here it is 1927 already! In 1910 I got the idea and wrote three lines. I wrote another line in 1911. The year 1912 was a fallow year, comparatively, and I didn't do a line. During 1913-14 I became dissatisfied with what I had done and scrapped three of the four lines.

E *(interested)*: Yes, yes; go on!

(Continued on Page 93)

CUSTOMERS' MAN

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

MY VOCAL teacher closed his studio in Carnegie Hall about the end of June in 1925 and went up to a summer cottage he had on the shore of a small lake in the hills of Connecticut. That left me the lonesomest guy in New York. I was just a big kid, anyway, and I knew no one in the East except the vocal teacher. Then I got a wire from him to come on up and visit for the summer.

I left New York with the feelings of a castaway getting off a deserted island. In those days it was just a lot of steel, concrete and brick masonry to me. The tallest buildings were unexplored mysteries. The cold, white stone houses shouldering each other in Fifth Avenue presented blank faces to me. Park Avenue was merely another street. Westchester and Long Island were inviting enough, but no one ever invited me. I surely was glad to leave it for a while.

I had a battered old runabout with a radiator trimmed with brass and a broken top that, when it rained, had to be held up against the wind by the support of one arm as if it had been an umbrella. I had paid fifty dollars for the car in two installments. Besides that I had a couple of pairs of white-flannel trousers and an enormous yearning for human companionship. When, after a four-hour drive, I saw the paunchy figure and smiling face of my vocal teacher waving at me from his weed-grown yard I felt as happy as a lost dog that has found his master. Still, it was not long before I was feeling lonely again.

Fred—my teacher, Frederic Townsend Hopkins—didn't have any family. He was divorced, and an old Polish woman used to come in every day and make the beds, clean up and occasionally cook some kind of meal. In the mornings we would get into clammy, wet bath suits and run the length of a rickety, weather-worn boat landing extending into the lake on mossy, slender piling. We would plunge off that flimsy dock and swim out through a tangle of water-lily plants to the clear, deep water where a raft was moored. There with our feet dangling and splashing we would sing. I did most of the singing.

My teacher was pretty cocky about my future. A couple of years of study in Italy, he told me, would just about guarantee me a place with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"You're a natural, fellow," he explained many times. Of course he found a lot of faults, but it was up to him to do that. Out on the raft, though, he generally just listened with his dark eyes staring down into the water. He seemed to know none of his neighbors, none of the young people from the opposite shore who sometimes rocketed close to our raft in frail little boats varnished like mandolins and propelled by outboard engines. I guess we were on the wrong side of the lake, socially.

Across the lake we could distinguish enough of the life there to tantalize me. We could see through gaps in the trees portions of the cottages that clung to the side of the hill that sloped down to the lake. We could hear the voices of the cottagers when they were merry in the water, or wrangled at the bridge tables. In the evenings we could see the festoons of colored lights outlining a pavilion from which by day the sun was deflected by a blue-and-orange-striped marquee. We could hear the music.

Fred

The village was about two miles away and all the summer cottagers had to go there to shop and get their mail. I used to invent errands to the village. I would drive in first to get the New York morning papers and then go back for groceries that might easily have been purchased on the first trip. At such times the post office would be thronged with people from the other side of the lake. Most of them had good cars, but some always came in station wagons. Every day there were girls alluringly fragrant in frocks that displayed a lot of sun-tanned skin. Week-ends there were always more men than other times. I certainly was envious when I saw them gay and familiar with the girls.

There was one girl in particular. I hardly ever dared to look at her boldly. Generally I pretended that I was not seeing her at all, but I was always aware of her presence. I knew that she called the grocer's freckled clerk, "Johnny," and that he addressed her with friendly respect as "Miss Page." Driving back to Fred's place I used to find myself inventing situations of peril from which I might rescue her and become her friend.

I asked Fred if he knew the Pages.

"Slightly," he said. "They're fairly rich. The old man's a crab. He's out at Battle Creek or some place nursing his stomach. The girl's name is Charlotte, if that's what's on your mind. You better stick around here and not be getting ideas in your head. You haven't the time or the money for women."

"Let's swim," I said with exaggerated carelessness; but for some reason I felt gloomy and out of sorts.

A couple of days later I was driving into town, determined to get mail, groceries and newspapers all in one trip, when I saw her walking. She was just beyond the point where our bumpy road forked into the graveled drive from the other side of the lake, and she was headed toward town. My engine wheezed like an air compressor but I honked a warning anyway and she looked at me with a trace of a smile as she stepped to the side of the road.

That's when I had my big idea. I pressed both feet down hard, stopping the flivver as if it had been a horse, and I a handsome caballero. Then I asked her if I couldn't give her a lift into the village.

"How nice of you," she said and climbed in beside me while my heart began to knock harder than my engine. For about a quarter of a mile I couldn't think of a sane word to utter, and if she had not spoken I guess I'd have been mute all the way.

"You're the one I've heard singing," she said. "We've all enjoyed it so much and wish you would come over so we could hear you better."

Gee! After that I told her the story of my life. I told her about playing football for Wisconsin and the time the Purdue halfback stepped on my face, and my father being a preacher, and my service in the Navy during the war. I chattered all the time we were in town, in the grocer's, the post office and the store where they sold magazines and newspapers. I guess I was afraid to stop talking because she might say good-by. What she did say was that she was thirsty and when I suggested a chocolate soda she said she'd love it. Anyway, I rode her home, met her mother and was invited to come back in the evening.

That was the start. I did not think for a while I'd ever be lonesome again. Acquaintance ripens swiftly in the play atmosphere of a summer resort. I had a grand time, and within a couple of weeks I did not have a better friend in the world than Charlotte Page. Sometimes Fred would bawl me out at night for neglecting my voice.

"Why, I'm singing every day, Fred," I protested. "Yes, sir, they keep me at the piano singing almost all the time, and when Charlotte and I go out in the canoe generally she paddles and I scratch a guitar."

When I Suggested a Chocolate Soda She Said She'd Love It

"Sure," he said witheringly. "Little Tommy Tucker, sings for his supper. You got about as much chance to develop as if you were doing five a day in vaudeville. Come on, now. Get to work."

Sulkily I began, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, over and over and over, up and down the scales. Vocal road work, Fred called it. He seemed to get a kick out of referring to my practice as if I had been a prize fighter or something and he a physical trainer. He was especially hopeful for me because I was big and strong.

Next day I had an early date over at the Pages' and I fully intended to get back and do some work with Fred, but when I started to leave about noon Charlotte urged me to stay.

"Aw," I said, "I really got to get back and practice. I'm not treating Fred right."

"Don't be a boy scout," she said gayly.

Well, it did not take any more urging than that, but when I finally did get back to our side of the lake Fred was sore. It was only about eleven o'clock at night, but he had gone to bed and wouldn't speak to me. I tried to josh with him and finally he sat up in his rumpled bed, snapped on the light and gave me an earful.

"Look," he said, "you can do anything you want to with that voice of yours and that big bellows to operate it, but if you don't do the best you can with it you'll be cheating. I can understand your wanting to play around with that Page crowd. But what's going to come of it? Do you think that old man is going to let you marry his daughter? Listen, sap: When he comes home and discovers you hanging around without a nickel in those flannel pants of yours you'll get the air. You represent something he doesn't understand—doesn't want to understand. You need five or six years of study and that study is going to cost you every penny you can earn."

"But I'm meeting a lot of good people, Fred."

"What's that going to get you?"

Well, that was a question I could not answer then. Later I found out. I found out some of the advantages of a wider acquaintance when we left the lake and returned to New York in the fall. Charlotte was always contriving to have me meet more people. Some of them were pretty well-to-do. One was the managing director of a big silk company; several were well-known lawyers and one the vice president of a gigantic oil company. All of them were interested in music. But none of them ever bothered to hold the conversation to music when there was a chance to talk about the market, Wall Street.

Charlotte was responsible for my getting a place as soloist in a good church. That paid me sixty dollars a month, and then I got some other engagements that began to bring in dough so that I was making a hundred a week—some weeks. I even had a few weeks in vaudeville. All the time I was widening out my circle of friends, going from house to house. Because I could sing and play I was welcome in a lot of apartments where otherwise they might not have bothered with me. I was finding a kind of sport in making friends. But still I did not meet old man Page. I knew he was back, and it finally began to dawn on me that Charlotte was afraid to show me to the old man.

I was a little hurt then. There's one thing about me: I either like people or I don't like them, but when anybody is my friend I'm loyal to him. At least I try to be, although sometimes I find it hard to be loyal to one without being disloyal to another. I was approaching a time when I was going to be up against that kind of frontier constantly.

Sometimes Charlotte kept me at arm's length, but generally when we parted I managed to kiss her good-by. Out in my home town when a couple get that far along in their friendship they are considered engaged. If they are not engaged at least they sort of compromise with convention by speaking of their mutual status as an understanding. Anyway, that was how it was when I was going to Wisconsin. The best I could say about Charlotte and myself was that we had an understanding.

Once when I mumbled something about getting married she grew very practical and asked me why I did not get a job. That put a flat taste in my mouth. I really like to sing and I don't think I'm kidding myself when I say that I have what a singer needs in the way of physical equipment. I didn't want a job, but I was spending more and more time earning money so that I could run around with Charlotte. She always managed to make our dates begin so that we never went to her house for a meal, and when I did go there she always had her hat on ready to start. They lived in an apartment in the East Seventies. They had a good car and a chauffeur, and Charlotte had gone to a fashionable school up the Hudson.

Then I met the old man, unexpectedly. I had grabbed Charlotte in the hall one night when she tried to hurry my departure after we came home from a show. She was wearing a black lace frock that threw me off balance a little, and when I tried to dally in the doorway she looked nervously over her shoulder.

"Don't wake up the family," she whispered. "On your way."

I knew she meant her father when she said family. Everything considered, I was beginning to feel a kind of dread of the old man. Nevertheless, I was determined to say good night in my accustomed manner, and when I reached for her there was a little silent scuffling. A hundred-and-twenty-pound girl hasn't much chance of eluding a two-hundred-pound boy friend in a New York apartment foyer, and I won and she was not resisting my embrace when I heard two heavy footsteps on the glassy surface of the waxed floor behind me. I turned my head and found myself looking at a tall, gaunt, sallow old man with a bristly gray mustache. He was in his shirt sleeves and his vest was unbuttoned, exposing the dicky tab of a boiled shirt, the kind my dad

(Continued on Page 102)

Mr. Page

THERE IS A DESTINY

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

POSITIVELY," said Wilfred Beaner, "this night throws me into a philosophic mood—music, the untamed sea and other things."

Naturally, knowing Wilfred as we did, we hitched our chairs nearer to where Wilfred stretched his spindling legs upon the red-tiled floor. By then it was after two in the morning. Like the nighthawk or the whippoorwill, Wilfred was at his best at such an hour. In the big room above our heads one of the customary Saturday-night dances was drawing to an undramatic close. The scraping of feet and the beating of music surged above us, but in the lounge off the men's locker room was a mellow tranquillity. We hastened to push a glass and soda water toward Wilfred. He blinked at it incuriously.

"Yes," said Wilfred, "though I seldom repeat myself, this night throws me into a philosophic mood."

At this juncture we endeavored to intensify his mental state by a round of kindly applause sprinkled with a few remarks regarding Wilfred's personal appearance and habits, to which Wilfred listened with a grave and modest pleasure.

"You mistake me," said Wilfred. "Tonight I am deadly serious. Listen to those sounds." He waved a thin hand toward the ceiling. "Up yonder, far removed from us, thank heaven, the treadmill of life is going. The asses are on the treadmill, chasing their bundle of hay."

"Yes," said someone, "and what are we doing here?"

"Now, that," said Wilfred, reaching reluctantly toward his glass, "is exactly the question that I was trying to frame. What are we doing here? It does set one to think."

It was not unnatural at this point for a number of us, thus stimulated by Wilfred, to suggest what we were doing, and particularly what Wilfred was and had been doing, while Wilfred listened thoughtfully and polished the heavy lenses of his spectacles.

"I don't know why," said Wilfred, "I consort with such dull company, when I might be debating with the wise men in the Temple. I am really so much more able than any of you, morally, mentally and physically, that I only waste my time." Again Wilfred regarded us sadly and reached resignedly toward his glass. "But after all," he added with a sigh, "what of it? Everything is vanity. And now we are on the subject of vanity, I am reminded—though you know I hate to expatiate upon myself—but I am reminded ——"

"And I may say," remarked someone, "that it has taken a deuced long time to be reminded of anything."

It was an unkind and tactless speech, since all of us knew that Wilfred always began his reminiscences from cloudy ether beyond our furthest grasp. Wilfred himself looked pained and his forehead wrinkled in a frown.

"Every moment I waste in such a group as this one," remarked Wilfred, "serves only further to recall this particular incident. You all incipiently resemble Reggie Stryker. Can I say anything more than that?"

We were all of us somewhat baffled. We none of us particularly wished to be like Reggie Stryker, and there seemed no reason for Reggie's name to be mentioned outside of some athletic anecdote.

"Yes," said Wilfred, "I am reminded—don't interrupt me, please—of the time I was forced to put Reginald in his place by defeating him at golf for eighteen holes."

Knowing, as we did, Wilfred's abhorrence of all athletic exertion, this was too much even for us to swallow. The idea of Beaner versus Stryker on the links evoked a picture at which one had to laugh. It was difficult to forget that Reginald had won the Metropolitan Handicap only a month before.

"Do you mean," inquired Wilfred, "to insinuate I am lying, when I say I defeated Reggie Stryker?"

We hastened to assure him that we had not gone as far as that, and Wilfred placed his glasses back upon his pointed nose.

I Frankly Felt a Thrill, Which Led Me to the Length of Removing My Béret and Waving it Above My Head. "Beaner!" I Can Hear Them Shouting Still. "Beaner!"

"In that case," said Wilfred, "I feel impelled to tell you of it, much as I hate to speak about myself. At worst, my account will penetrate to your minds, robbed of its moral significance, in the light of a bedtime story, and it is nearly bedtime now. But when you tuck yourself in tonight, I beg only that you tuck one thought in with you, and that is"—Wilfred rose majestically and tapped his forefinger smartly upon his narrow chest—"that Wilfred Beaner has been here with you tonight, plain, blunt and taciturn, but capable of rising above and dominating any situation, physical, mental or moral. . . . Will you hand me the soda water, please?"

It seems—said Wilfred Beaner—that I have never had an unbiased liking for Reggie Stryker. Since the

earliest social history the higher types and the lower have always been in opposition. As anyone must admit that I am the former and Reginald Stryker the latter, it is not strange that we should have been possessed of a mutual antipathy. From our boyhood I can conjure up a number of painful scenes which, if I were not a fearless realist, I might readily conceal.

When we were boys together at St. Swithin's School, Reginald was much as you see him now—winning the respect of morons, as he has doubtless won yours, by feats of physical prowess. Already he was developing those propensities which were to make him left halfback on the All-American of his year.

How often in the old days I have seen him regaling those who would watch with exhibitions of somersaults, or of walking up flights of steps upon his hands. I can recollect once remarking that he could get upstairs more quickly on his feet, and with much less effort. Like the rest of his kind, such obvious truths had a way of arousing him to irrational wrath. Being in a lower form than Reginald, you can understand what happened. The traditions of St. Swithin's were—and no doubt are—of the cruder medieval sort.

"Sissy," said Reginald—I do not conceal the shameful name under which I then labored, though I have never learned why I was given such a title—"Sissy, that'll be exactly six swats for you. Bottoms up!"

This, as you may guess, was Reginald's way of concluding any debate. As you may recall, upon such a command from the upper school, it was the ironclad rule for anyone in the lower to assume the undignified position which the command implies, waiting patiently until the flat of the hand should descend. Reginald was exceedingly good at this. Experts have commented on his perfect timing in every sport.

I have often thought—though years have rolled by and the ivy on the million-dollar chapel of old St. Swithin's is now rich and green, and we are now raising a fund so that the dear old rector may retire—that I have helped Reginald almost exclusively in mastering the secret of perfect impact which he can now give the ball—tennis, golf, or foot. Though the years have rolled by, even now, in glad revels, when that cordial phrase of "bottoms up" is used, I am inclined to misconstrue it.

"The trouble with you, Sissy," said Reginald, "is you're too fresh. You'll never walk up a flight of stairs on your hands, you knock-kneed runt!"

"Look here," I said; "I don't care whether I do or not."

"For that," said Reggie, "you'll get six more of the same. Bottoms up."

"Very well," I said. "But just remember this: I'll get even some day."

"Sis," said Reginald, "that's pretty close to blasphemy. Bottoms up, I said."

Ah, those school days! I wonder, sometimes, whether it is wise to plant over here the debatable idea that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

The senior prefect, I remember, was troubled. You know him. Jack Hewett was the one, and Jack is with us still. I may say that Jack is the sort who would be senior prefect, or whatever they may call the leader, at any of those church schools. Jack called me aside for a little talk, just as he is probably doing now, upstairs, with some of the younger generation who are dancing too fiercely in picturesque embrace.

"Wilfie," said Jack—good old Jack. You know the way Jack is—"I want to have a little talk with you, Wilfie, just as though I were your big brother. Reggie's getting sour on you because you have no respect for him. You ought to have respect. Why do you talk back to Reggie?"

Now, I am free to admit that Jack Hewett would amount to something, if we could only get into a holy war, but, naturally, he could not grasp my point of view when I tried to point out that Reggie was too obvious for a developed mind.

"Wilfie," said Jack, "you'd be a credit to the school if you didn't talk so much. We're all working together here. Reggie will be senior prefect some day. Reggie means well, and he's done a lot for old St. Swithin's. You can't compete with Reggie."

"You wait," I said. "I can compete with anybody, once I get out of this. You wait; I'll square up with Reggie some day. I won't always be the anvil. I'm not the anvil kind."

"Not with Reggie," said Jack. "Reggie will be a very important man."

But even then I knew what Reggie would be—much as he is now—slightly stout and telling how he carried the ball for eighty yards down an open, muddy field. . . . But shall we draw the veil?

I can recall, when St. Swithin's was all over and a golden dream, pushing an egg with my nose across the trolley tracks of Harvard Square. As I was engaged in this dull but, to others, diverting pursuit, I can remember thinking that I should be glad when I outgrew this process of initiation into various social groups. I was impressed also with the resemblance of higher education to certain unwelcome parts of the St. Swithin curriculum; for who should be standing above me—I'll give you three guesses if you like—but Reggie, in a hurry to kick his football down at Soldiers' Field?

"Hurry up," said Reggie. "Your nose is long enough, Sis, to send that egg a mile."

"Reggie," I said, twisting my neck over my shoulder, "did you, when you got into this thing, have to roll an egg like this?"

"Shut up," said Reggie. "No, I didn't."

"You wouldn't," I replied, struck by the manifest injustice of this life.

"For that," said Reggie, "you get two swats, Sissy. Hey, hey; go ahead and roll that egg."

Sweet college years, with pleasure rife! Who was it who said so aptly: When you are the anvil, hold you still? . . . But shall we draw the veil? . . .

When everything was over, Reggie came up to me, and, presumably because he was not seeing as straight as usual, slapped me on the back.

"Sis," he said, "you were wonderful—wonderful."

Quick to acknowledge this tribute, I perceived that Reggie was laughing in that clownish way of his. His entire two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, governed by his small and one-track brain cells, were shaking in an ungoverned fit of merriment.

"Sis," he said, with large tears running down his cheeks, "I'll never forget it—never. Sis, haven't we had good times together? And I have made a man of you, Sis, though it has sometimes hurt my hand."

At this juncture Jack Hewett came up. I want you to like Jack Hewett, since he is the sort everybody

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"Reginald," I Said, "Do You Remember Dear Old Swithin's?"

VIENNESE CAPRICE

By Travis Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BIDDLE WHITELAW

"Lucrezia Borgia on the Loose! Who's the Man You're Out to Poison This Evening, My Dove?"

IT WAS his arrogance that drew Lisa Storm's attention to him in the first place. The perfect cut of his evening clothes, the sweep of his crisp blond hair back from his forehead, the clear, hard lines of his profile—all these she noticed later, but in that first moment as he followed the plump, jeweled woman into the dining room, Lisa Storm's eyes were caught and held by the expression of cool scorn on his face.

The light, glinting on the monocle he wore, gave a peculiar iciness to the glance that he cast about the room, and Lisa was made aware of a fact she had forgotten: that this hotel had once been the palace of an archduke, and that there had been a time when none of the present guests would have been welcome here.

Only this young man who hated them all—one could imagine him striding into the room to one of the archduke's balls. One could imagine him, very lean and straight and tall in a uniform of blue and gold, bowing stiffly from the waist, kissing the hand of some lovely, languorous lady as he asked her to dance. He looked as though he might have been a part of the Vienna that had been the gayest city in the world.

Vienna! Lisa Storm's lips twisted into a derisive little smile. The Blue Danube and Schubert's waltzes, The Old Refrain and the Caprice Viennois had put silly, sentimental ideas into her head.

In spite of the tales she had heard of changes since the war, she had expected stubbornly to find a sort of dream city, shining in the sunlight of never-ending romance. There would be color, she had thought. The flash of blue and gold and scarlet uniforms. There would be the perfume of women, and their laughter, and peace in old, high-ceilinged rooms and quiet little streets. Coziness and peace and contentment, warmed by shining, white-tiled stoves, flavored with coffee and *Kropfen* and *crème torte* and *Pfannkuchen*.

So she had come to Vienna in March, to find—what? A city of gray spires under a sullen sky. A cold city, damp with sudden bursts of rain. There were no uniforms, if one excepted those of the omnipresent police. The Prater was like any other park in the world, the Graben like any other busy street. The portly gentlemen who lifted their hats ceremoniously to one another as they met on the Kärntnerstrasse, the plump ladies who bulged over the edges of the small gilt chairs in Demel's and gossiped as they nibbled sandwiches and drank coffee drowned in whipped cream—these were the Viennese. And as for music, Strauss and Schubert and Kreisler might never have written a note. The orchestras here played American jazz and sang it with German words that made it sound more ridiculous than it already was. They were playing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, now, bellowing the words through small red megaphones, and the young man with the monocle was dancing with the woman, who wore a tight pink dress and too many diamonds.

"Who is he, Mary?" Lisa Storm demanded. "The blond Adonis out there with the strawberry *parfait*."

Mary Brent put up her lorgnette to stare, and Lisa, feeling the man's cold gaze upon her, was suddenly conscious that Mary, for all her fluent German, was only another American doing her best to be Continental.

"I don't know him." Mary's tone damned him as not worth knowing. "I met the woman last week, though, at tea at Helen Ballard's. Terrific, isn't she? Must have rented an *Eintänzer* for the evening."

"A what?"

"We don't call them gigolos here," Bill Brent explained. "*Eintänzer*, if you please. There's supposed to be some subtle difference in the breeds, but I don't get it. . . . Come on, Lee, let's dance."

Lisa Storm threw back her head and laughed. Gigolo. *Eintänzer*. Of course, she should have guessed it. He probably rented his evening clothes and put on his manner as he put in his studs.

"By all means, let's dance," she said.

"I'm going back to Paris tomorrow," she announced as the music stopped and Bill led her back to their table. "With all due respect to your temporary residence, William, I can't hand Vienna a thing."

"But, my dear, you just got here!" Mary cried, aghast. "You can't go yet. You've got to wait till we get back from Budapest."

"I'm going back to Paris," Lisa repeated. "The Warwicks and Roddy Ellsworth are there——"

"But I thought you came down here to get away from them!"

"I did, in a way. Roddy was getting impossible."

"Listen, Lisa," Bill was insisting earnestly, "we'll only be gone about a week. If it weren't for business reasons, I'd leave Mary here with you, but we promised this man's wife—see? You stay here, though——"

"I'll call the Mathewsons and Helen Ballard and have them look you up," Mary pleaded with her. "And when we get back——"

"I won't be a burden to my friends' friends. I don't like Vienna."

"Why not?" Bill demanded.

"I had illusions about it. Do you ever have illusions, William?"

"Only after the ninth cocktail."

"Delusions," Lisa said. "Pink elephants. Illusions are silly ideas about people and places. Illusions grow like weeds, and just as you think you've rooted out the last of them, you find you have a whole new crop to get rid of. I had illusions about Vienna."

"But you haven't seen anything!" Mary wailed. "We'll find you a guide——"

"And a guidebook, and we'll walk through the picture galleries. Mary, spare me that! I'm going back to Paris."

The telephone shrilled beside her bed, and Lisa woke from a dream in which an orchestra, all wearing monocles, had been playing The Blue Danube and singing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, and a blond young man in a policeman's uniform had kissed her hand and said, "I am the archduke."

"Darn you!" she said to the phone. Then drowsily: "Yes?"

"My dear," Mary Brent's voice came over the wire, "I've found him, and now you've got to stay."

"Found who?"

"Your blond Adonis. I called Helen Ballard to see whether she knew him, and she did, because she was the one who got him for that woman last night.

The First Act Dragged a Bit. Isolde Swished Around Like an Indignant Dowager

"I'm Not in the Mood to Watch People Eat," Lisa Said Suddenly. "Let's Go Somewhere Else"

He's not just an *Eintänzer*. He's a guide to Vienna. A walking encyclopedia, Helen says."

"So is any guide, but why get me up at dawn to tell me?"

"Listen, darling; you don't understand. Helen got hold of him for me, and he's coming at two this afternoon to take you on a personally conducted tour. Vienna by day and by night."

Mary, Lisa reflected, was a good-natured idiot, whose effervescent friendliness was a bit overpowering at times.

"I won't," she said.

"Oh, yes, Lee, you must! I know you'll enjoy it. You thought he was interesting last night. Oh—and just let him pay for everything. I told him Bill would settle with him afterwards."

"I wouldn't even think of it!"

"Well, we won't bother about that now. The important thing is, you'll stay."

"You've succeeded in putting me in the position where I practically have to," Lisa told her coldly; and then, hearing Mary's little hurt gasp at the end of the wire, she was ashamed of herself. "Don't mind me, Mary," she said contritely. "I'm always in a beastly mood when I wake up. You're a dear to bother about me. Of course, I'll stay."

After all, why not? Nothing could be much more deadly than Paris and Roddy Ellsworth. Not even Vienna and a blond gigolo.

She hated him. She had begun to hate him the night before, when his contemptuous gaze had swept the room and suddenly all the smart, bright world in which she moved had seemed not gay and clever, but only vulgar and rather blatantly new. She hated him now, as he stood in the lobby of the hotel, hat and gloves and stick in his hand, the monocle gleaming.

For a moment, as she advanced toward him, he surveyed her impersonally, and, as though she were seeing herself through his eyes, Lisa wondered, with a self-distrust that was new to her, whether the black ensemble with its two long scarves of silver fox were not too obviously smart, whether the contrast of blue-black hair and ivory pallor and geranium lipstick were not a bit theatrical.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am Lisa Storm."

He bowed—the Continental bow, from the hips down.

"And I," he said, "am Franz Vavorek, your guide to Vienna."

There was no suggestion of an accent in his speech. He might have been an Englishman, come down the day before from Oxford. She commented on that as he led her to the door.

"My mother was English," he told her coldly.

He had rented a car for the week, he said. It would be scarcely more expensive than taxicabs and a great deal more convenient.

And he was taking her to Schönbrunn. What Versailles and Fontainebleau were to Paris, Schönbrunn was to Vienna. Built by Maria Theresa in 1744—of course, she remembered her history. Of course, she remembered Maria Theresa.

"No," said Lisa flatly, dismissing with a word all Austria and its historic past. "I never heard of her."

His eyes marveled at her ignorance, but he told her the story of the Pragmatic Sanction and the girl empress who had lived to bear sixteen children and to manage the affairs of half of Europe.

"How interesting!" said Lisa Storm, politely bored. What was there about this man that made her long to belittle him, to pierce the chilly armor of his self-sufficiency? She was prepared to hate Schönbrunn. But strangely enough, she didn't hate it, after all. Under the magic spell of Franz Vavorek's clipped English words, the bare, cold rooms of the palace were filled with life once more, and men and women long since dead moved again in glamorous splendor through the halls.

This was the room where that tired little man, the first Napoleon, had slept; this the narrow, camplike bed of the old Spartan, Franz Josef, who had wanted to regulate his life as his simple soldiers were forced to regulate theirs. The embroidered panels set there in the walnut wainscoting were wrought, stitch by tiny stitch, by Maria Theresa and her daughters. And the little girl gazing out so stiffly from the painted canvas of this portrait—look at her well. She was Marie Antoinette, who had grown up here and had gone away to France to live, and at the last had ridden proudly to her death, while the scum of the French streets hurled insults at her as she passed. The lady in the picture over there? Maria Theresa, mother of Marie Antoinette. But don't think of her as you see her painted here—a long-necked woman with imperious eyes and a receding chin. See her gleaming with jewels, white-powdered head high, as she swept into this long room to hold her court. See it all—crystal chandeliers glittering like diamonds, and ladies in wide skirts of blue and rose and cloth of silver curtsying to gentlemen in brocaded waistcoats, as they danced the minuet.

Franz Vavorek had changed. The air of icy reserve slipped from him, and Lisa had the feeling that these were his people, that he was back among his kind again.

He led her out across the courtyard to the carriage house, pointing out the golden coach that had carried princes to their coronations, and the bridal carriage, and the huge black lumbering thing that had borne dead Hapsburgs through the streets to their final resting place in the vaults of the Capuchin Church. He showed her the horses' trappings that the Emperor Maximilian had sent from Mexico, and the blanket of gold incrusted with real pearls.

Listening to him, watching the movements of his long hands and the expressions of his lean face, Lisa Storm forgot for a time that she had hated him. For a time, until she remembered that, whatever his forbears had been, he was only a handsome young man who took money for dancing with women who couldn't otherwise have found a dancing partner.

"Aristocracy!" she said, fingering a golden tassel on the Empress Elizabeth's carriage. "Aristocracy!

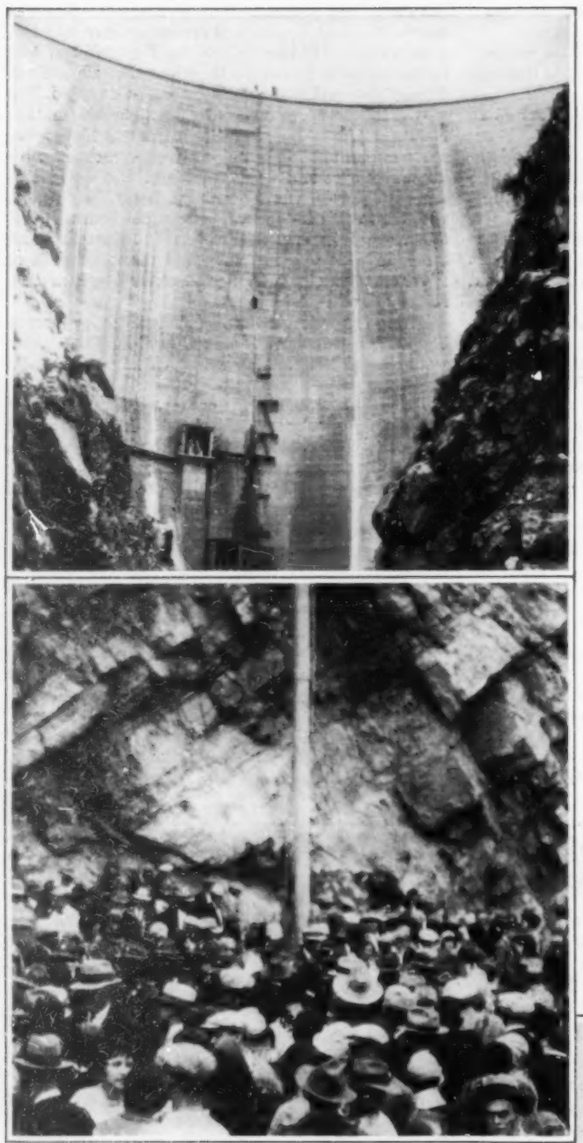
(Continued on Page 134)

"Who is He, Mary?" Lisa Storm Demanded. "The Blond Adonis Out There With the Strawberry Parfait"

Can Prosperity be Managed?

By WALTER S. GIFFORD

President American Telephone and Telegraph Company



PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Two Projects Designed to Help in Managing Prosperity. Crowds Waiting for the Dedication of the Coolidge Dam—a Dream of the Desert Come True. Above—The Pacoima Dam, at San Fernando, California.

THE present industrial civilization in the United States has provided a greater percentage of its people with a higher standard of living than any civilization of which we have knowledge. That is just as true now as it was during the boom of last year. Periodic hard times are not the product of industrial civilization. They are of ancient origin and occur in all kinds of societies. The comparison of our present condition to that of earlier periods in depressed times is as favorable as the comparison between the two in good times.

The level of well-being—economic, social and cultural—of the mass of the people has been put on the highest level in history. But there are fluctuations of prosperity on that high level as there were on the lower levels. Business depressions, under the economic order we have created, are nothing more than temporary interruptions to a rate of progress which promises the attainment of ever-higher levels of well-being—economic, social and cultural. That 1931 will be a year of improving business conditions would seem to be inevitable. At the same time we cannot achieve the full measure of a democratic prosperity unless we can achieve a greater control of depressions, for it is the unfortunate characteristic of depressions that they bear hardest upon those least able to stand them.

This civilization of ours with its promise of constantly better standards is like a high-powered machine. It needs more attention than the simpler economic structures common before we attained our present industrial development.

When the standard of living consisted of simple food, clothing and shelter for most of the people, they had little choice as to whether they bought or not. They bought if they had the money. There were no buyers' strikes. But now that clothing is in greater variety, and radios, automobiles, amusements and all manner of other accessories down to the simplest necessities of living constitute our standard, the buyer can voluntarily curtail his expenses to a considerable degree. The possible degree of fluctuation between booms and depressions is increased by this. I doubt if the ups and downs are greater than they used to be, but they might be unless some control were exercised to prevent it.

Worldwide Fluctuations

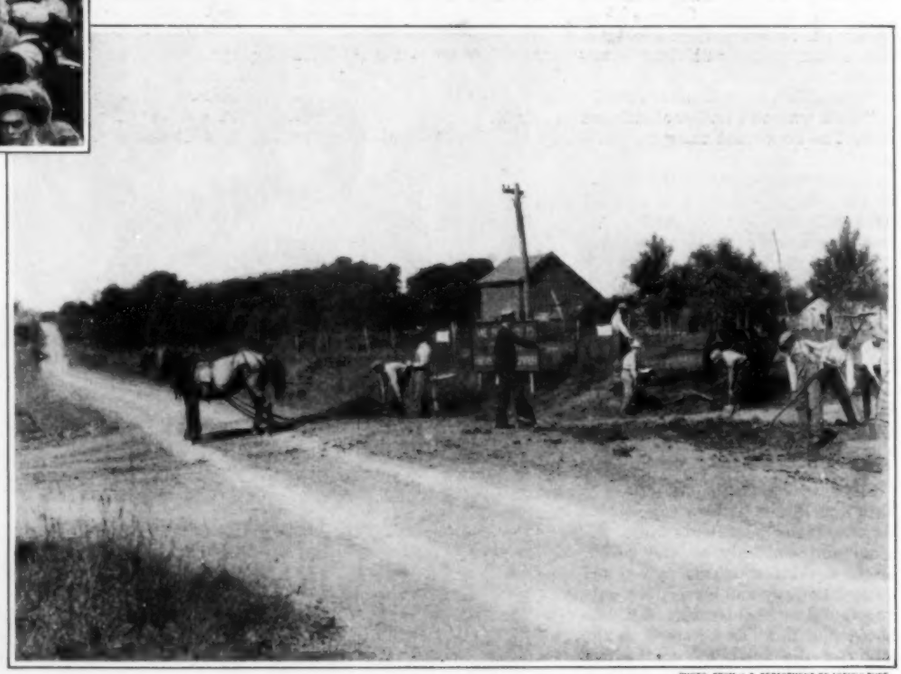
MOREOVER, booms and depressions were more local before communication and transportation linked the world so closely. But now that civil war in China, unrest in India and depression in Australia may affect the United States more than depression in New England used to affect South Carolina, any method of meeting depression must be based upon worldwide knowledge. From the time when Joseph saved the surplus of the seven years of plenty and fed the Egyptians during the seven lean years, there have always been efforts at amelioration. But a belief in the possibility of prevention and control of major depressions is, I think, a product of the modern industrial age—an age of organization in business which has given rise to statistical measurement. Only recently has the use of statistics developed sufficiently to provide a picture of enough of the elements of the running stream of economic activity to stir men's imaginations to the possibility of leveling the periodic cycles of boom and depression.

The Business Basis for Progress

THAT is an event of vast importance which has occurred with the same lack of drama that heralded the gradual recognition of the fact that the world was round. And with the widening acceptance of the idea that such control is possible, there is developing a sense of responsibility by business to make that possibility into an actuality.

There is far less now of the business philosophy of our boyhood which held that when hard times came, the excess workers were dismissed without more ado. You less frequently hear the phrase "business is business" as an excuse for being hard-boiled. Business is still business, but it is also a good deal more than that. It is the chief agency in this country for giving all our people a safe, continuous and ever-improving economic basis on which to base their social and cultural progress. In other words, it is the agency of a democratic prosperity, just as our Government provided political democracy and our school system educational opportunity.

With the possibility of moderating the depressions that blot our prosperity from time to time before us



PHOTO, FROM U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Road Work is Done in Many Counties by Local People on State or County Roads as a Constructive Economic Measure

and the growing acceptance of a sense of responsibility by business for doing so, what progress are we making?

Let us go back to the depression of 1907. One of its worst manifestations was a credit panic. Neither in 1921 nor now has there been a money panic. The Federal Reserve Act provided a necessary piece of machinery to prevent such panics. In the depression of 1921 the most difficult problem was created by the large stocks of merchandise and materials in the hands of manufacturers, jobbers and retailers. Since that time the increasing rapidity and certainty of railroad and truck transportation has enabled business to carry on with relatively much smaller stocks, and business has used this effectively, in spite of the fact that the capacity for production is so large as to increase the temptation to create large stocks ahead.

A Study of Live Economics

IN THE present depression there has been no credit panic, little surplus merchandise to clog the flow of business and burden the manufacturers and distributors with its charges.

But the 1921 depression not only gave us a lesson in the dangers of large inventories which we have not forgotten; it crystallized the idea of the possibility of controlling the business cycle. In 1921 President Harding called a conference on unemployment. The

PHOTO, FROM J. C. ALLEN

Good Corn on a Farm in Greene County, Indiana

PHOTO, FROM U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A Cornfield Showing a Poor Development of Crop, a Condition That Cannot Always be Controlled

object of that conference was to devise ways and means of ameliorating the condition that then existed. But as a result of the deliberations of that conference, Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, organized three national surveys "to enlarge the general understanding of our economic system and to stimulate the continuing reduction of unemployment." The first of these surveys was a study of business cycles and unemployment, the second a study of seasonal operation in the construction industries, and the third, completed in 1929, a survey of economic changes since 1920–21.

These surveys have been paralleled by a great deal of private study and publication which is beginning to give to the United States a new kind of economic literature. The older scientists in economics confined themselves to the records of the past, for these were fixed and could be analyzed on what they considered a scientific basis. The newer analysis and study uses the past but also tackles the much more difficult problem of the moving present and the problematical future. This newer economics takes more courage, for a turn of events may at any time prove the author wrong. Yet it is a courage well worth while, for, as the students of living economics perfect their technic, it can be used for the prevention of the sufferings of depression and for the upbuilding of the nation.

Prof. Ernest Wagemann, of the University of Berlin, writes of the scientific work of the realistic economists and the mathematical statisticians. Their "approach to the question was, in both cases, essentially theoretical in character and was as far removed from any sympathetic consideration of the needs of business practice and business policy as in the case of earlier cyclical theories. Their utility, for practical purposes, dates from the moment at which they established contact with each other. A synthesis of this kind has been brought about in the course of the last decade in the United States of America. It is noteworthy that the first steps were taken not by the scholars themselves but by business men and practical economists who placed the equipment supplied by the investigations of the statisticians and historical economists at the service of the business community."

This study and analysis of living economics has grown rapidly. There are numerous organizations which sell such services on a commercial basis, and most large businesses and banks—and many small ones—have statisticians and economists working on the published data and their own. There are also such institutions as the National Bureau of Economic Research and the graduate schools of business administration, such as that at Harvard, which are conducting fundamental studies in business research.

The analysis of the moving present in such a complex civilization as ours, not to mention the future, is obviously an exceedingly difficult matter. No one could expect to evolve a precise technic in such a length of time as it has been in practice. The fact that error is common tends to make people hesitate to base their actions on the data, and even if the data and the interpretations of them were not still so subject to error, people would be somewhat slow to utilize them, because it is human for new practices to take hold slowly.

Competition, the Jekyll and Hyde of Business

WHAT, then, has the study of live economics achieved? For one thing, it has tackled the problem of remedying or mitigating the evils of excessive competition. Competition is warfare and tends to excesses. It has long been recognized that excessive competition is a potent factor in preventing stabilization and accentuating overproduction, booms and depressions, with their train of recurring hard times and unemployment. At the same time, competition is beneficial and necessary, and the good of it must be preserved. The cure for the evils of excessive competition is coöperation, but excessive coöperation between competitors will destroy or leave only a semblance of competition, and tends to what the law calls conspiracy in restraint of trade and punishes severely.

To cope with this problem, the new science naturally turned to the existing trade associations as suitable agencies for its purpose. Here one difficulty was that some of these associations had, wittingly or unwittingly, run afoul of the antitrust laws, in consequence of which the trade-association movement as a vital factor in industry was under a cloud of public and official suspicion. And it was, moreover, groping in uncertainty as to the admissible legal scope of its activities, particularly as to the kind and degree of coöperation the law would allow. Now all this has been greatly changed. Within the past five years the Supreme Court has rendered decisions that have clarified the law and that now make it possible for trade associations to cope effectively with the evils, without sacrificing the benefits, of competition.

(Continued on Page 145)

THE BOLD MAN OF DUNVEGAN

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IN THE London chambers of Messrs. Clifford, Castle & Co., Ltd., in St. Mary Axe, near the Baltic Exchange, there hangs a broad map of many colors, drawn on the Van der Grinten projection of the terrestrial globe. Thrust into this map are twenty-three pins, each of them the flagstaff of a little paper ensign which bears the name of one of the company's ships. These names are alphabetical, starting with the Aincliffe Castle for A, and proceeding through to the Welshcliffe Castle, the proprietors thus far having been spared the embarrassing problem of devising names to begin with X, Y and Z.

Every day before Sir John Castle arrives at the office, these flags are shifted about the seven seas and seven hundred ports by musty old Mr. Hazlitt, who wears paper cuffs over the sleeves of his alpaca coat, and who takes his duties seriously. Thus, when by reason of typhoon, tide, mutiny, barratry or the physical failure of machinery or men, it befalls that any of the ships is not where Mr. Hazlitt's flag would indicate, the old gentleman waxes wroth. Sometimes he even waits with testy complaint upon Sir John himself.

"H'm," the baronet invariably remarks, glancing up from the Sporting Mirror and Turf News. "H'm. Quite so, Hazlitt—quite so. Agree absolutely. Absolutely. Write Captain What's-his-name a scathing letter."

Whereupon Mr. Hazlitt indites a blistering epistle to the offending shipmaster and addresses it to a scheduled port of call. Occasionally, when the circumstances of the offense permit, he makes a form letter out of it and dispatches it broadcast throughout the company's fleet.

"For indeed," he chuckles to himself, "a bit of scolding, now and then, benefits the best of men!"

It was just such a scolding that so disturbed the gentlemen of the Incheliffe Castle, and it came aboard in the mail bag as the vessel was casting off at Rotterdam. Captain Ball was too busy, what with port officials and pilots, to open it until dinnertime, when the vessel was well out to sea. Then, excusing himself to his officers, he spread the letter before him and went about its perusal between heaping knifeloads of boiled mutton and mashed potatoes. He had reached the second paragraph and the third mouthful when he paused, scowled and thumped his fist irefully upon the oileloth.

"Why, hell's bones!" he exclaimed. "Of all the out-and-out outrageous cheek!"

"For Look Ye, MacCrummon," Said Mr. Glencannon, "Though We've Talked and Droonk and Fought and Droonk Some More, We've Deecided Nowt Between Us"

"Wot's 'appened, sir?" inquired Mr. Montgomery, the first officer. "Bad news from 'ome?"

"Home your aunt!" snarled Captain Ball. "It's just some more impudence from that old meddler Hazlitt. You remember that song about 'Stick close to your desk and never go to sea, and some day you'll be the ruler of the Queen's navee'? Well, that's what this old ass Hazlitt is trying to do. But here, read it yourself, Mister Mate—you're in it too!"

Mr. Montgomery picked up the letter and cleared his throat. "H'm," he said. "H'm. Well, arfter the usual salutytions about 'oping our 'ealths is good—the sniveling 'ippocrite—'e says: 'We note with concern that the loading shedule at Bilbao was hexceeded by thirty-six hours, due, no doubt, to your missing the tide and to improper stowage of cargo consigned to that port. Your Mr. Montgomery should be hinstructed in the proper myntenance of a cargo chart. . . .' Oh, 'e should, should 'e? Well, of orl the ruddy hinsolence I ever read, this letter tykes the cyke!"

"Aweel, aweel, I wad no' be sae sure o' that," ventured Mr. Glencannon, the chief engineer, as he wagged his head sagaciously in time with his mastication of a noteworthy mouthful of mutton. "Noo, mind ye, Muster Montgomery, I wad no' preesume to creeticize yere effeeciency in arranging cargo in the holds, but it did seem to me that ye were a lang, lang time working a vurra sma' consignment in Beelbao."

"Oh, yes?" bristled Mr. Montgomery. "Well, just keep your 'air on, Sir Walter Scotch, until I reads the part that refers to you. Listen 'ere to this: 'We also note the deplorable showing of your engine room, your vessel seldom logging more than two 'undred and thirty miles a d'y. As your sister ship, the 'Ardcliffe Castle, regularly logs two 'undred and fifty-five, we can only assume that your Mr. Glencannon has not fully mastered his duties. We are glad that 'e will shortly 'ave the hopportunity of familarizing 'imself with syme, due to the Incheliffe and the 'Ardcliffe being sheduled for London at the syme time. Thus, your Mr. Glencannon can avyle 'imself of the superior knowledge of Mr. MacCrummon, the able chief hengineer of your sister vessel.'"

Mr. Glencannon emitted a choking sound and rose halfway from his chair, his brows beetling and his mustache jutting forward like that of a walrus.

"MacCrummon?" he snorted, finally finding voice. "MacCrummon? Why, foosh to MacCrummon! He's a hard, bold mon o' Dunvegan, and there's none alive whuch is harder and bolder; but as an engineer, foosh to him!"

"'Foosh to 'im,' m'ybe!" chided Mr. Montgomery. "But just the syme, you'd better spend a bit of time aboard the 'Ardcliffe when we gets to London, and arsk 'im to give you a few 'ints."

"I need no hints from MacCrummon, nor no advice from you, Muster Mate," said Mr. Glencannon tartly. "I sairved wi' MacCrummon monny years ago in the old Paxton Merchant, and I'll tell ye plain that the mon's a shiftless scoondrel—a canny, clever swundler."

"Hmph," grunted Captain Ball. "Well, so's everybody else on the Hardcliffe Castle. Captain Dwight's a blackleg, and Carstairs, the mate, is a dashed sight worse. And when I see them in London, I'll tell 'em so too!"

"M'ybe their ears is burning right now, sir," suggested Mr. Montgomery hopefully.

"Weel, yere ain ears are by no means sae cool and white as alabaster lilies," declared Mr. Glencannon.

And as a matter of fact, had he only realized it, neither were his own nor Captain Ball's. For at this very moment in the saloon of the Hardcliffe Castle, floundering its way into a head sea off Le Havre, the gentlemen of the Incheliffe were the subjects of profound and profane discussion. Captain Dwight, too, had received a letter from Mr. Hazlitt, similar in tenor to that which had so disturbed the sister vessel.

"And as for you, Mr. MacCrummon," he was saying to his engineer, "Mr. Hazlitt suggests that you go aboard the Incheliffe as soon as we get to London,

and take some lessons in engineering from their man Glencannon."

At the sound of the name, Mr. MacCrummon bit cleanly through his pipe stem. "Oh, horns o' the deevil!" he said, his voice quivering with rage. "'Tis a sorra day indeed, Captain Dwight, when I'm told to lairn my trade from that treecherous black hound Glencannon!"

II

EARLY next morning the Inchcliffe Castle bore westward toward the Estuary and plunged into a bank of fog which lay upon her like a rain-soaked bedquilt. It was grayish-yellow stuff which played strange tricks with the sounds of bells and whistles, and confused the shrewdest judgments of distance and direction. She groped cautiously along with scant steerage way, her siren bellowing at half-minute intervals, and the tallowed lead of her patent depth sounder bringing up samples of bottom sand which Mr. Montgomery examined as intently as though seeking gold. In the engine room, Mr. Glencannon himself stood at the throttle, alert to do the bidding of the bridge telegraph. He had been thinking of the loathsome MacCrummon through a sleepless night, and was now discussing him with Mr. MacQuayle.

"Aye," he said to his assistant, as he tucked approximately a teaspoonful of snuff into his cheek, "even this snooff reminds me o' him. 'Twas from yon domned MacCrummon that I lairned my lesson never to sneef snoof at teecklish times like the noo."

"Say ye so, sir?" murmured Mr. MacQuayle deferentially. "But ye'll excuse me if I dinna see the conneection between sneefing snoof and going quarter speed through fog."

"Ah, 'tis vurra sumple," said Mr. Glencannon, shifting his snuff cargo across to the other cheek. "'Twas during the war, and I was his second on the Paxton Merchant. We wair ootside the mooth o' the Tagus for Lisbon, in a fog even thicker than this, MacCrummon standing by the throttle even as I am the noo. To soothe his nairves he borrows the loan o' a peench o' my snoof, and after thumbing it into his nostrils, he stands there a-wreenkling and a-tweetching his nose, bleessfully wondering whuther to sneeze or no'. He had aboot decided he wad no', when just then the teelegraph rings. At the vurra feerst teenkle, MacCrummon's sneeze explodes wi'in him wi' a terreefic roar whuch momentarily stuns and deefens him. He yanks over the throttle, gi's her full speed ahead instead of full speed asteern, and we smoshes richt into a domned Portygee mine sweeper."

"Indeed," said Mr. MacQuayle. "And after ye'd rammed the Portygee, what then?"

"Oh," said Mr. Glencannon. "Why, nowt in espeecial. The sweeper blew up and seeveral plates got sprung on the Paxton Merchant."

"Yes," persisted Mr. MacQuayle. "But how aboot MacCrummon?"

"Oh, MacCrummon!" growled Mr. Glencannon, his face clouding at the recollection. "Why, had he no' been a master fraud, he'd ha' got the sack and lost his teecket. But being a mon o' great resoorce, and queeckly obsairving that there was nowtsoever left o' the sweeper but a couple o' floating planks and a smear o' oil, he suggested to the skipper that the ship put in a bounty claim to the Portygee Government for sinking a Gairman soobmarine in Lisbon harbor. So that's what they done, and after paying for repairs on the Merchant, they still had a tidy cash profit."

"Haw!" snorted Mr. MacQuayle. "An ootrageous bit o' skullduggery, that was! I dinna blame ye, sir, for loathing the mon. I suppose it was aboot this that ye had yere trouble wi' him?"

"Aye!" said Mr. Glencannon. "Exactly. And [illegible] ye believe it, Muster MacQuayle, the treecherous felon still owes me my share o' that bounty? Four [illegible] poonds it was, and that was foorteen years a[illegible]"

There was a frantic bellowing of whistles, a flurry of shouts, the screech and crunch of steel against steel. The telegraph sounded, and Mr. Glencannon, as though a puppet actuated by its wires, shoved the throttle along the quadrant to Full Speed Astern. Simultaneously the steering engine on deck chattered and clanked as the wheel was spun hard over.

"There, noo," he remarked, glancing casually at the side plates. "'Twas a nasty bump, but I misdoot there's much damage done beyont a scrape o' paint." Reaching into his pocket, he produced another mammoth helping of snuff. He was about to tuck this into his cheek when a bright beam of sunshine came slanting down through the skylight, so he sniffed it gratefully into his nostrils instead.

"Whoosh," he said. "We're oot o' the fog, sae do ye tak' charge, Muster MacQuayle, while I gae up to survey the damage and lairn the cause."

As he stepped into the blinding sunlight and the considerable excitement on deck, he beheld a curious sight. A quarter of a mile astern, the fog billowed in a towering white bank out of which a vessel was slowly emerging. This ship, bluff-bowed, battered and rusty, was so like the Inchcliffe Castle that Mr. Glencannon at first mistook it for a mirage. But then he realized that what he saw was the Hardcliffe Castle, and that it was she who had rammed them.

"Look at our paint! Look at our paint! Look at our paint!" Mr. Montgomery was screaming from the bridge. "It's the bleddy perishing 'Ardcliffe wot done it, blarst their blundering eyes! A shyde more to starboard and they'd 'ave sunk us, they would, and us with right of w'y!"

"I'll report him to the owners, by gad!" Captain [illegible]ll thundered as he shook his fist across the waters. "[illegible]and if I can't get justice there, I'll put it before [illegible]l of Trade. That man Dwight is a menace [illegible]gh seas."

(Continued on Page 78)

Early Next Morning the "Inchcliffe Castle" Bore Westward Toward the Estuary and Plunged Into a Bank of Fog Which Lay Upon Her Like a Rain-Soaked Bedquilt

DEVILS OF DIN

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

IT IS estimated that the annual cost of unnecessary noise is greater than the yearly losses to the nation from fire. What are we going to do about this uncontrolled din that is running up business costs and injuring health?

In many places the present bedlam of sound has reached a point where the human nervous system is finding it difficult to bear the noise load. Ringing telephones, rattling typewriters and an incessant hum of loud voices make concentration so difficult that efficiency is reduced and important work hampered. As a result of extraneous sounds, speakers in many places must act as if their listeners were suffering from partial deafness.

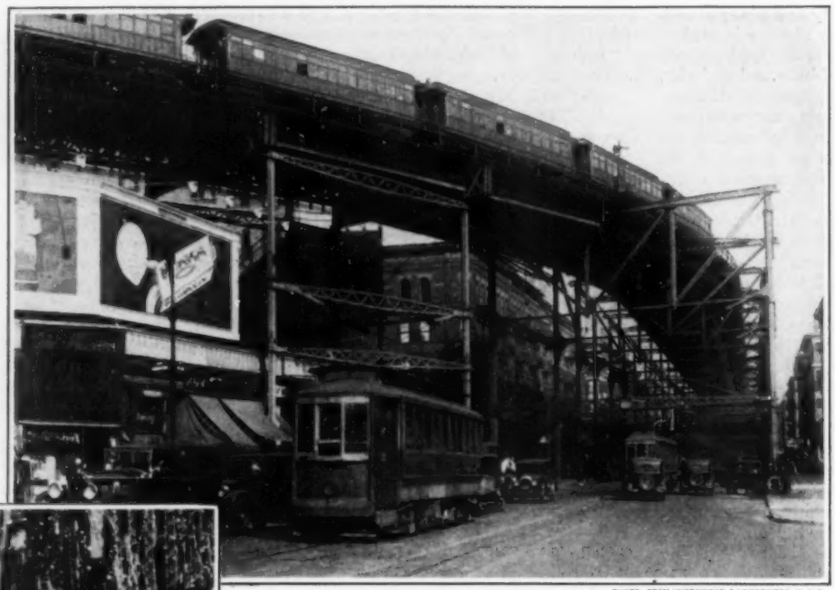
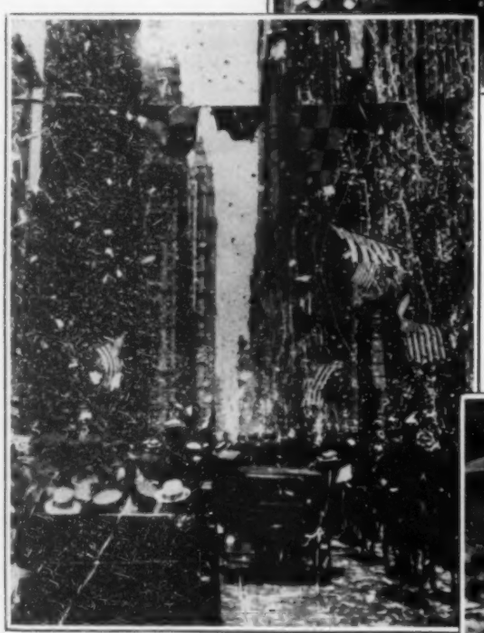


PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Another Contribution to the City's Din



A Cavern of Sound

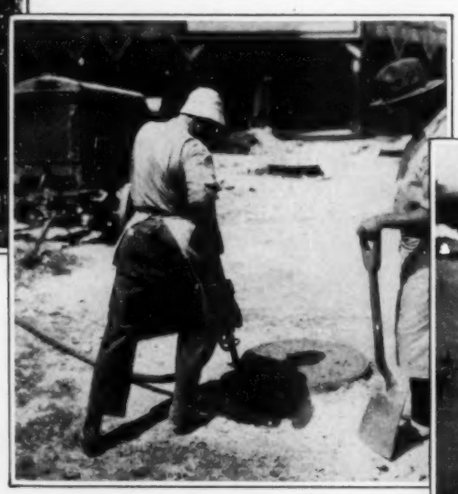
For long the nuisance of noise has been treated as a joke. But city people who have recognized that the interludes of silence are becoming fewer and more brief are commencing to rebel. They have found it impossible to get away from riveting machines, fire-engine sirens, ambulance bells, police patrols, automobile horns and engines, rickety street cars, and the roar of machinery of one kind or another.

For years we put up with the devils of din for no better reason than that a remedy for the nuisance appeared impossible. The opponents of noise lacked definite data to support their claims. Being unable to weigh an æsthetic value in dollars, they could not get the problem on an economic basis.

But today the fight against wasteful racket is out of the hands of cranks and theorists and is being directed by trained technical minds who understand the serious mental and physical effects of a condition that permits sound waves to beat continually against the body, draining nervous energy, dimming other senses, irritating temper, confusing the brain and reducing the accuracy and quality of the work being performed. These hard-headed experts clearly recognize that reform movements never amount to much until they get away from hasty assumptions founded on guessing and are established upon the conclusive results of extended tests.

Carefully conducted studies have disclosed to what extent noise deprives the individual of sleep, impairs hearing, tortures thinkers, reduces the value of property along traffic routes and shortens the lives of thousands of sufferers. Anyone today passing a hospital or nursing home situated on a busy thoroughfare may well feel a sense of pity for the sick people within, whose very lives may be dependent upon the recuperative powers of undisturbed sleep.

We may take with a grain of salt the assertion that noise is one of the chief causes of increasing insanity. We may doubt the statement that needless din is responsible for as many breakdowns in our large cities as is overwork. But no one familiar with present conditions will deny that noise has now become more than merely an annoyance. It is regarded by the medical fraternity as one of the social causes of disease. Routine operations in dozens of occupations today are being carried on amid such a frightful din that the workers gradually lose their hearing.

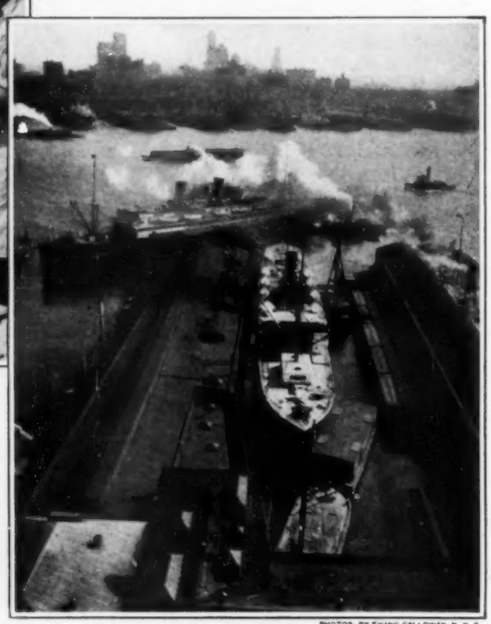


A Rock Drill at Work on Old Concrete

Piping Down Pipes

NOISES emanating from pipes have grown enormously of late. We use motortrucks instead of horse-drawn vehicles. We excavate with steam shovels where men formerly did the work with pick and shovel. We use portable air compressors in the streets to break through pavements, tear down structures, clean buildings and perform innumerable other jobs which formerly were done quietly by hand. Water is pumped out of manholes with engine-driven pumps. Gasoline power hoists the bodies of coal trucks so that the loads may be quickly dumped. Motorbuses and countless other machines have come into use, all of them emitting loud noises from pipes.

Not only is it possible to reduce materially most of the pipe noises through the use of mechanical silencers but we can eliminate at the same time a great part of the din from the whistles on factories, trains and boats; the clanging bells of trolleys, trains, churches and clock towers; the loud cries of street venders; the hawkers in front of amusement parlors; and the noises due to badly paved streets and to defective mechanism such as the pounding of flat wheels and the grinding of gears.



PHOTOS. BY ERING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Hoarse Bellow of Whistles

The engineers trained in noise control are now directing the first anti-din campaign that has ever been based upon pure scientific fact. This effort to develop a more quiet civilization is being undertaken with a clear understanding that noise reduction must be carried on in several successive steps. The first is to correct the needless sounds which can be eliminated with a minimum of cost and a maximum of benefit to the public. We can make our cities comparatively silent, but to do so immediately would be most ill-advised, because thousands of people would be thrown out of jobs.

Peace Shell Shock

BEFORE attempting to set forth ways and means to produce a higher degree of quiet throughout life and business, let me present the urgent reasons why such an effort is necessary. First are the evil effects of noise on health—what it does to the nerves and organs of the human body.

Scientific experiments carried on carefully with the aid of delicate instruments and many subjects have shown that a loud or sudden noise causes a fear reaction which increases the tension of voluntary muscles, lessens the activity of involuntary muscles in the digestive tract, increases the pulse rate and the blood pressure, diminishes the secretion of saliva and digestive juices, and creates a vague feeling of apprehension. The dropping of a tray of dishes on the floor produces a slight paralysis in nearby people who are eating. When food is consumed in a noisy place the full nutritive value is not assimilated.

Our amazing advances along mechanical lines have been accompanied by such an increase in racket that our city people are confronted by a new kind of disease that might be called peace shell shock. It breeds restlessness, urges activity, fosters patronage of the theater and amusement resorts, and even serves as a tonic to ambition. The individual living in a bedlam of noise becomes conscious that other men are rushing toward success, and this gives him the desire to join the mad dash to shortest avenue to the brain, is unable to attain immunity from sudden sounds. A noisy environment also means the use of more energy in talking.

The undoubted effect of constant noise is a disturbance of the blood-vessel apparatus and an increase in the degenerative processes of the heart and arteries. The bursting of a paper bag was shown to have caused more pressure on the brain than morphine. The Noise Abatement Committee of New York City declared that the paper-bag explosion in many cases raised brain pressure to four times normal, with a thirty-second interval before return to normal pressure.

Any prolonged overstimulation of a sensory nerve of any kind is certain to produce some form of nerve exhaustion. It was an understanding of this truth that caused the ancient Chinese to torture their prisoners by letting water fall drop by drop upon the head until the victim went mad.

Sleep is no less a human necessity than food. Outside noises which entered a sleeping room without awakening the occupants not only increased muscular tension but raised the blood pressure of the sleepers nearly to the waking level. Even though a person may not be awakened by a specific noise, the doctors tell us that every sound that is registered in the brain affects the body.

It is understood, of course, that the kind of noise that destroys sleep is that variety of sound that is unexpected or out of place. Certain noises may actually aid us in sleeping. Such, for instance, is the noise of the surf. Any form of din that generates angry emotions always results in bodily fatigue. The habit of taking sleep-inducing drugs is often developed as a result of inability to get away from night noises. Much indigestion, bad temper and complicated neuroses may be traced to the effects of uncontrolled din upon young and sensitive minds and nervous systems in the process of development.

The ill effects of noise on business and industry are no less important. Greater efforts and poorer results are always observable when noise is introduced as an element in the environment of workers. Impartial investigations have shown that an excess of sound decreases efficiency an average of about 4 per cent.

It is obviously poor management to bring together a carefully chosen body of skilled employes and then place them in a situation where they cannot work to their full efficiency. Intelligent employers now understand that constant sources of noise and distraction exact an astounding toll of mistakes from both

(Continued on Page 126)

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Street Venders' Voices are Not Melodious

A Noise From the Sky

The Pounding of Steel on Steel

PHOTOS. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Clamor of Traffic

TALES OF THE KANSAS

The Douglas Avenue House, Wichita, a Famous Cowmen's Headquarters

Douglas Avenue, Wichita, in 1875, After

IN THE red decade of frontier history, the Kansas cow towns—Abilene, Newton, Caldwell, Ellsworth, Hunnewell, Hays, Wichita and Dodge—were born, boomed and broke as terminals of the Texas Trail. One town was like another in the heyday of their untrammeled iniquity, blatantly lawless, uproariously sinful and boastfully bad. "Too wild to be curried, too tough to be tamed," as the local braggarts put it.

During the Civil War the United States Government had herded some 3000 Wichita, Caddo, Waco and Anadarko Indians into a camp on the Kansas prairies near the junction of Cowskin Creek and the Arkansas River. After the war, the Government decided to move these Indians to a reservation on the Red River in Southern Indian Territory, and in 1867, Major Henry Shanklin, in charge of the move, contracted with Jesse Chisholm, to open a trail for the purpose, and to establish supply camps along the route the Indians were to follow.

Bad Men from Texas

CHISHOLM took a train of bull teams to Fort Leavenworth to load with supplies, and upon his return to the banks of the Arkansas, rounded up a herd of 100 Indian ponies, which he and his wranglers drove ahead of the wagon train. Quicksand was the chief danger encountered, in the treacherous Salt Fork of the Arkansas, the North and South Canadian rivers and their tributaries. Chisholm used his pony herd to settle these sands, driving the animals at full-tilt back and forth across the fords until the footing was packed solid, after which the wagons could cross without difficulty. With the trail established, 3000 Indians, hundreds of soldiers and thousands of Indian ponies followed the ruts which the Chisholm wagons had worn from Camp Wichita to Red River Crossing.

The first Texas cattle herds driven north after the Civil War had followed the Government road from Austin toward Sedalia, Missouri, turning off at the mouth of the Grand River to strike north for the railroad. In 1871 the cattlemen abandoned this route to follow the shorter Chisholm Trail, and to handle the phenomenally profitable patronage of their booming beef business, a score of shipping centers sprang into existence at points where they met the railroads. The first Kansas village to bid actively for the cattle trade was Wichita, but the failure of the Santa Fe Railroad to build its line into that camp on schedule took the drives past the site of the Indian encampment to the north for several seasons, and by 1873 the Chisholm Trail was a solid roadway several hundred yards wide, hoof-packed to concrete solidity, stretching across the wilderness from Red River Crossing to the Smoky Hill River at Abilene.

About 100,000,000 beef cattle and 10,000,000 horses, which would sell for $250,000,000, were to be driven to Northern markets over the Chisholm Trail and its successors—as early as '73 the vanguard was counted by the hundreds of thousands—and at Abilene, Hays City and Newton, Wyatt Earp found not only numerous acquaintances from the buffalo range but literally thousands of faces strange to the Northern prairies in the Texas men who had come up with the herds.

Doan's Store, a Red River Crossing Point for the Cattle Drives on the Jones & Plummer Trail

As long as the Texas Trail brought cattle from the South to the Northern markets, the trail drivers were hailed as Texas men, generically. The cowpunchers might come from the ranches of New Mexico, Southern Colorado, the Indian Nations, or even Arizona, but as most of them had at one time or another been residents of the Lone Star State, they did not object to classification with its citizens. Consciously and boastfully, these Texas men were the trouble makers of the frontier. Practically all were of Southern birth, and the majority were either veterans of the Confederate Army or sons of men who had fought for the South in the Civil War. To them, the Lost Cause was still a living issue; one to justify particularly any subterfuge by which a Northern man might be discomfited in any degree, or, if fate was kind, goaded into a fight. To a trail outfit of this character, the completeness of success on a season's drive to Kansas was measured in the names of Northern settlements they had "treed" or of Northern men—peace officers preferably—they had killed, which could be chalked on the sides of the homeward-bound chuck wagon as a record for Texas to read and envy.

There was long a frontier proverb which held that any horse from Texas would buck and any man from Texas would shoot, which carried a considerable measure of truth.

The Red Frontier

FOR many years the Rio Grande frontier was the bloodiest in the world. The forbears of the Texas trail drivers for generations had fought Indians and Mexicans in turn. Their home country was too vast for the operation of any system of law and order other than that under which every man depended upon himself and held that outside the family circle the only arbitrament was a gun. In every Texas home there had to be a rifle and a pistol for every male child old enough to handle the weapons, and the boys were schooled in the use of arms as the prime requisite of border life. For such youngsters grown to manhood, conditions incident to the cattle drives were merely the wild times of their earlier environment prolonged, and "Texas man" became synonymous with "gunman" throughout the West. At home and at work in familiar

COW TOWNS—By Stuart N. Lake

Two Years of the Booming Cattle Trade

A Leading Dodge City Business Establishment of the Seventies

surroundings, the Texas man was a highly desirable citizen; on the loose in the habitat of hereditary foemen, he was bad; his inevitable punishment was an uncomprehended upshot of his provincial creed.

Wyatt Earp's most vivid recollection of the early Kansas cow camps was that in them all money was evident in far greater quantities than the prairie West had ever known and that opportunities for spending it had been provided at every hand. Furthermore, with the exception of an occasional eating house and a few general merchandise establishments, every last one of these opportunities was, by deliberate intention of its proprietor, to be included in the category generally referred to as vice.

Abilene, with but a handful of actual residents, had twenty saloons and gambling houses to one block of street, and a dance hall for every two saloons; a ratio of ten to one over all other types of business. Often 2500 cowboys thronged these centers of attraction in a single night, each with a year's wages to spend. Their bosses and the herd owners had thousands of dollars to throw away.

Shooting Stars

WHISKY was delivered to the cow camp in carload lots. Monte, keno, poker and faro games, as well as the frontier bordellos—honky-tonks or hurdy-gurdies, as they were called—ran full-blast, twenty-four hours a day. Every man in town wore at least one six-shooter. Gun fights were hourly incidents.

Faro, a Favorite Cow-Town Game, Going Full Blast in a Frontier Town

Temperament plus cow-town whisky made gun play among themselves such a common occurrence with the Texas men in their carousals at the shipping terminals of the Chisholm Trail that, so long as only cowmen were engaged in the affrays, they were ignored by the authorities. Though every Kansas community adopted as the first ordinance of existence a law against personal adornment with deadly weapons within its limits, the rule was rarely enforced and seldom observed, least of all by the Texas men. The cowpunchers invariably wore their six-guns into town, and nothing was said or done about it until exuberance or turbulence moved them to damaging locally owned property too greatly, or to endangering the lives of the local citizenry in too brazen a fashion. Then the frontier peace officer was supposed to take a hand. In such event, the code demanded that the hand be played to a speedy and, preferably, a fatal finish. When such a play was imminent, the Texas men dropped internal dissensions and stood together against the world.

That galaxy of shooting stars which reddened the cow-town firmament in the 1870's included, among those who sprang into popular recognition, Ben and Billy Thompson, Gyp, Joe, Jim and Mannen Clements, Clay Allison, Doc Holliday, John Wesley Hardin, Smoky Hill Thompson, Ed King, the Catfish Kid, Luke Short, Curly Bill Brocius, Cal Polk, John Ringo, Bill Moore—to pick offhand but a few of the scores who won immortal notoriety with six-guns. Gun fighter or gunman—it was thus the Old West phrased distinction between good men and evil—he who held his own shot ahead of fast company.

Against the hordes of wild and lawless gun toters, as well as against the throngs of rustlers, murderers, thugs and highwaymen who flocked to fatten upon the untold riches in cattle and coin which the gunmen themselves commanded, the gun fighter—as he who shot in behalf of law and order was known—came upon the Western stage, as fearless, as reckless of his life, and as skilled with weapons as the outlaws he was to subdue, and superior to them, moreover, in that sense of moral courage which comes to any man from the conviction that back of him is the sentiment of decent citizens. As a rule, this gun-fighting peace officer bore the title of marshal, and he was far more than a policeman; often he was, perforce, not only the arresting officer but witness, prosecuting attorney, jury, judge and executioner, all in one, who filed the only record of duties performed in the vaults of a convenient Boot Hill—as frontier wit termed a burial ground preponderantly tenanted by those who had passed on too hastily for due attention to the niceties accorded at the end of more prosaic lives.

Green River Tom Smith, Wild Bill Hickok, William Tilghman, Mysterious Dave Mather, Shotgun Collins, Bat Masterson, Neal Brown, Frank McLean, Pat Garrett, Joshua Webb, Charlie Bassett are but a few of the noted frontier marshals who have come down in the old-timers' folk tales as tutelary saints of the six-shooter. The most cursory examination of frontier history reveals that in the palmy days of the Wild West any man who ranked in popular esteem with this group of colleagues was veritably a Herculean arm of .45-caliber law.

The Code of the Gun

IN ANY attempt to gauge the accomplishments of those frontier peace officers who dominated the cow camps of the 70's, first consideration must be given to the single law of the old gun-fighter's code, unbreakable to the man who would hold his self-respect or that of friends and enemies.

Assassinations were not uncommon in the Western settlements, but they were the resort of gunmen held beneath contempt, even by the most notorious outlaws. When a topnotch gun fighter of Wyatt Earp's day went after his man he did no shooting from cover and fired at no man's back; the object of his attentions must get what the West called an "even break." Least of all might the majesty of the law

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THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The World is Red

"Surrender!" Cried Their Leader, a Big Bearded Ruffian. "Surrender or I Cut You to Pieces!"

THE class of uniformly dressed little boys and girls abruptly hushed their whisperings. The comrade teacher had just entered, a short-haired young woman in the usual feminine costume of blouse and loose trousers gathered at the ankles. She immediately commenced the catechism opening the school day:

"What are you?"

They answered in well-drilled chorus: "Children comrades of the world state, triumphant over the entire earth!"

She turned with her pointer to the three dingy and cubistically harsh portraits on the wall of every schoolroom.

"Who is this?"

"Comrade Karl Marx!"

"Who was he?"

"Prophet of the world revolution!"

"And who is this?"

"Comrade Lenin!"

"Who was he?"

"Pioneer of the world revolution!"

"And who is this?" She pointed to the third portrait—that of a man with fanatic eyes under an immense brow, and a beak nose over a tightly compressed mouth.

They chorused the answer in a tone of fervent veneration: "Comrade No. 1!"

"Who was he?"

"Maker of the world revolution!"

"What did he exterminate?"

"The bourgeoisie!" They pronounced it with vehement hatred.

"Whom did he liberate?"

"The masses of the entire earth!"

"When was this finally achieved?"

"In the bourgeois year 1977—Year 1 of the world revolution!"

"What year is this?"

"Year 59 of the world revolution!"

"What is your supreme duty?"

"To maintain the world revolution forever!"

"How will you do this?"

"By discipline!"

"What is your slogan?"

"All mankind is born equal. All mankind shall remain equal!" They vociferated this final response. It was always a relief to get the boringly familiar catechism over.

The teacher adjusted the books on her raised desk.

"Children comrades, I will continue our history lesson where we left off yesterday." She glanced to see that they were attentive. "Yesterday we reached the point where Comrade No. 1 seized power in Chicago, at that time the key center of the whole capitalist-bourgeois system, the richest city in the world in the days when there were rich and poor. Only if you could see the vast extent of its ruins could you understand what an immensely important place it was when it was the clearing house for all the financial transactions of that barbaric civilization based on the ruthless exploitation of the proletariat. When you are in a more advanced class, it will be explained to you how the later developments of capitalism, trustifying every human activity and focusing the control in a few hands, facilitated its sudden and complete overthrow. It will be explained to you in detail how Comrade No. 1's seizure of Chicago in the bourgeois year 1967 caused a panic over the entire world, how all trade stopped, how the factories closed, how millions of the proletariat starved, how, in desperation, they robbed those who had robbed them, how the bourgeoisie tried to make war on the proletariat and were defeated. It is a very long and interesting story, and it happened over the whole earth. But Comrade No. 1's organization was everywhere. In every one of those countries, in those days under different capitalist governments, the Communists, as they called themselves, took over the leadership of the masses. Fifty years before, in the Russian Revolution, Comrade Lenin had found that it was impossible to argue with the bourgeoisie and teach them better ways. Comrade No. 1 did not attempt it. He exterminated them scientifically, as in centuries long ago men exterminated wild beasts. It took ten years. Here in this part of the world that used to be called the United States of America there were dreadful battles. But Comrade No. 1's rigidly organized terrorist discipline triumphed."

She went on in a cold, academic voice, explaining that dull old history—so old that it could not possibly matter.

The little boy, No. 33—his full designation in the state register was Illinois, BWZ, 2933 M; the ancient individualism of personal names had been abolished with the bourgeois institution of marriage, was incompatible with the state adoption of all children from birth—nudged the little girl at his side.

"Say, 56," he whispered. "I've got a bully idea to give Orgree a miss! I'm going to pretend I'm took sick when we get to the ground. You pretend to help me back indoors. Then we'll slip off alone together to that place we found the other day!"

The little girl's blue eyes opened at him, half shocked, half in admiration of his audacity. She hated Organized Recreation as much as he did, but herself would never have thought of dodging it. It was almost unthinkable to rebel against any phase of the never-relaxing collective discipline controlling every moment of their lives.

"But that's individualism—breaking away from the mass," she whispered back. "We oughtn't to do it."

"Shucks!" he countered. "If you don't come I shall ask that fluffy-headed 62."

That was a master stroke of diplomacy. She had reason to be jealous of 62.

"All right," she agreed recklessly. "They'll lick us if we're caught, but I don't care."

The teacher frowned toward them. "Silence!" She continued the lesson: "It was to the total elimination of competitive individualism from the inheritable characteristics of the race—the scientific production of the mass mind—that Comrade No. 1 now gave his chief attention ——"

An hour and a half later the two conspirators huddled, breathless but exultant, behind some bushes. The plot had succeeded. An admirable hiding place was this overgrown shrubbery tangling a corner of the grounds of the state asylum—their home since their removal from the maternity center. Once, in the old days, that large dilapidated edifice had been the mansion of a rich bourgeois—one of that class of legendary monsters called millionaires—and still could be seen marks of fire and bullets left on its walls since the proletariat had exterminated those ogres amid their execrable luxury. Thrilled with this illicit adventure, they could hear the sharp orders of the teachers supervising the running and wheeling packs of child comrades in the Organized Recreation whence they had so gorgeously escaped. From another part of the grounds came, faintly audible, the crying of new babies in the crèche. The little boy had an exciting idea. "Let's give each other names," he said. "Like cats and dogs and flowers have!"

The little girl stared at him.

"But that's wrong," she said conscientiously. "It's forbidden. The bourgeois individualists used to have names. We belong to the masses. We're just part of the mass. You know teacher explained it to us."

"I don't care," he replied, sturdy in this defiance of all laws. "It'd be tremendous fun. It's so—so ordinary just having numbers like everybody else. Let's pretend we're bourgeois, grinding the faces of the proletariat."

"How can you want to do anything so dreadful!" she protested. "I expect the poor proletariat didn't have any noses left in those days—their faces just ground flat. Ugh!" She shuddered deliciously in that imagined horror.

"I expect so," he agreed indifferently. "Come on! Let's be bourgeois! What shall I call you?" He glanced around him in search of a suggestion. "I know. I'll call you Yellow Flower, because you've got yellow hair. It'll be a great secret between us."

"Yellow Flower!" she mused. "It's funny to be called by a name. It seems so"—she hesitated—"so wrong!"

"Never mind," he ordained. "We're bourgeois. We have to do things that are wrong. I'm going to call you Yellow Flower—and you're going to call me—to call me ——" He pondered, with wrinkled little brows. "I know. You shall call me Big Thunder—you know, the big thunder that scares you all shivery in the night."

"They'll beat us if they find out," she said nervously.

"They won't find out," he asserted. "It's a secret. Now I'm going to call you Yellow Flower and you must call me Big Thunder. I say it first: Yellow Flower!"

"Big Thunder!"

"That's right. Now we mustn't forget. You're always Yellow Flower and I'm always Big Thunder when we slip off alone together."

She was docile. "Very well, Big Thunder."

"Sh-h!" Someone was coming along the overgrown path. They lay low, holding their breath.

It was old 98, the more than octogenarian gardener who now just pottered about the asylum, doing odd jobs. By rights, he ought to have been sent long ago to the rest house for superannuated M comrades, and was very proud of his cunning in having hitherto dodged that elysium. So old he was that he could remember the legendary days before the triumph of the world revolution.

"We're bourgeois!" whispered Big Thunder excitedly as the ancient approached. "Let's spring out and oppress him!"

He arrived totteringly opposite their ambush. They dashed out and Big Thunder leaped on his bent back, rubbed the old man's face vigorously with his little fist.

"Here, young comrade!" said the old man, ridding himself of his assailant by a painful straightening of his back. "What's the game?"

"I'm a bourgeois!" announced young Big Thunder pantingly. "And I'm grinding the face of an honest toiler!"

"That's a good one!" grinned the old man.

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"We're Going to be Mates, You and I," He Said. "From Today. We'll Go Back Into the Town and Register"

CHAMP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

Their Pictures Were Featured in the Papers, Story After Story About Them Ably and Interestingly Filled the Columns That Faced Space Writers

VI

OLEY OLSON came to town. He telephoned Eddie Riton and gave the lad his hotel and room number.

"It's just as well if we don't advertise it when we get together, kid," he said. "Supposin' you run down here an' we'll have some chin music about things?"

"I work out every afternoon at four," the boxer reported. "You can drop in the gym, Oley. That's a natural thing to do. After I finish I'll walk out with you and we'll go to your room. There's a lot I've got to tell you, believe me."

So it was that Olson, the master conditioner and instructor, watched his old protégé in training. He sensed instantly that the training opposition was a carefully selected one. Eddie Riton was tall and rangy, and possessed of a fine and beautiful physique. Through selected opponents, this was displayed to the greatest possible advantage. The men who boxed him were the sort who bored in with lowered heads and hunched shoulders. It was a simple matter for Eddie to keep them off with his long left, or counter sharply with his right. This was impressive, and the fight writers did not hesitate to say so both publicly and in their ringside conversation.

"It looks like this kid has a chance," one said. And another: "Mebbe they've finally dug up a bird with the real stuff."

But Oley saw things. Eddie was slow with his feet. He was apt to hit before he was in hitting position, and so waste the power of his blows. A really smart fighter would have found it comparatively easy to keep him off balance, with the result that he would fall easily if hit and be unable to shoot those sharp counter punches. Inside, in the clinches, the boy was almost bad. He did not shoulder-slip well, and the business of tying up an opponent was one which had disclosed itself to him only in the barest and most instinctive fundamentals.

He was tall, but he never got his head under an opponent's chin. His arms were long, but he never looped an uppercut under a guard. His weight was all above the hips, but he failed to make the other fellow carry it in the clinches Unless he could hit clean to the head or body, he withheld punches. It never occurred to him to bounce his gloves off a biceps or a forearm, and so sap those muscles of vitality and hitting power. His pace was changeless. He was young and powerful, but he never capitalized these things by outpacing men he fought. He was apt to let them fight the sort of fight they wanted, rather than make them fight the kind they did not want. But for all of that, he was fairly good. Dempsey, in his heyday, would have overpowered him. Tunney would have outsmarted him. But there were no Dempseys on the immediate horizon, and Tunney had retired.

So Oley watched the lad and pondered what the fixers could do with him. He knew, better than anyone else, the power of those promoters, and he knew also that Tommy was a smart manager, unhampered by scruples and ethics which might preclude the necessary steps ahead. On the whole, he was content with Eddie's future, but he worried. The tricks they might slip over on the boy were a source of constant concern.

"They've got me signed with Fetter," Eddie smiled when the two were in the manager's room.

"You'll spatter him," Olson grunted.

"That's what they figger on, Oley. They want to start me off with a few quick knock-outs."

"If you hit that bird once, you'll knock him cold three times."

"That's what I think. I guess I won't have any trouble with the poor old guy."

"Don't cut him up, Eddie. Wait for a clean shot and drop him in his tracks. He ain't a bad guy, that Fetter."

"I'll be right with him."

"It won't do much good to tip him over," Olson said thoughtfully. "Scale must have somethin' else in mind. He can't draw overhead throwin' you in with bums like Fetter. The fans pay for a fight."

"I'm lookin' out for my end," Eddie said. "I'll fight whoever they get, because I'm sure they're goin' to cop that belt for me."

"Not for you, for them," Olson corrected.

"I'll be the champ," Eddie answered. "They'll have to pay me if I fight."

"Oh, sure. If you use your bean you'll get plenty. That's the only good thing about this racket."

"I been gettin' great publicity and I haven't even fought here yet. Pictures in the papers, notices about my speed and fine build. I'm on the sport page every day. They're doin' that job fine."

"They can do that whenever they want to."

"They've got that love-affair ballyhoo fixed up, Oley. Linda Belledu is the girl. She's playin' a small part in a show here. I guess she's a fine actress. Her boss is plannin' to use her as a star later on. It'll give us both a lot of nice publicity."

"What kind of a dame is she?"

"Pretty as a picture, Oley. Big eyes, soft hair, cheeks that are like little red roses that grow in greenhouses."

"Oh, yeah?" Olson sneered. He rose from his chair, lit a cigar and paced the room.

Eddie went on describing the girl. "Of course," he admitted, "I don't know many actresses, Oley. But this girl ain't like an actress. I mean, she ain't like a fellow thinks actresses ought to be. She's quiet as a mouse an' she dresses in plain things that have necks in 'em and come below the knees."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. She's awful nice. Her real name ain't Linda Belledu. I don't know what it is, but it ain't that."

"It couldn't be."

"No, it ain't."

"Has she been tellin' you her real name? An' all about the little gray-haired mother back on the farm, waitin' for all the money Linda earns, to pay off the mortgage?"

"No. I know Linda only is her stage name because the two managers made an agreement about marryin'. They had to use right names in puttin' up the money."

"Linda's money?"

"Yeah, Linda's."

"What about yours?"

"Tommy put that up."

"How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Tommy put up five thousand dollars?"

"Yeah."

"Tommy never had five thousand dollars, kid. He never will have, unless the banks start passin' out samples."

"That's none of my business, is it? He put it up; I know that."

"If there was anythin' between your ears," Olson snapped, "you'd see the importance of knowin' where that five grand came from. It's a lead-pipe cinch that Scale an' his bunch went for that. How much are you gettin' out of the trainin' admissions?"

"You ought to know," Eddie grinned; "you wrote the contract. I get 50 per cent of the gross on every dollar I turn. They look after expenses and everythin' else. Never mind what the profits are; I figger on the gross."

Olson grinned. "I bet they love me for tippin' you off to that, huh?"

"They don't love anybody."

"Get back to this dame," Olson snapped. "What's the deal with her?"

"We're supposed to fall for each other. The night after the Fetter bout, it starts. We'll get a lot of publicity an' sell a lot of tickets for fights. It'll be great for Linda, an' for me too."

"Sure. That part's fine. But what about the agreement I told you to have in writing?"

"Yeah. I remember. But this girl ain't that way, Oley."

"None of 'em are! There never was a gold-diggin' woman on earth, Socrates. There never was a man that fell for a dame, either. You're safe as a church mouse on Tuesday afternoon! But just the same, what about the contract? If they're on the level they won't mind signin' up. If they ain't, let's hear 'em squawk."

"Whatever you say, Oley. Linda won't mind signing. But I wouldn't know what to write into a contract like that."

"Gimme twenty bucks," Olson snapped, holding forth his hand. "It'll cost me that to have the contract drawn. I'll send you three copies, and you have 'em signed by both this theatrical manager and the girl. Then there won't be a chance to go wrong an' true love can run smooth."

Eddie dug the twenty dollars from a roll of bills in his trouser pocket. With a smile, he handed it over.

"Send 'em along. I'll get 'em signed."

"I'll have 'em here before the Fetter bout. You ain't been with that dame anywhere, have you?"

"Nope. Just went to her dressin' room one night with Tommy and her own manager. I stood in the wings and watched her on the stage. Gee, that's a thrill, Oley. She sang as sweet as a mockingbird, an' to see her act, you'd never believe there was an audience out there at all."

"I think I better send you six of them contracts, you sap."

They laughed together. "You got Linda wrong," Eddie avowed again. "Not that it makes any difference."

"Nothin'll make any difference, with the contract I'll fix, savvy? You get it signed by them both. Then return it to me an' I'll see it's filed with a right lawyer. With what there is ahead of you, we can't make any sucker plays along the line. Never mention me, see? Just lay down the contract and sit tight till they sign it."

"Whatever you say. I'll do whatever you say, Oley."

"Be sure to get it signed before the Fetter fight, see? Before any story breaks about you two, and before you ever go anywhere with her. That's the one safe bet you got, kid. I'm an older man an' I been through the mill. Take my word for things."

"Just as you say, that's the way I'll do. As soon as I get the papers I'll have 'em signed."

"Great! Now, about this Fetter fight. You're in good shape for this, kid. I seen you work out this afternoon an' I know when you're right better than you do yourself. Wade right into that bum, see? Feint him to you the minute you come to the middle of the ring. If he falls for it, paste him clean with a straight right. If you hit him, he won't get up. If you miss, or he don't fall for the feint, wade in an' punch till he drops. He can't go along with you. You're too young and strong."

"I'll do that."

"I guess that's about everything I can think of now," Olson said slowly. "You sure got a break when they bought me out an' decided to make a big shot of you. What's 50 per cent for a champ to give away? It sounds like a lot to pay somebody, but if you figger how they'll increase your gross, you see the right angle. Fightin' like we were, Eddie, we'd mebbe never got the big shot. In just one fight now, you might git more than we'd ever make, even though you did get 66⅔ on our deal."

"That's right. All I'm thinkin' of is what I get. I don't care what comes their way. I figger the more they get, the better. They'll sure keep me goin' and give me the breaks as long as I pull in big gates."

"Righto! They're a great bunch for the fight racket, ain't they?"

"Not so hot, I guess. But I'd be a sucker ——"

"I'll say you would! You can't pass this thing up. I was the first one to tell you that, wasn't I? If you don't get it somebody else will. If somebody else did, you'd never get a whack at the title."

"That's the way the racket is run now, Oley. I just figger I'm a lucky guy, an' I'm goin' to play my luck for all it's worth and save every dollar I can get my hands on."

"Do that, Eddie," Olson said ponderously, "an' you got the world by the tail. Nothin'll ever stop you. These fixers control the fight game an' as long as they

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"What's the Big Idea Here, Punk? How Do You Get This Way? Runnin' Around to Late Suppers With Dames, Eh? Tryin' to Kid Somebody, are You?"

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Chickens Come Home

RECENT events have confirmed the wisdom of a cautious attitude toward Soviet Russia. Because the Russian Government, or its various subsidiary trading corporations, chose to sell relatively large amounts of wheat and other products at low prices on already disturbed European and American markets does not necessarily imply a malevolent intent. But Russia's dumping policy, or forcing of exports, surely indicates a strained effort to pay for its enormous imports from highly developed and civilized countries like England, Germany and the United States. Nothing could be more ambitious than the much advertised five-year plan of construction and industrialization, and Russia apparently is paying for it as best she can.

Russia has bought vast quantities of machinery on what amounts to the installment plan. The Soviets are determined to industrialize and mechanize their country in short order. Power plants, tractor works, spinning mills and other modern installations on a gigantic scale are the order of the day. To secure them, however desperate the commercial and financial devices for payment, is the objective.

The eagerness of manufacturers and financiers in England, Germany and this country to get all this business has seemed to us from the first as both unseemly and perilous. It has involved, as far as the United States is concerned, unnecessary entanglements with a power which has repudiated most of the ideas and principles which this country, and we presume many others, stands for. The repercussions upon our already suffering markets of Russia's efforts to force through its schemes merely bear out the danger of playing with fire.

If, with the help of the very nations whose institutions it openly despises and antagonizes, Russia, by imposing an incredibly low standard of living on its workers, can come to compete on terms impossible to them, then the greater fools are they. Perhaps, on the other hand, the colossal schemes of the Soviets may not prove so successful. Factories embrace an element of inheritance. It took us generations to industrialize. Machines cannot be built without regard to the people who run them. But these possibilities do not alter the attitude we have taken. Do American manufacturers want their installations used by Russia as a means to dump goods in America, or do they want them to rust, depreciate and fail? Neither alternative is highly creditable. We feel sure that in business one customer, one order is not necessarily as good as another. Superficially one sale may look as good as the next. But every business man knows this is not so. It is often shortsighted to fill every order that can be grabbed off on any terms. We have problems enough and business enough in this country without becoming involved in the Soviet experiment.

Halfway Measures

THERE is no field of legislation which is so beset with difficulties and intricacies as that of immigration. Even were our legislators endowed with that wisdom and prescience which might promise the authorship of a perfect code, it would not be humanly possible to get such a code enacted into law. There are too many voices to howl it down. There is the voice of Europe, whose submerged populations look upon America as the new Land of Canaan. There is the voice of those who toil on this side of the water, but who have left their hearts overseas, and whose patriotism, such as it is, is for the land that starved or persecuted them, and not for the one which gave them political equality and economic independence. There is the clamor of those who believe they have a God-given right to get rich on cheap alien labor, even though its introduction may eat the heart out of their own country and its institutions. There is the ceaseless yawp of the sentimentalists who are bent on throwing away or giving away that which is not theirs to give. There are other voices, loud and shrill—sometimes in local politics, sometimes in Congress—ready to champion vote-getting causes.

In these circumstances, even our best immigration legislation has been a dreary compromise between what we ought to have and what hostile or selfish interests have strained every nerve to gain. The Johnson Act was such a compromise. It was sponsored by practical and patriotic men and women, not because they regarded it as an ideal piece of legislation, but because they believed—and believed rightly—that it would accomplish as much as it was possible to accomplish at the time of its enactment. Compromise though it was, it was a notable piece of legislation, in that it embodied a means, invented by an alert young college professor, whereby we might largely control the quality of our own immigration without running counter to most-favored-nation clauses in our treaties with other governments.

The success of the Johnson Act, and of the quota system upon which it is based, has outrun all expectations. For once, the doctors in Washington gave us the right medicine. Unfortunately, it was doled out to us in ten-drop doses instead of by the teaspoonful. It is a fine remedy if we will only take enough of it. If the dose had not been so small and the doctors so light-handed, we should be much better off today than we are. Our unemployment figures would be substantially lower and our alien criminal and dependent population materially smaller.

Hindsight is, naturally, better than foresight, but if experience can teach us anything, it can teach us, by the age-old method of trial and error, to correct future policies by the shortcomings of those which have already been tried. Immigration restriction by means of the quota law has had a thorough tryout. Its beneficence as a settled policy has been established beyond all doubt. It has been shown with equal clearness that if a little restriction was good, more would have been better. We can now see that we set a boy to do a man's job; that our new medicine was given us by the drop, as if we were babies, instead of in man-sized doses; that halfway measures produced halfway results.

Past experience serves to map out our future course with unmistakable distinctness. It is our duty—and our immediate and pressing duty—to make drastic reductions of the volume of quota immigration and to put upon a quota basis the countries of this hemisphere, which are now exempt from its operation.

It is our further duty to take our whole immigration problem with a seriousness comparable to its supreme importance, to enforce our immigration and naturalization laws as they have never been enforced before, and to employ whatever man power and money power may be required to do the thorough job which alone will insure our nation well-being and maintain our national dignity; and, finally, there must be a wholesale deportation of criminal aliens.

Congress has never lacked time or inclination to spend weeks and months at a time on tariff matters. Such business involves dollars and cents. Immigration matters involve not only dollars and cents but flesh and blood, racial strains and the very blood stream of the nation. At no time have these considerations received the unselfish handling to which their importance entitles them. The new Congress has an unparalleled opportunity to make a new record for patriotic efficiency in this field.

The Foreign Nitrogen Trust

PRODUCERS of saltpeter, by-product ammonia and fixed atmospheric nitrogen in foreign countries have formed a trust. In accordance with a custom that has become popular abroad, the trust has been given a name constructed from the first letters of the words in the formal title, which are "CIA," by which abbreviation it will henceforth be known. The combine is stated to include close to ninety-eight per cent of the European production and, with the Chile saltpeter, controls around eighty per cent of the production of the world. Producers of the United States are not included.

Apparently the primary purpose of the trust is to check price decline, perhaps later to seek price advance. This is to be accomplished by allocation of markets and curtailment of output. Restriction, however, does not apply to Chile saltpeter, which in other respects is embraced in the control. Competition is henceforth to be avoided, except, we take it, with American producers. In order to carry out the program of curtailment of production a fund has been created to the extent of some fifteen million dollars, of which one-quarter comes from Chilean producers. This fund is to be used to effectuate the agreement—that is, reimburse certain producers. The agreement is to last one year, during which period negotiations will be carried on to extend the understanding. Whether one calls the agreement a convention, cartel or trust is quite immaterial. It is a combination of foreign producers of nitrogen in all forms entering into fertilizers. The official announcement studiously avoids reference to this country, beyond the bare statement that the agreements do not include the United States. No implication as to its attitude toward, or bearing on, this country is to be found. In the announcement is the cryptic statement that "It is further expected that propaganda will be carried forward according to a uniform course of policy." This stands worthy of being classed with the high-sounding declarations we have become accustomed to hearing from Soviet organs.

Ten years ago a foreign nitrogen trust would have carried an ominous meaning for American consumers. But at the present time, due to perfected developments of production in the United States, we are in position to take care of ourselves in a trade conflict. Indeed, it may be surmised that defense may have been an element in the formation of the foreign trust.

EMPLOYMENT RACKETS

By Kenneth Coolbaugh

As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhardt

"NO PROSPECT on earth is quite so weak in sales resistance as the man who is hunting a job."

This explanation of the gullibility of the many jobless victimized by crooked employment methods was made to me by a man well versed in the science whose idiom he spoke so glibly. Himself a salesman with years of experience, he had, nevertheless, been fleeced, while hunting a new position, by high-pressure methods so obviously tricky that one wondered how anyone could be deceived thereby.

It was, in fact, in response to some such query on my part that the salesman offered his shamefaced excuse.

"You see," he said, "when the man who is out of work pays some smooth talker a fee to get him a job, he feels that he's buying five-dollar bills for nickels. He's buying, he hopes, not just one week's salary but probably a career, and certainly his self-respect—particularly if he's been hunting work for any length of time. And under such conditions no fee looks too high, no contract too unfair, in view of the glowing prospects ahead."

Of course he was right. And in his statement lies the explanation of why such harpies as fatten on the last few dollars of the desperate jobless can thrive in communities which lack effective regulatory legislation, and keep officials busy in those which boast it. In this particular instance the victim had been mulcted of fifty dollars by a modern method known as the telegram-letter racket, now spreading from coast to coast. Its system is simple, and, unfortunately, beyond the regulatory scope of much of the legislation applying to employment methods. As customarily operated, the scheme first brings its victims to the office of a firm or individual posing as a reputable employment agency by means of advertisements in help-wanted columns containing vague offers of jobs. When the victim applies he hears much the following line:

"Sorry, but we haven't anything open for you at just this moment. But there is no reason why we should not be able to place you within a few days. All we have to do is to let employers know you are on our lists. In fact, we have a separate department for just that purpose, with Mr. Blank in charge. Why not talk it over with him?"

Mr. Blank, duly presented, then elaborates the proposition. "We have," he explains, "a mailing list of employers, not only in this city but everywhere within a radius of one hundred miles, classified according to industries. Now take your own case, for example. We can present it, along with a complete outline of your educational and other qualifications and backed by our own personal recommendation, to anywhere from one hundred to one thousand firms interested in just the type of service you have to offer. All this will cost you is ten cents a letter. For that we compose the letter, make copies of it, address and mail the envelopes and pay for the postage.

"But," protests the job hunter, "suppose I pay one hundred dollars for one thousand letters and still don't get a position. Will I get any of my money back?"

Mr. Blank smiles tolerantly. "Well," he replies, "strictly speaking, of course you will not. But does it seem possible that you could fail to get a position in response to our own personal recommendation of you to the many firms in the market for men of just your type? Sign here, please."

This sounds reasonable enough, so the prospect signs and hands over whatever money is demanded. Perhaps he reads the contract that is laid before him—but not too carefully. His desperate object is

(Continued on Page 97)

ONE BUSINESS WHERE THERE IS NO LET-UP IN DEMAND

POST SCRIPTS

"Well, Ma'am—
Suppose I Just Set This One Aside for You While You Think it Over?"

The Highbrow

HE DOESN'T know how steel is made,
How bricks are baked or rails are laid,
Or how the soaring towers rise
Before his unobserving eyes;
He hasn't what you'd call an inkling
Of how the myriad lights besprinkling
His world, at night, are made to glow.
A motor or a dynamo
To him are simply things in motion;
Of how they work he has no notion.
How motor cars or engines run,
How piers are sunk or cables spun,
He doesn't know. He doesn't know
What makes the world he lives in go,
And with a proud superior view
Despises greatly those who do! —*Berton Braley.*

ADD pitiful figures: The Scotchman who is still looking for the woman who pays.

MOTHER: I want you to be somebody when you grow up.

Boy: Who?

Unfortunately

"BE GOOD, sweet
maid, and let who
will be clever."
I'd say, "Be clever,"
if I thought you
could.
But being clever, have
you noticed ever,
Takes more of what
it takes than being
good?
—*Mary Carolyn*
Davies.

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Do You Call Yourselves Men? Get In There and Fight for Dear Old Yarvard!"

Household Problem

JOHN and I climbed out of the car and started into the house, to be met at the door by John's wife. She had a worried look.

"Dear," she said, "do you know how to buy meat?"

"Why, yes," he said, "I think so. Why?"

"Well," she said, "we're going to have Salisbury steak with mushrooms tonight, but I've not had time to go for the Hamburg. Do you suppose you could drive to town and get some?"

"Sure." He started down the steps. "How much do you want?"

"A pound and a half. But do you really feel you know how to buy Hamburg?"

John stopped and looked a little nettled. "Until you raised the question," he said, "I thought I did. My idea would be to go into the shop and say, 'Gimme a pound and a half of Hamburg.'"

"I Wouldna Want to Get Wet for Naething, Sandy. If Ye Dinna Come Up for the Third Time, I'll Come In After Ye"

His wife wrung her hands slightly and the worried line between her brows deepened.

"Oh, dear, no," she said. "That would never do. He'd give you all the old odds and ends of beef he had lying around the shop. What you do is to ask for a pound and a half of round steak. And then, after he's cut it off and weighed it, you stand there sort of stroking your chin as if you were making up your mind. Then say, 'I tell you what; suppose you grind it up.' That's the only sure way of getting good fresh meat."

"Why can't I just ask him to grind me up a pound and a half of round steak and let it go at that?"

"Well, then what would you do if he started putting in some of the odds and ends? You know you'd never stop him. He'd be offended."

"So, to avoid offending the butcher, I must pretend I'm somebody's little housewife in the act of deciding what I'll serve for dinner?"

"What do you care what he thinks about you?"

"If I don't care what he thinks, why worry so much about offending him?"

(Continued on Page 100)

Tomato Soup as only Campbell's chefs can make it!

Children thrive on this healthful invigorating soup!

Why is it that the mere mention of Tomato Soup immediately suggests Campbell's to you? The reputation of this soup is so great and the public demand for it so widespread that it is sold in every food-store in the United States. That is a remarkable record.

It makes the most delicious CREAM of TOMATO you ever tasted!

OFTEN you'll wish to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup as a Cream of Tomato. It's so simple and easy! You simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating, but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

Taste the soup and you know the reason! People expect and get in Campbell's Tomato Soup a special and irresistibly delicious flavor which is all its own. It expresses a whole lifetime's experience in soup-making. Its tonic, exhilarating goodness has made it America's overwhelmingly favorite soup.

A soup that any hostess is proud to serve!

The gay and dashing color of Campbell's Tomato Soup makes your table such an attractive picture to the eye. The refreshing, sparkling flavor puts every one in a happy frame of mind. The skilled French chefs who blend this soup possess that magic touch so dear to the heart of the hostess. And it's the soup the family craves again and again. One of the 21 fascinating Campbell's Soups.

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE FOOTBALL FALLACY

By Sol Metzger

YEARS ago, when, like all football players of the period, I wore chrysanthemum hair and regarded Walter Camp's All-American selections as the ultimate of fame, I heard a then fresh and convincing theory on methods of increasing the enrollment, the wealth and the prestige of our universities.

The theory was enunciated by the father of one of my team mates, a man of wide influence in the financial affairs of both the college itself and the world outside. He was discussing a rumor that our school—the University of Pennsylvania—was to meet Princeton on the gridiron. "Boys," he announced sententiously, "if that game is scheduled and you win it, every building on the campus will have to be enlarged to accommodate the influx of new students, and endowments will roll in by the millions to take care of them."

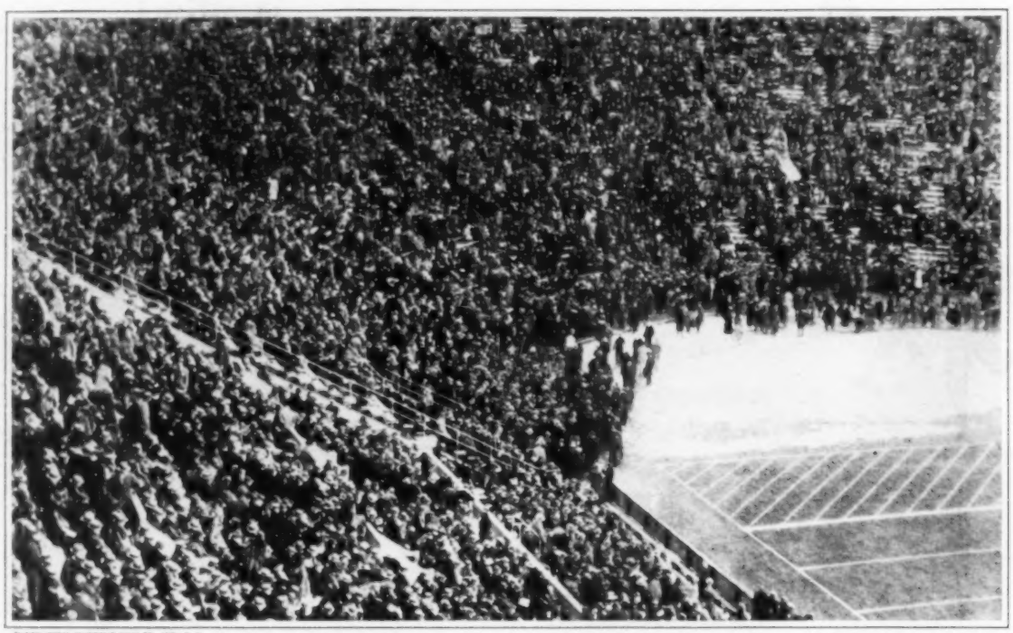

PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y.

A Portion of the Crowd at a Harvard-Yale Game

I thought then that I had heard a profound and significant truth. I continued, in fact, to think so for many years. Lately I have learned that this opinion is as fallacious as most of the ballyhoo built up around college football, but to my amazement I have also learned that among old grads no longer directly associated with university affairs I am almost alone in that belief. Yet despite the jeers with which such heresy is received by those slowly graying graduates who still regard a succession of championship teams as more important to their alma maters than improved scholarship standards, I have all the weight of statistics and informed opinion on my side.

A Check-Up On Victory Values

AS AUTHORITY for what I am about to say I cite not only long years of experience as a player, coach and profoundly interested observer of collegiate football, but the statements of administrative, academic and athletic directors of more than eighty outstanding American colleges and universities, all of whom I interviewed either in person or by letter in an effort to find the true answer to the question: "What do victorious football teams actually win for the schools they represent?" With one notable exception, replies to that question corresponded to my own observations. They agreed that an unemotional survey of the situation offered little, if anything, to support the common theories that gridiron victories cure all ills; that they attract students by the thousands and dollars by the millions; that to acquire nation-wide prestige for any college all that is required is a consistently victorious eleven.

In evidence of this conclusion, consider the records of some of the colleges whose football teams have achieved spectacular success. There is, for example, the University of Notre Dame, which in 1924—scholastic year 1924–25—came into national prominence by winning football games in the East and Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. In 1923–24, the scholastic year preceding the rise of this school to its greatest gridiron glory, the student body of Notre Dame had increased by 512 undergraduates. In 1925–26, the year after its eleven had become nationally famous, the increase amounted to only 365. When viewed in the light of averages, the record is similarly interesting. The average increase in the five years before 1924–25 was 255. The average increase in the five years following was 200. Officials of the university explain that in 1927 a limitation was placed on enrollment, but add that whatever increase might otherwise have been shown for the two years following would have been due to general causes and not specifically to football success.

Nor was there any evidence of an increase of gifts or endowments following the spectacular plunges of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame through and around opposing lines for touchdowns. During the five years preceding the championship team, the university received, in fact, more and larger monetary contributions than in the half decade that followed.

Equally illuminating is the record of Centre College, the small denominational institution located in the blue grass of Kentucky, which made football history in the period between 1919 and 1924. The sagas of its two famous stars, Red Roberts and Bo McMillan, were sung at that time by sports writers from the banks of the Charles River in Boston down to the farthest delta of the Mississippi. The visitor approaching Danville by train is still reminded of this departed glory by the sight of bold white letters on the roofs of buildings on the campus and in the town, recording the victorious scores of its great teams over West Virginia and Harvard.

Surely, if those old grads who cherish passionately the theory that winning teams can multiply college attendance and contributions are right, Centre should furnish overwhelming evidence. Yet records fail to support that theory. Attendance figures at Centre College show a slow and gradual increase attributable to many causes, and rising from ninety-eight in the men's department in 1915–16 to 284 in 1929–30, with only slight variations between. In the year 1922–23, which followed the famous and spectacular victory over Harvard, the enrollment rose to 304, as compared with 288 in 1921–22—certainly no great evidence that boys who had read of Centre's glory in newspapers throughout the country were crowding to Danville in an effort to become undergraduates of the school that could boast the most famous football team of the decade. Moreover, in spite of three recent lean years in football, attendance figures at Centre continue their steady rise. Although I have no statistics on recent gifts and endowments, I can quote one official of the college who after considering this element of the situation assured me that in his judgment "football success does not increase the gifts from the alumni or from others." Apart from whatever gifts may apply to the educational facilities of the school, Centre has, however, achieved a stadium financed by the athletic association and friends of its famous teams.

Where Increase Followed Defeat

THE correlative theory that a period of losing teams in a college formerly accustomed to consecutive victories may mean decreased enrollments or endowments seems similarly easy to disprove. The University of Chicago is a case in point. Measured by victories alone, its recent football history has not been a particularly brilliant one. The teams have met numerous and sometimes overwhelming defeats. Yet Chicago University continues its steady growth in enrollment, in wealth and in prestige. Lehigh University, which the Carnegie Foundation Report of last year commended strongly for the healthy condition of its athletic situation, offers another interesting example. According to administrative officials, enrollments and gifts from alumni and outside sources have varied at Lehigh in inverse ratio to athletic successes. Previous to 1919 the university had almost a decade of extraordinary athletic success, especially in football. The enrollment during that time—apart from the war period—did not change greatly, merely paralleling the general increase in colleges throughout the country. The total of gifts from alumni and others during the decade is reported as not more than $300,000. Beginning with 1919 and continuing up to the present year, Lehigh has had few important football victories, but, nevertheless, attendance has grown until it was found necessary to limit enrollment to 1500. "Our growth," commented one official, "was greatest during the years when our football team was losing to everybody."

Apart from this, Lehigh, during the past ten years, has received in gifts from alumni and outside sources almost $6,000,000. Three years ago, after losing for eight successive seasons to its closest rival, it was

(Continued on Page 30)

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The quick-clean City of Sunbrite

"MY dainty bathroom is such a joy—especially since I can keep it spotless so easily. Sunbrite cleans and freshens everything with just a rub or two. And it doesn't hurt my hands!" For a spic-span bathroom, keep a can of "double-action" Sunbrite close at hand. *Purifying* as it scours, it saves time and money. And hands. Order a supply of Sunbrite today.

Swift & Company

Use Quick Arrow White Soap Chips when you wash your gloves and fine hosiery by hand. The kind of fluffy, cleansing lather you love —white, foamy, instantaneous!

(Continued from Page 28)

again overwhelmingly defeated by that school in a football game. The following week an alumnus who had previously contributed very little made a gift of $1,000,000. This may be an isolated incident, but it does seem to indicate just how small an influence success or failure on the gridiron has on enrollment or financial support among the colleges.

Duke University offers another interesting example. During the past few years it has been the recipient of gifts totaling more than $40,000,000. Meanwhile its football teams have lost, without one exception, all their major games.

Such demonstrations of the overemphasis placed by enthusiastic old grads on the value of advertising represented by winning football teams is by no means peculiar to the present era in college sports. More than eight years ago, Prof. B. W. Kunkel, of Lafayette College, presented in School and Society a large volume of statistics relating to football and college enrollment. After analyzing the records of twenty-five colleges in the period between 1897 and 1921, he demonstrated that the percentage of successful teams followed by increases in enrollment averaged 59; the percentage of average teams followed by increase, 58; and the percentage of weak teams followed by increased enrollment, 62. In order to determine the effect of a series of winning or losing teams, he compiled statistics showing cases in which enrollment had changed following two successive years of success or failure. The figures show that enrollment increased after two successful teams forty-four times, that it decreased after two unsuccessful teams twenty times, and that it changed contrary to the prowess of the teams forty-six times. In such figures there seems little nourishment for the advocates of football victory at any price, who see in it an investment that will add overwhelmingly to the size and the glory of dear old alma mater.

Some College Answers

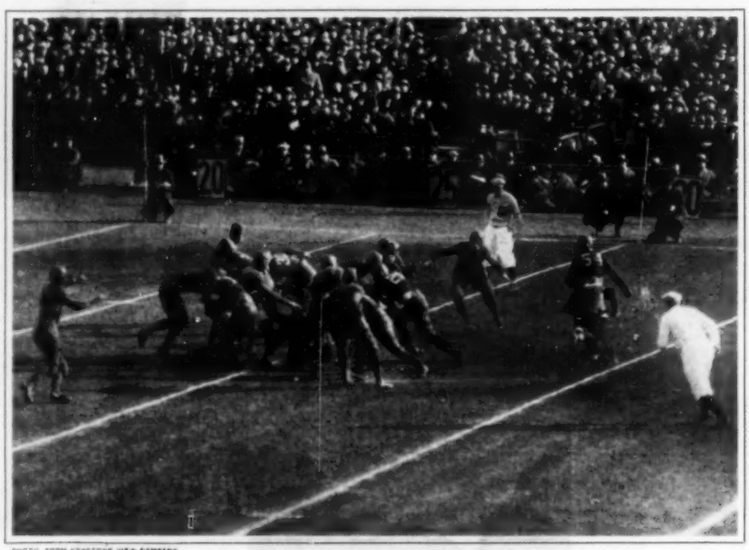
SO MUCH for facts and statistics which speak for themselves. Let's consider in turn the carefully studied opinion of administrators of the academic, financial and athletic activities of some four-score colleges in the United States famous for their athletic successes as well as for their standards of scholarship. Their conclusions, as I have suggested before, are remarkable for their unanimity. All agree, of course, that many diverse factors, including entrance requirements, the attitude of the administration and the alumni, the character and number of courses offered and the economic conditions in the community from which students are drawn, or even throughout the entire country, must be considered in any attempt to explain increases in enrollment. But most consistently they agree on the fact that football records, whether good or bad, have little, if any, effect on either the size or the wealth of a school. Here are a few comments quoted from letters or conversations with such authorities, who, for more or less obvious reasons, will not be specifically identified:

"I have observed no appreciable degree of correlation between student enrollment in the past seven years and the degree of success achieved by the corresponding varsity football teams. I am of the opinion that the publicity sometimes given to this subject, as it relates to American colleges and universities in general, is largely of the excessively juvenile sort.

"The alumni of —— have made many valued gifts to the university, but I am confident that the gifts made in the several years by alumni have no significant correlation with the degree of success achieved by the varsity football teams in those years. I have a decided impression that the alumni of —— who take the most intense interest in the success of the varsity football teams in the several years make on the average few and small gifts to their alma mater."

"It is my definite opinion that good football teams do not affect enrollment either favorably or unfavorably; nor do large enrollments particularly affect the quality of the football teams. In spite of many outcries to the contrary, I believe that the country has as a whole begun to assume a saner view of the whole athletic situation. One great problem at the present time comes from the activities of overzealous friends and former students of the colleges."

"I feel that I am well within the truth when I say that while success in athletics increases the transient interest among our alumni, there is no direct relation between winning football teams and gifts to the permanent endowment of our university. I do feel that the prestige of the university is enhanced in the minds of the general public when we have an especially successful football season, but this prestige is transient and does not increase the academic standing of the university."



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

The Army-Notre Dame Game at the Yankee Stadium, New York City

"For more than twenty years prior to 1929, —— University had no winning football team. During that same period, however, the university experienced a steady and increasing growth. My own firm conviction is that in state institutions there is no positive relationship between athletic successes and institutional growth or educational or scientific standing."

"We do not believe that athletic success, unless it continues over a long period of years, will affect gifts from alumni and other sources, except perhaps special gifts connected with physical education and athletics, and such gifts are usually small. We do believe, however, that reasonable success in athletics brings a certain morale in an institution among the alumni, friends and citizens that is good for any institution."

"It does not seem to me that the growth of the college in buildings or in enrollment has come as a result of success in athletics, but rather that success in athletics has come to us as a result of the growth of the college in enrollment and in buildings. In other words, it is a question of determining which is the proper cause and which is the proper effect."

"So far as we have been able to learn, the university enrollment does not vary with the success of athletics. We have found, through a study of a number of schools, one group of which had notable athletic success and another group the opposite, that there is no correlation. Undoubtedly certain types of students will attend schools where there is successful football. An equal or larger number of students, however, attend those institutions which have not done so well in athletics."

"There is quite a general impression abroad that the enrollment of colleges has reached its peak and that we shall be fortunate to keep the enrollment as it is. The college certainly does get more publicity when it has good teams, but I doubt that athletics or good teams are a determining factor in many cases."

"We have had our lean years as well as our fat ones in athletics, but there is no correlation between the success of the football teams and the prosperity of the college in terms of number of students who apply for admission. The accomplishment of the football team has no apparent influence on the attitude of the alumni for the fund. Certainly the alumni do not withdraw their support if the football team happens to have a disappointing season."

"I am quite convinced that the growth of our university has not been brought about through football victories. Of course, these victories please the alumni and induce them to work a little harder for the good of the institution. I do not believe, however, that athletic victory is a vital matter in securing either student attendance or financial contributions."

"So far as I have been able to judge, there is no relationship whatever between our enrollment and financial progress on the one hand and successful athletics on the other. Our athletics for the past twenty years have been almost uniformly successful, but in years when this has not been the case, there appears to have been no falling off in enrollment."

"It is our observation that enrollments are not affected by football victories, nor, so far as we have observed, have gifts from alumni or other sources been stimulated by such victories."

The Other Side

THERE was, however, as I have previously suggested, one notable exception among the answers to my questions, which in justice demands quotation. It ran as follows:

"Without a doubt, football has played a large part in putting our university on the intercollegiate map. Prior to the football season of 1925, the first time —— was ever represented in this sport, our institution was very little known. Not only has the university been able to build its academic buildings more rapidly since the success of its football team, but enrollments have increased and the gifts from uninterested persons have grown considerably. Since 1925 the enrollments in the different university departments, including professional schools, have increased over 50 per cent. This increase, I believe, and so do many others, can be attributed to the success of the football team and other athletics. At the present time the total enrollment of the school is 13,000. Five years ago it was about 8500. The approximate increase has been about 1000 a year."

Apart from increased gifts from individuals, adds my informant, the state appropriation has been raised. This also he attributes to the publicity given the university mainly through its athletic activities.

Although other factors operating in recent years may or may not have contributed to the growth thus attributed to success in athletics, my own experience as a football coach and observer suggests that there is much logic in the statement concerning appropriations.

Statistics are notoriously dull. College administrators, it may be protested—although I personally

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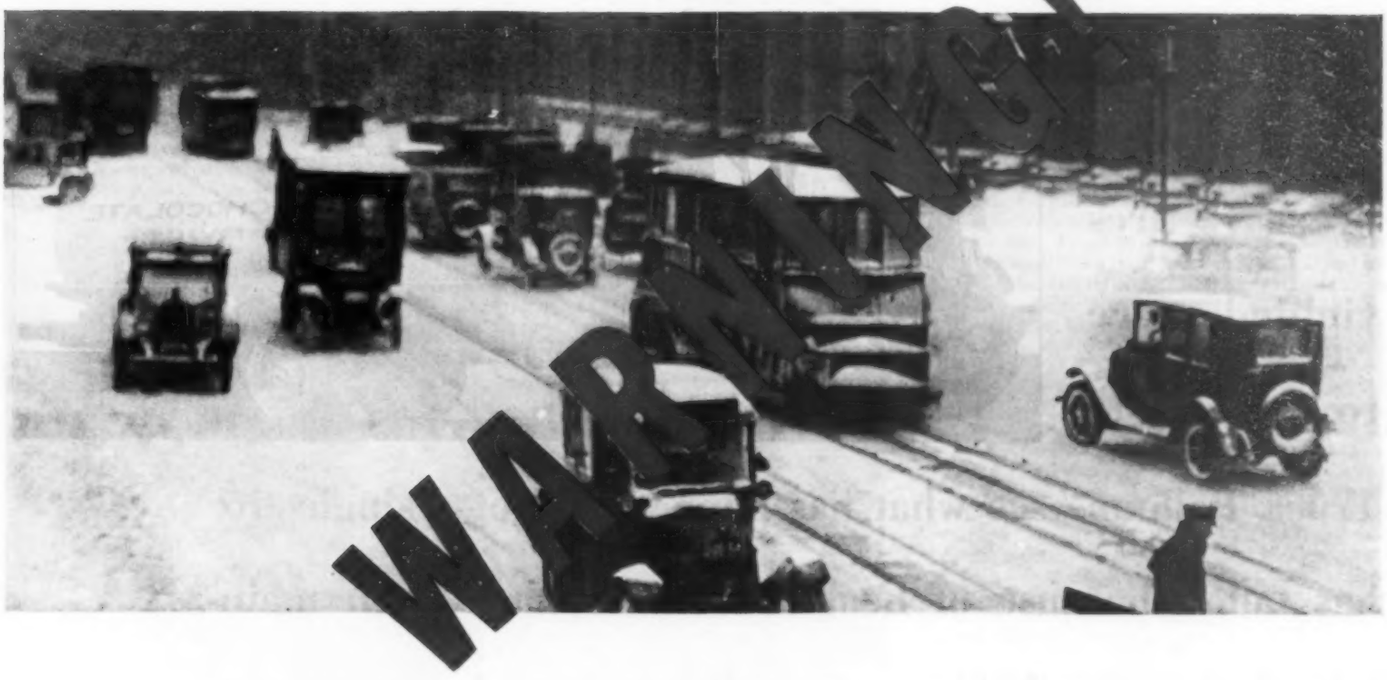
FREEZING WEATHER COMING!



Save your engine from deadly winter wear... change to "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic today...!

Your engine goes from below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes...

That's why only a "DOUBLE-RANGE" *winter oil can protect your engine!*

THE freezing point—32° F.—is the lubrication danger point for your engine!

The heavy summer oil you have been using will lie thick and cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It cannot circulate promptly and reach moving parts. Your battery wears its heart out turning your engine over. The first few moments of "dry" running give your engine more wear than miles of ordinary driving.

If you use an ordinary "winter oil"—you *may* get easy starting. But at hot running temperatures, many of these "winter oils" thin out dangerously, and fail to lubricate.

Mobiloil Arctic will give your engine unique winter protection. It is the *double-range* winter lubricant. Down to zero—and below—you get easy starting and sure circulation. At hot running temperatures, you get rich, full lubrication.

This *double-range* quality is built into Mobiloil Arctic. Motor oil is made—not found.

Shift gears easily on cold days

Without correct winter lubrication, your gears will tell the same story of winter wear. Cold hardens and separates ordinary greases and leaves gear teeth unprotected.

With Mobiloil "CW" on your gears you'll be delighted at the smooth ease of meshing on coldest days. You can be sure of complete absence of gear wear.

You can get this two-fold protection for your engine and your gears from your nearest Mobiloil dealer. Ask for Mobiloil by name.

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We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Mobiloil

ARCTIC *for your engine*

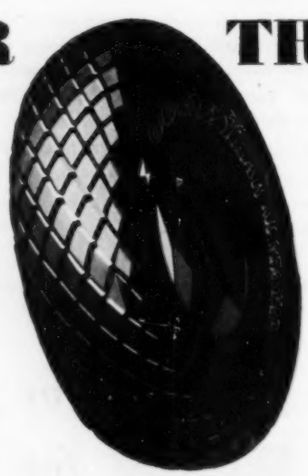
"CW" *for your gears*

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

800,000 pounds of fresh cold milk are daily rushed by truck to Hershey. In 3 hours these trucks cover as much as 100 miles. That's a lot of speed, but in the year since high pressure tires yielded place to Goodyear

Truck Balloons see what has happened: not a single tire has failed because of heat—schedules have been maintained as never before—tire mileage has shown an outstanding increase—operating costs have gone down—and on top of all that it has been possible to add gigantic new tank units to the fleet, capable of carrying a milk load of 21,500 pounds. How about putting your trucks on

GOODYEAR TRUCK BALLOONS?



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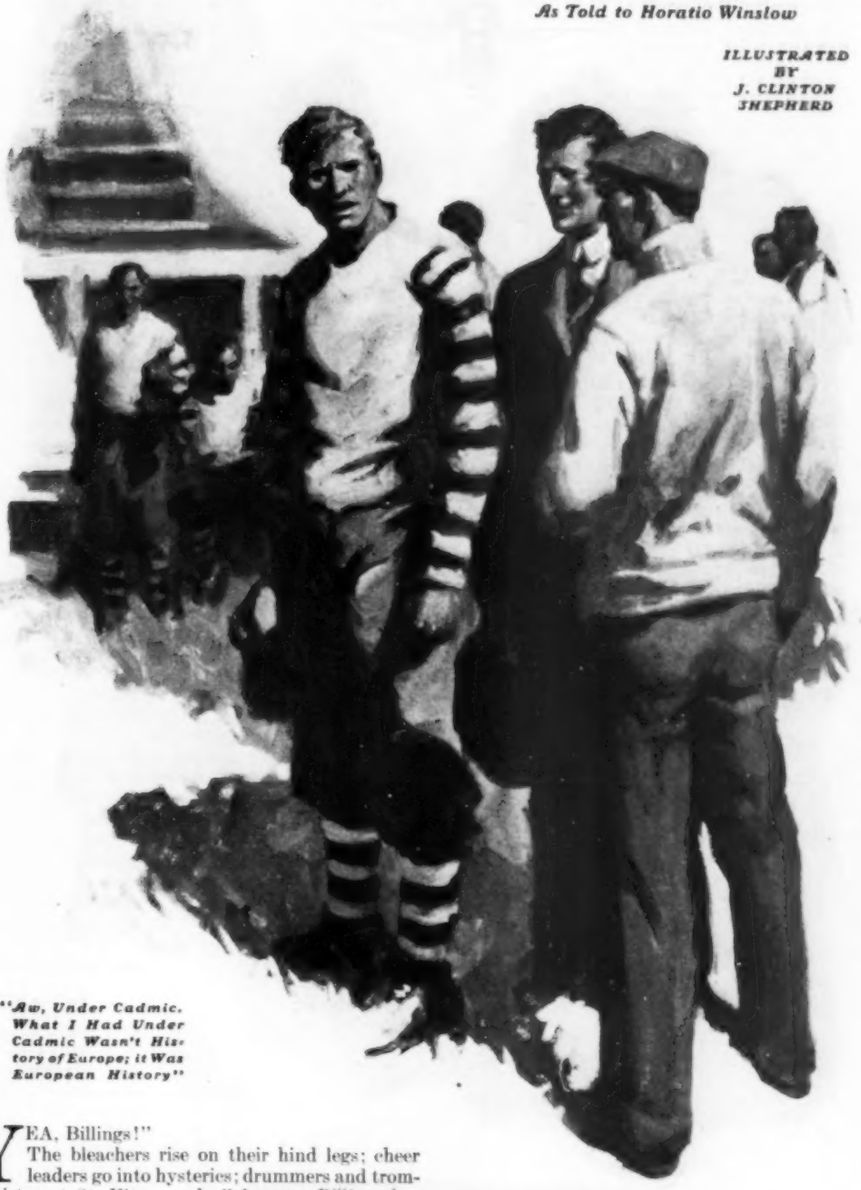
SWELLING THE PURPLE FLOOD

Reminiscences of a Coach

As Told to Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"Aw, Under Cadmic. What I Had Under Cadmic Wasn't History of Europe; it Was European History"

YEA, Billings!"

The bleachers rise on their hind legs; cheer leaders go into hysterics; drummers and trombonists get St. Vitus; and all because Billings has carried over the pigskin for a last-minute touchdown. Game and championship to the home team. And the crowd jams the exits, convinced that Billings is a most extraordinary young man. Not even a passing thought for the months of patient, anonymous labor which made Billings and the rest of the team possible; the blights, the checks, the catastrophes and the long nervous strain which have turned the poor coach into a candidate for the nearest overstuffed cell.

It's pleasant enough, I'll grant, to get a salary once and a half as large as that banked by the president of the university, and, in February, to go sit under a palm tree in Cuba, but there are drawbacks to the coaching career. A man can't enjoy his Bacardi unless behind him he has a season of results. That's what he's been paid for—results. No results, hunt a new job—which is something easier spelled than found. But even if his latest efforts have ended in a championship, he can never let himself forget that next season he'll have to start all over and from the very bottom. Worries. Nasty cracks from the students. Alumni howling for his blood—and how those boys can howl! Mental anguish. More than once my wife has said, "Rather than see you in this state of nerves, I'd prefer to have you quit the whole coaching business and go back to teaching Latin."

For Latin it was in 1913. But, though as a Ph.D. I'd specialized in Mr. Cicero's favorite language, I could also handle classes in Greek, mathematics up to and including calculus, elementary economics, philosophy, and, to some extent, French and German. The old-fashioned education is slipping into the discard, but it had its advantages. If a man has smashed up the interference in Thucydides and made first downs against the binomial theorem, he can tackle almost anything from medieval art to a balky furnace. Anyhow, it was at Dillman College, while teaching Latin and Greek, supporting a family on eighteen hundred dollars a year, and getting up at four every Monday morning to help with the week's washing, that I received my first coaching offer. The Stovall University Alumni Protective and Fraternal Association offered me a season's work and I've been coaching football candidates ever since.

To me, the game is just as fascinating now as then. New players. New training methods. New tricks. Competition that keeps you up on your toes. Not so much chance to spring "*Labor omnia vincit*" and other select quotations, but a challenge in the work that the classroom never had. And last, but not least, a free hand. So long as we bring home the bacon, nobody's going to criticize the process or get sore eyes auditing the expense account.

Not that we coaches haven't our own ethical system. Last year, at our convention in Boston, we formulated and signed the rules that most of us have always followed. And these days following the rules is no joke. Times have changed. The boilermaker who worked at his trade nine months of the year and played football for Hoozis University during his vacation belongs to the dim dead past. To be eligible today, a man must be a legitimate student; moreover, before he can make a varsity team, his freshman year must be behind him and he must have earned passing marks in every study. If he's conditioned or failed in any one branch he can't represent his alma mater on the football field—not till he's taken and passed the necessary extra examination or what not. Mind you, I don't say a coach won't do his best to see that the squad studies under professors who are known as "friendlies" rather than under those whom we call "hostiles." It's what I should call a commonsense precaution. But that's as far as an honorable coach should go. Not that we don't have our temptations. For example, I'll never forget what happened in '25, during my first season at the University of Williota.

II

I CAME to Williota feeling pretty cocky. I'd given poor old Pellmer Agric the first championship team the boys had ever had, and I was not only yearning for greener pastures but also I was feeling my oats. Moreover, it was my first chance at real money. "No contract," I said to the president of the Williota Alumni Helping Hand Alliance. Naturally the regular undergraduate athletic association has nothing to do with employing us or paying our salary.

The president of the W. A. H. H. A. was a coal dealer. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and when he was surprised his eyebrows went right up into his hat.

"If I'm good," I went on, "I want a three-year contract with a big boost. If I fall down, let me go. I've studied Williota's record. I know that for the past five years, with plenty of material crying to be used, you've never been able to get more than a fraction of it into a regular game. Williota's been trampled into the mud by almost everything bigger than a normal school. Last year Indio walked over you 64 to 0 and left half her first-string men on the sidelines. Give me a trial, and then, at the end of the season, if you still feel like it, we'll talk contract."

Old Mike Moran had charge of operations on the gridiron. "Don't make any mistake, coach," he said; "we got some hard babies here at Williota. There's birds in the faculty that 'ud fail their grandmother if she couldn't pass on her merits. Take Cadmic."

"What does he teach?"

"European history. He hates athletics, athletes and muscle in all forms, and writes articles saying so. He might be a good guy if he'd relax, but he don't know what the word means."

"Has he got anybody hooked now?"

"Nope." Mike shook his head. "Last June he slapped a condition on Ivorson at the end of Ivory's freshman year, but Ivorson didn't come

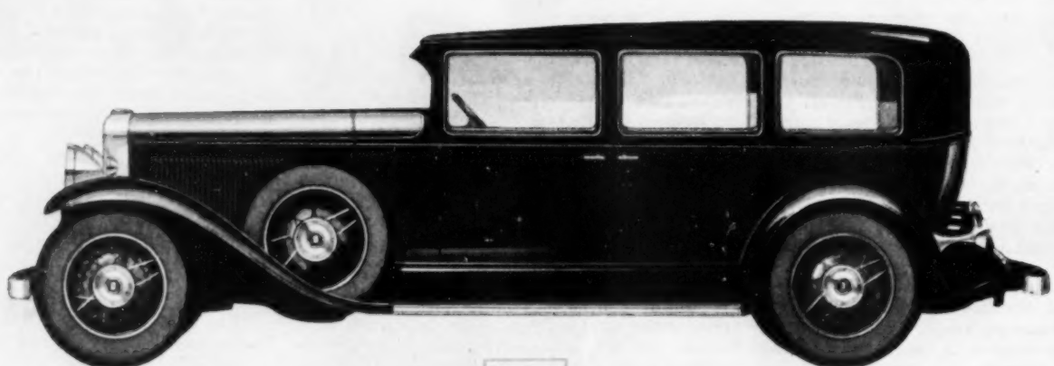
(Continued on Page 35)

Mike

LA SALLE

Only a greatly enlarged Cadillac manufacturing program, together with General Motors unequalled resources, makes possible the new La Salle Eight — with its new and more powerful engine, its provisions for safety and driving ease, its magnificent Fisher and Fleetwood bodies — at so low a price as $2195, f. o. b. Detroit

La Salle prices have been lowered from $245 to $750



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY — DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 33)

back this fall." Mike shook his head again.

"What's in the ice box, Mike?"

"Well, we got a guard with an English con to block out; an end with ten chemistry questions ahead of him; three backs to dodge through a German exam; and four other letter men on probation. And I got seven sophomore roustabouts that got to be kept up on their toes for those weekly quizzes in physics." There was something like a quaver in his voice as he added, "Coach, in my five years at Williota, it's the best material I've ever had. If you can just let me use it I'll clean up everything in the league except Indio. And, of course, that's hardly to be expected, because Williota hasn't dusted Indio since 1904."

"We'll try, Mike," I said. "We'll try. And if the candidates have the usual number of eyes and ears, they ought to be in a state of scholastic grace before long."

Professor Cadmic

Promise nothing. That's the only safe rule for a coach, a doctor or a married man.

It was certainly a pleasure, handling those Williota boys. They weren't intellectual outcasts, like some of the Pellmer Agrics; most of them had an inkling, at least, of what it was all about, and, in general, they'd been brushing up during the summer. Inside of two weeks I had the cons rolling along to successful exams; the probationers were surprising the faculty eligibility committee; the sophomores were knocking the quiz masters for goals; and, considered as a unit, the whole squad was stepping high, wide and handsome through learning's mazes.

"Spinny," my wife said the day before our wedding anniversary, "all this is too good to be true. Something's bound to happen."

And happen it did. The first intimation of breakers ahead came on the anniversary itself, with the call of old Mike Moran. He settled into the big leather chair before the fire and groaned: "Coach, I got a real job for you."

"What's happened now?"

"Oscar Ivorson—the one that got conned by Cadmic in European history—he's come back. He waits till the middle of October and then he comes back."

"Well, why the funeral face?"

"You never met Ivory, coach, and you don't know Cadmic. Last year, on the freshman team, Ivory was better than any two men on the varsity. All-American fullback—that's what he ought to be. But Ivorson is his name and ivory his nature, and off the football field he's got nothing above the ears."

"He can't be any worse than some of the other young intellectuals I've met."

Mike stared at the grate fire in the manner of a man who sees pictures in the flame, but not agreeable ones.

"Coach, we come pretty near sliding Ivory through last June. We'd kept him shut of the hostiles, and the friendlies had winked and given him passing marks. Everything oke until the middle of the second semester, when his European-history prof broke a leg and Cadmic took over the division. An intelligent guy looking like Ivory was imported from Chicago and was paid to recite and pass any and all exams, including the final. But having heard the real Ivorson answer one or two questions, Cadmic felt something was wrong and gave Ivory a condition. That means the boy can't play this fall till he's taken a second examination and passed it. And the double who helped us out last semester is down somewheres in South America."

As for the impolitic and reckless remarks which I made in answer, I think it was not I who spoke, so much as two shots of some prewar brandy which a friend had sent to celebrate the wedding anniversary. I remember breaking into a hearty laugh and getting up and slapping Mike on the back.

"I don't use doubles," I said, "and I don't use cribs. But when I take a boy, he passes his examination, and I guarantee it. That's the word—guarantee. Take Bozo Bangs, the All-American end. Before I started with him he didn't know the difference between alkali and alfalfa, and in three weeks he passed a chemistry examination with honors. Ask 'em at Sellaway College what I did for Bozo Bangs." I slapped Mike on the back again. I was talking and couldn't stop. "I don't care whether Ivorson knows any European history or not. Bring him around, and I give you my solemn word of honor he'll play for you before the end of the season. You can use him in that last game against Indio. Shake hands on it, Mike."

"Are you sure, now?"

"Am I sure! Listen: it's a bet and a promise."

The next afternoon I went out to take a look at my latest charge. In ten minutes Ivory had proved that he owned the most intelligent pair of legs that ever carried a coördinated body onto a gridiron. He was a triple threat, and with so little waste motion that he'd have sent an efficiency expert into tears of joy. When he kicked, everybody ran fifty yards; when he carried the ball, he was as elusive as a greased pig; and when he passed, it was like a man dropping a letter into a mail box.

"Well, Mr. Ivorson," I said, when Mike introduced us, "we must get to work on our history of Europe."

His mouth opened, and when I say that, I don't mean it went delicately ajar or anything to that effect. The whole lower jaw dropped till you could have taken a triangle of pie, stood it on edge and slipped it into his mouth without breaking the crust.

"What?" he said. "What's that?"

I repeated.

"I never studied that. Naw, not me. I never had that."

"Last year, under Professor Cadmic."

"Aw, under Cadmic. What I had under Cadmic wasn't history of Europe; it was European history."

Mike looked at me plaintively.

"Don't you worry, Mike," I said. "When that examination comes, we'll get by better than One-eyed Connolly." But my words rang pretty hollow, and nobody knew it any better than yours truly.

III

NAPOLEON said there was no such word as "impossible"—a statement

(Continued on Page 121)

"Renaissance," Ivory Interrupted—"That's a Easy One. Don't You Know What a Renaissance Is? . . . Listen, Coach, Lemme Tell Her"

To ward off, to treat Sore Throat

gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Bacillus Catarrhalis (catarrh), associated with head colds; the dangerous Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount, and is, at the same time, one of the most powerful germicides known when used full strength.

Within 15 seconds it kills even the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs, generally used as test germs because of their resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the saliva of the mouth 98%. Thus the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

CHAIN LIVING

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPE

MRS. COOPER THRAVES was entertaining for Nicholas' wife. That was because Nicholas, in coming back to put the business on its feet, had brought a young wife with him. The satisfaction of his mother showed in the formality of her dinner, in the appointments, which were those reserved for important occasions. The silver service plates, the Georgian candlesticks, the high compotes filled with polished, black-red cherries, the roses glowing back at themselves from a rounded sheet of mirror in the center of the table made Nicholas think of past events of consequence in the Thraves house. He was reminded of a dinner for an ambassador, of Sylvia's bridal party, of how celebrity and success and milestones had been recognized for years in the family by the use of the silver plates and the enormous damask napkins that were so heavy with monograms. It seemed strange to know that tonight they were being used in Nan's honor. For, though they were fine and dignified things, somehow they hardly suited her kind of distinction. Nan was so completely indifferent to the rules of display.

"Oh, Well," Said Nick, "It's No Matter. You'd Have Been Bored to Death." "No Doubt. But Still I'm Sorry"

He looked to see how his wife was getting on. She was sitting beside old Mr. Moore, who had been his father's partner in the wholesale grocery business, but was not very active any more on account of his bad heart. There were other reasons, too, why the old man was losing his grip, thought Nicholas, his mind slanting off to business and then coming back to Nan. She was pecking her way through the episode of breast of chicken and refusing nearly everything offered at her elbow. She hardly ever ate dinner-party food—plushy food, as she called it. Not that she starved herself. Tonight when she got home she would probably want quantities of brown bread and butter and Roquefort cheese and milk.

With her usual grace, she was making Mr. Moore feel gallant. That was never any trouble for her. Her just occasional smile, the clear, awakened look which a man who was with Nan always basked in, were giving the old man a very good time. "And no doubt he's telling her about the delights of the McKinley period," thought Nicholas, reflecting again how very decent Nan had been about the recent revision of their plans for living.

With the banquet top on the table, it was easy to seat twenty-four in the dining room, and there were that many guests tonight. All of them were people whom he would have expected his mother to invite, the most important as well as the closest family friends; with Havelocks and Gundersons, Mrs. Foster Newcomb and the Lennings inevitably among them. Mr. Lenning was talking through a very silky white mustache in his usual guarded, reasonably sanguine manner to his hostess. Nicholas thought of how carefully they must be avoiding the subject on which their interests really met. Lenning knew, of course, that the Thraves-Moore Company was in a bad way. He had done its banking business for three decades, and he knew how assets and profits had shrunk and liabilities increased. Yet there he sat, enjoying a dinner which he must know it was rather a strain to pay for, just as he had enjoyed many a dinner in the Thraves house before, during the days when Mrs. Thraves set the standards for the city's social life.

Cooper III and Marjorie were there, as were Sylvia and Henry Clyme, because they were members of the family. Sylvia was on the defensive, as usual, thrusting subjects of conversation at people as if they were swords, and talking too much, perhaps to make up for Henry's passive silences. She had been on the defensive ever since it was clear that Henry, decent fellow though he was, would never be much of a success. At that time Sylvia had begun to go in for clubs and talk about what was worth while in life. "She isn't as pretty in evening clothes as she used to be," thought Nicholas, unless living with Nan had sharpened his taste for beauty. "Sylvia's clothes don't fit," he decided, and, looking again at his own wife, admired the way two incredibly narrow *diamanté* straps crossed her shoulders and held her dress so that it seemed to have been made upon her body.

His brother Paddy was on the other side of the table, seeming youngish to be there at all. He was twenty-two, only four years younger than Nan, but he still seemed very much of a boy. At any rate, he was too immature to be expected to take charge of the business. Nicholas caught on the fly a glance between Paddy and Joan Lenning, the other very young person present. They didn't cast sheep's eyes, those two. There were challenge, mockery and understanding in that vivid interchange. Both of them were here because they had to be, of course, and no doubt they were planning escape. Nicholas wondered just how much Paddy was interested in that expensive girl. Old Mr. Lenning wasn't the sort who would enjoy supporting a son-in-law, and the girl might not be much of an heiress. Mr. Lenning had married three times and the children of his other marriages had rights as well as Joan. Besides, the story was that Lenning himself had lost a good deal of money in the stock crash of last year.

Paddy had better get himself an income before he went too far, and his brother wasn't sure whether there was much of a one to be found for him in the wholesale grocery business. He had tried to explain that to his mother, who still couldn't believe that a big income for the lot of them wasn't possible. She felt that, since her husband had made a great deal of money in that business, it must still be there to be made.

"Does Nan like it here?" asked Marjorie, who was sitting beside Nicholas.

"Nan likes it everywhere."

"What is she going to do with herself?"

Nicholas was always very friendly with Cooper's wife because he thought she was so good to poor old literary Cooper. She stood by him in the things he wanted to do and pretended that he was quite a writer, though everyone knew better. It must be quite a job living on what Cooper made, now that the company wasn't paying dividends. But Marjorie did no whining. She had a humorous mouth and a chubby, dowdy little body, and was persistent in having children, even if Cooper couldn't support them very well.

"I suppose she'll do pretty much what everyone else does," said Nick, in answer to his sister-in-law's question. "Just now she's looking for a decent horse to ride. And she's been playing a lot of tennis at the Jaffrays'. They've a very good court."

"Oh, she's trailing with that crowd, is she?"

"Isn't it a good crowd?"

"I've nothing against it. I don't know why it shouldn't be. But you don't see any of them here tonight. Your mother hasn't any use for the rich new people in town. She always acts as if they weren't on earth. I heard that your mother met Cora Jaffray at a party somewhere, and Cora explained casually that this city was just one of the steps on her husband's ladder. That's hard for your mother to forgive."

Nicholas laughed. "Mother doesn't realize that people can live like that—on the move—and not be tramps. Even if they are the vice presidents of power corporations. Of course it's true. Jaffray will be moved on to a bigger city if he does well here. That's what he wants."

"Yes. And we may turn out to be tramps if you don't make the business boom. I'm going to train my children to sleep under hedges."

"The business can't boom, my dear girl."

"Not even now that you've come?"

"Don't be funny. Nobody can change the situation. Thraves-Moore used to be the great mogul of the grocery business in this part of the state. All the little groceries and all the big ones bought from us, and we carried their accounts and gave them credit when they were worth it. There was money to be made and we made it. But now, with a lot of chain stores, it's a different story."

"It must be. Those chain stores have a kind of lure. Even I occasionally put a basket on my arm and go to the nearest one."

"That's cheating," said Nick.

"I know. I slink in and out, and feel as if I should use a false name or wear a mask. But they sell some things cheaper than Harris does and our income hasn't been so dandy lately."

"Sorry."

"Coop says you've had an offer for the business."

"It doesn't quite amount to an offer. It might come to that."

"And would you sell?"

"There's an argument for doing it all right. It's consolidation with a bigger house. They'd make this a branch organization."

"One of a chain?"

"On a big scale. Our house would be one of their distributing agencies."

"Your mother wouldn't like that, would she?"

"No. And she has to be considered."

"She doesn't really understand," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "how things have changed. It's just the same in social things. She still believes that this crowd of people here tonight runs the whole show."

"What show?"

"I mean that she thinks it's kind of a directing social group, a local aristocracy that everyone wants to get into."

"And it isn't any more?"

"You know it's not. Too many people ignore it altogether. That Jaffray gang can't be bothered with who used to be who around here. They're too busy enjoying themselves."

"Still that doesn't alter a fine tradition."

"No—neither do chain stores alter traditions. They leave the traditions flat and go ahead and get customers. And chain living does the same thing."

"Is that a wise crack?"

"Not at all. It's just what's there to see. Social life is being organized on a new basis. People find their own levels in money and habits."

"They always did."

"Yes," said Marjorie, "but the thing isn't managed locally any more. That's the catch. The local aristocrat is being crowded out of the picture. Society's being run from a distance and its needs are being taken care of in job lots."

"Who's running it?"

Marjorie thought about that. "I don't know," she said at length. "People whom we never see, certainly. It's run more by habits than it used to be, by tastes and sports. What I mean is that your mother and a few others like her used to decide on people's ratings. And that was final. To her, you see, Nan and I are socially just the same."

"Well, you are."

"Oh, in a way that doesn't count. We're of equal breeding, perhaps, but that's rather beside the point. I couldn't stay on a horse and I get my clothes in bargain basements. My bridge is vile, my golf abandoned and I can't afford to gamble. We're in absolutely different social layers, Nan and I."

Nick had a memory of a check that Nan had taken home last night after an evening's bridge.

"And you call that chain living," he said.

"Something like that. It gets down to mass production of habits, I suppose, and of interests. People have their friends in different places—their own kind of friends. If they don't know them personally, they imitate the kind of thing that is being done by the group they would like to be in. Nan knows the people who play polo. Sylvia knows clubwomen because she's interested in clubs."

"And what's your line?"

"I'm interested in children."

"That's hardly a new idea for a woman."

"It is as we do it. We study children. There's a chain of self-conscious mothers all over the country, reading the same books, fussing over the same diets and psychology."

"All of this sounds to me as if you simply did the things that you wanted to do."

"Yes, but it's the interests we have instead of the place we're in that regulate what we do. That's why Nan is probably going to be all right here. She goes after what she wants—a horse, a good tennis court, friends who play her kind of bridge and probably wear dresses like that heavenly pink-and-black thing

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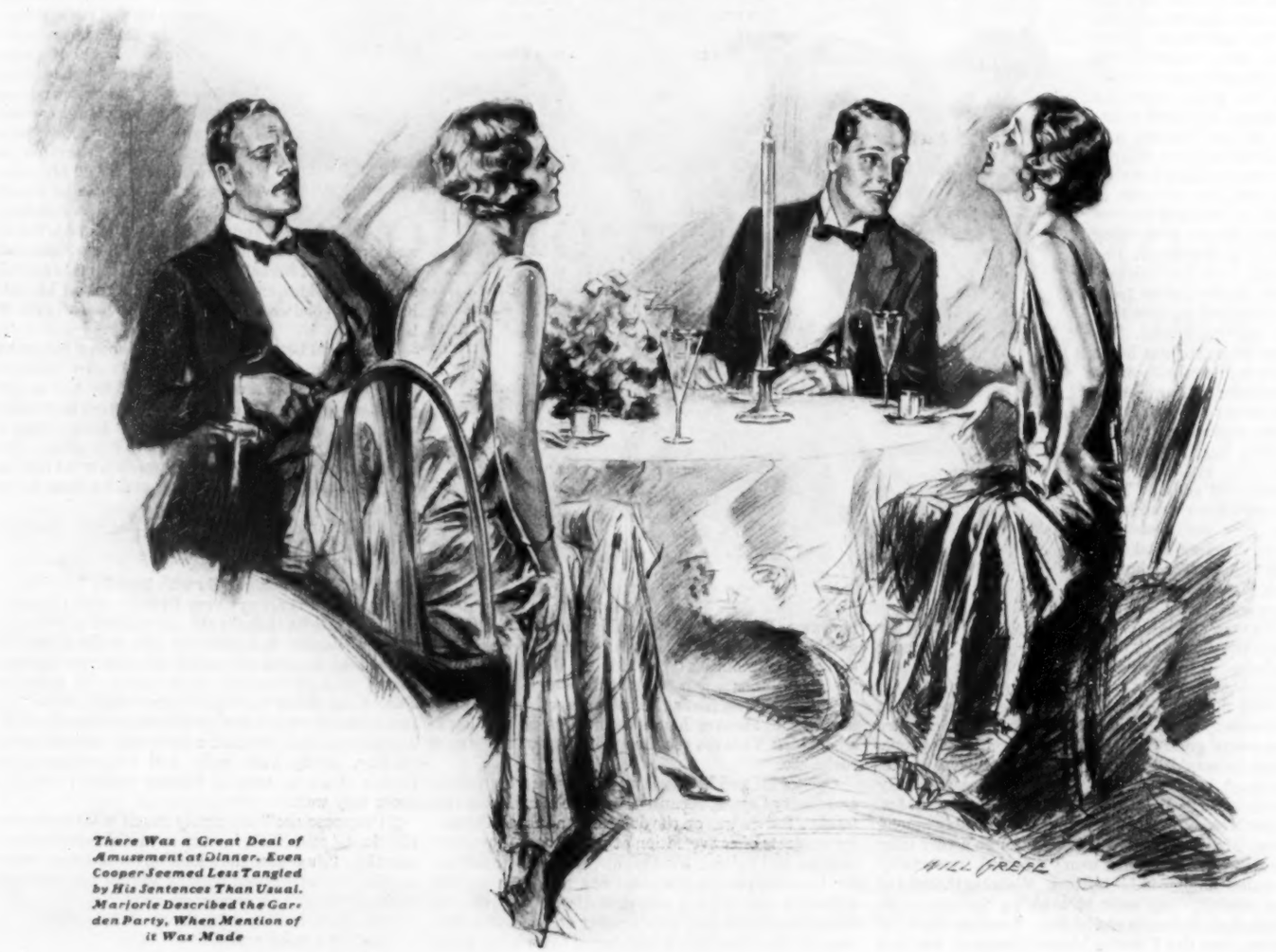
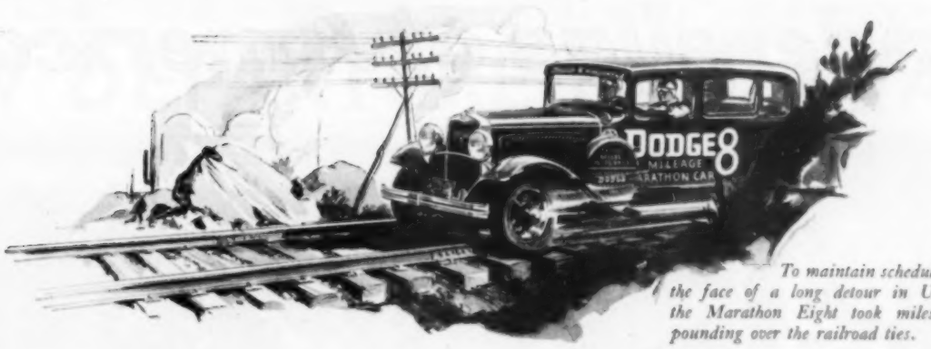


There Was a Great Deal of Amusement at Dinner. Even Cooper Seemed Less Tangled by His Sentences Than Usual. Marjorie Described the Garden Party, When Mention of it Was Made



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50,000 MILES IN 19 WEEKS

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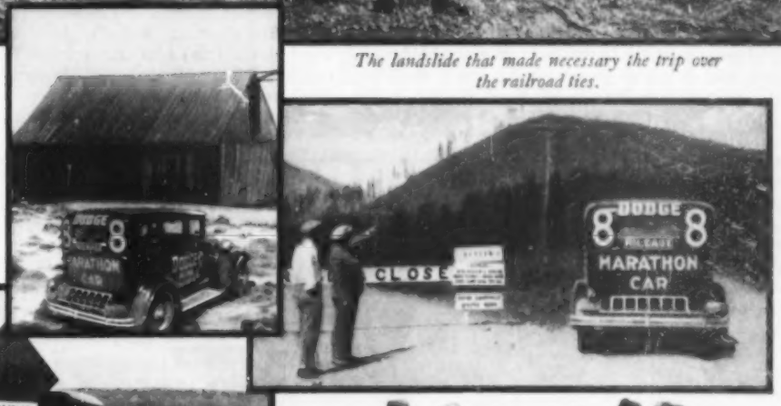
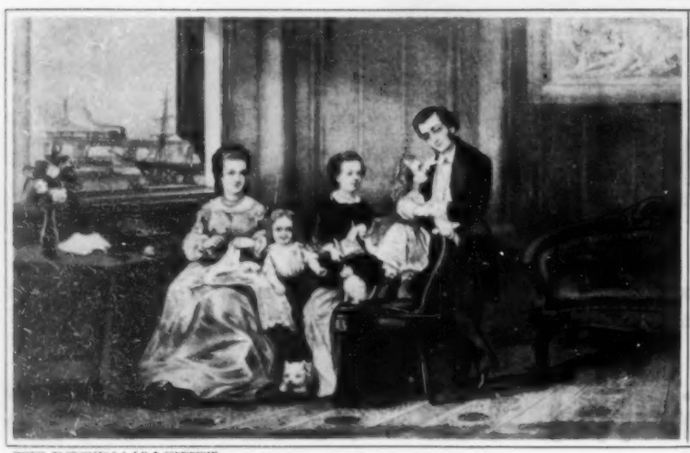
The landslide that made necessary the trip over the railroad ties.



DODGE SIX, $735 TO $835, (SEDAN $765)—DODGE EIGHT, $995 TO $1095, (SEDAN $1045)—F.O.B. FACTORY

The Cinderellas of Americana



"The Fruits of Temperance"

"The Fruits of Intemperance"

Currier & Ives, Print Publishers, 123 Nassau Street, New York, desire to inform the trade that they will publish portraits of all the Presidential Candidates as soon as named by the different Conventions, and also a variety of caricatures, witty, humorous and pointed, with good-natured hits at the weak points of all the candidates, policies and parties. The price to the trade will be $6.00 per hundred for portrait; $10.00 per hundred for caricatures.

(From an old, undated circular in the possession of the author.)

By C. R. CLIFFORD

I HAVE been collecting antiques," says Bill Lovell, "for forty years, and I've never seen anything like this spectacular boom in Currier & Ives prints. At the recent sale of the Norman James collection the large folio-size Life of a Hunter that retailed in 1861 for three dollars brought $3000. What do you think of that? Up in my neighborhood—up Brandon way—folks had given up hunting for antiques. Old furniture, glassware and pewter were getting so scarce that the junk snuppers sort of deserted us, and then all of a sudden this new craze struck 'em, and now they have descended on us like a cloud of locusts and are all delirious over Currier & Ives."

We were sitting on the porch of the old inn discussing the why of it—the Man from Boston, Bill Lovell and I. We had before us a Currier & Ives check book of 1925, which listed the record price of a Hunter's Stratagem at sixty dollars. Today the record price is $450. In the last two and a half years I have seen Home to Thanksgiving, same condition, same size, same auction gallery, sell for $85, $800, $1450 and $1600. The skyrocketing of values has set the collectors' world all agog with excitement, and the attics of thousands of old houses are being eagerly ransacked and these Cinderellas of Americana, rescued from dust and obscurity, are now placed in the very spotlight of popular acclaim.

News Reels

AND why this competition? Currier & Ives were not the only American lithographers, nor the oldest. Indeed, in the standard reference books and encyclopedias, under the subject Lithography, they are not even mentioned.

"And what's more," says Mr. Lovell, "their own people regarded their work as mere potboilers. Louis Maurer, one of the cleverest of that coterie of artists working in the Currier & Ives shops in the closing days of their activities, and still living in New York in his ninety-ninth year, tells me that he hasn't kept a copy of even his own work. All that he had he'd given away. He attached no value to them. So what's the reason for these pyrotechnics in value? Sounds kind of crazy."

"Bill," says the Man from Boston rather reflectively, "I remember a speech which Chauncey Depew once made, in which he spoke of the great development of steam. He had lived through this development. He spoke of the time when you had to travel by covered wagon, and if you went as far as California you had to go by sailing vessel around the Horn. He told of the Pony Express, whose riders carried news from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Coast in thirteen days. This was in 1860. He spoke of how the railroads went through. It was a fascinating word picture, and his reminiscences were very interesting, and that's what appeals to us in Currier & Ives—reminiscence—not merely word pictures, but pictorial transcripts of the homes, the manners and the customs of the pioneer people, documentary records of the times and the events and the phases of American life, historical backgrounds for all the things that we have been collecting."

"I guess that's right," says I. "They constitute a news reel of the days that are gone, and if their values have risen, it's simply because they are rare. The small, cheap prints, though issued in big editions, had only a temporary news value and were soon discarded, the same as we have discarded the Liberty Loan posters of only twelve years ago. The small-size scenics were frequently hung up in the shop windows as samples of the subjects which could be had in large folio size, selling for from three dollars to five dollars apiece, and printed in small editions, and rare on that account."

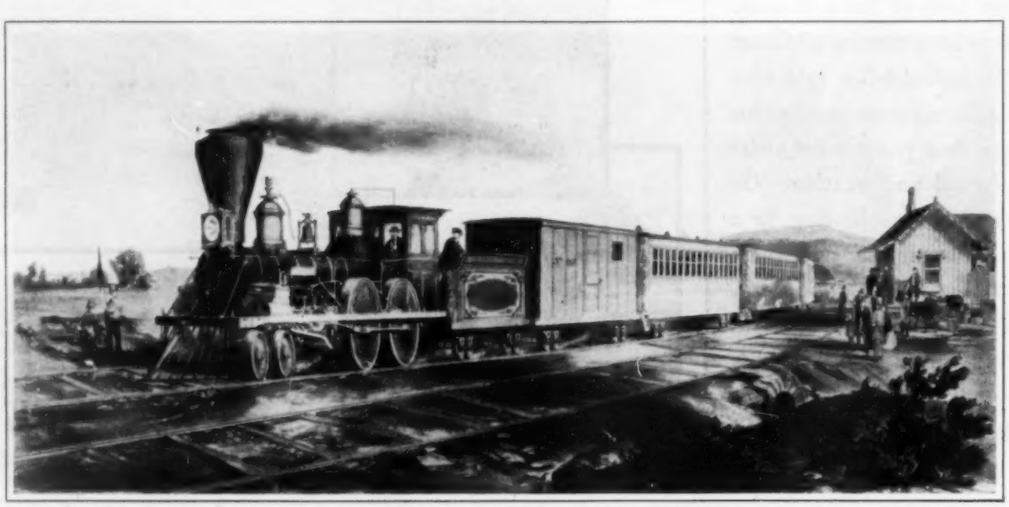
American Prints Faked Abroad

"THEN, again, the value of a print is affected by its condition, size, date, historic or artistic quality and the name of the artist. Collecting Currier & Ives is like collecting stamps—there are a lot of them of trivial value." On which subject, more anon.

And bear in mind also that in the last six months the French lithographers have been reproducing them, especially the seasonal types—Winter in the Country, that brought $850 at the Benkard sale, and the summer and springtime prints. Thus far, they have done about fifteen subjects, but they can be easily recognized as reproductions, not only by their freshness—although some of them in the hands of fakers are skillfully aged and faded, and even fly-specked—but by the evidence of modern color printing instead of the application of color by the hand brush, the Currier & Ives process.

In 1830, just one hundred years ago, the year the first covered wagon left St. Louis for the Far West and started the Oregon Trail, young Currier, a boy of seventeen, was working in Boston

(Continued on Page 42)



"The American Express," 1853. Sold for $850

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

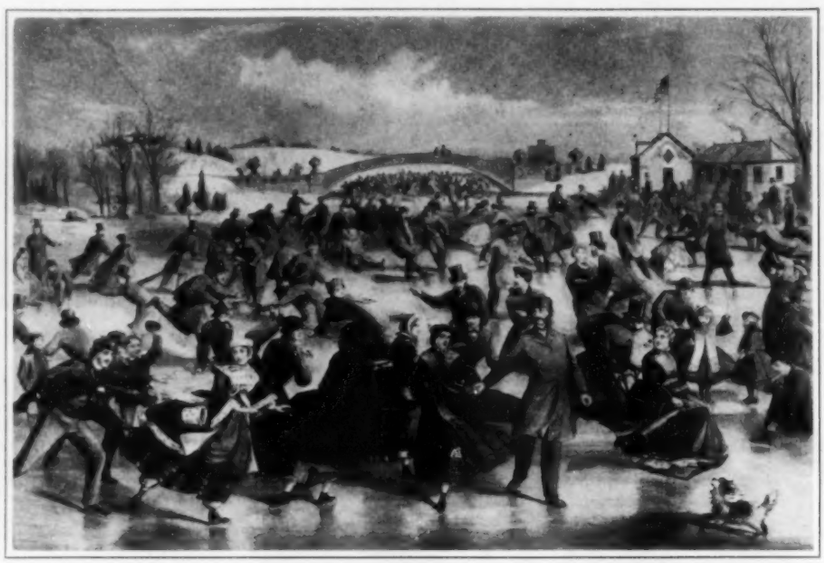
SPECIFIED BY AMERICA'S LEADING ENGINEERS for more than 95 percent of American motor cars—as well as thousands of machine tools and electric motors—New Departure Ball Bearings are daily serving the workaday world everywhere with matchless efficiency and economy. Implacable enemies of friction, wear, and waste, New Departures demonstrate in whatever tasks they are given to do that nothing pays like perfection—in quality—in workmanship—in principle of design.

NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

(Continued from Page 40)

as an apprentice to John Pendleton, who, five years previously, had returned from Europe with a new art called lithography, invented by Alois Senefelder, and when Currier had mastered it his mind turned to dreams of a business of his own. With 1830, there opened up for the United States a new and extraordinary era of development. The contemptuous query of Sydney Smith: "Who reads an American book? . . ." was being answered. For the whole world was now reading Irving, Cooper, Halleck and Drake.

Noah Webster had finished his dictionary; Oliver Wendell Holmes had just written his famous poem in protest against the destruction of Old Ironsides; Audubon had just completed his Birds of America; Washington Irving had just finished his Conquest of Granada; Edgar Allan Poe had just completed his Tamerlane, that never made him a nickel; and yet, in 1927, one copy of the book brought $11,600 at auction. Emerson was twenty-seven years old; Hawthorne was hard at work upon his Twice-Told Tales; Longfellow and Wendell Phillips and Whittier were just beginning to attract notice. To be sure, it was fully seventeen years before we had United States postage stamps, but still the world seemed moving fast, and young Currier proposed to move with it.



Dress in the Early 60's. New York Central Park. It Cost $3 and Sold for $325

Only yesterday he had seen evidence of this great progress, in a match that gave out a flame by friction. It was a wonderful improvement over flint and steel. He had heard, too, of a new illuminant called gas; he had actually seen a railroad track. To be sure, we had no railroad systems, but a great step in the history of transportation had been taken—a simple system by which a horse—one horse—could haul a load on tracks more easily than four horses over the rough roads.

When the World Put On Speed

AND now he had learned that a steam locomotive had been brought on from England and was soon to pull cars on a little line called the Camden & Amboy; and what's more, another locomotive was being built in Philadelphia by a man named Baldwin that would not only pull one car but two cars, although in case of rainy weather, the locomotive, it was announced, "would not be used, but kept under shelter, and horses would be substituted." He had heard, too, of a new kind of gun, fired by a percussion cap, and he saw in the things occurring great news. If he had been a writer, he'd have written of it. But he was an illustrator, and though others had used lithography as a medium for expressing art, he conceived it a medium for expressing news.

At that time, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Memphis, Rochester and Toledo were mere frontier posts; they didn't appeal to him. Philadelphia was all right; he worked for a year in Philadelphia. And Boston was all right; Boston was just celebrating her second centennial anniversary. But he wanted to get to New York and try out his theory that the pictures in greatest demand would be those that had news value; so he landed in New York and in 1832 had his sign out as a lithographer.

Lithography was a process involving a drawing upon stone. The stone was about two inches thick, rubbed down to exceeding smoothness. The drawing was done with an oily crayon. An acid application had no effect upon the drawing, but it etched and bit out the untouched parts of the stone. From this a plate was made of plastic material, similar in appearance to the electroplates of later years, and from this plate were printed, in one color, the lithographs.

In the beginning—1832—Nathaniel Currier had a partner named Stoddard. Nobody seems ever to have discovered any sample of their work. They were in business for only a year, and then dropped out; but in 1835 Currier reopened business at No. 1 Wall Street, and it wasn't long before he had eighteen small presses and innumerable stones, because each subject required a separate stone; although often he put a sketch upon each side of the stone.

Later, when he did larger prints in the medium and full folio sizes, he sent the work out to lithographic printers better equipped to handle it, and this explains why some of the subjects bear the imprint: "Published by J. Visturnbull, of 15 Broad Way and J. H. Bufford, 10 Beekman Street. Nathaniel Currier, Lith., 1835."

The first print that brought young Currier into the limelight was called View of the Great Conflagration of December 16th and 17th, 1835; a vivid picture of the frightful disaster which fell upon New York on one of the coldest nights of record, when the thermometer was seventeen degrees below zero, with a northwestern gale threatening the destruction of the entire city. The Hudson River was frozen over; the hand pumps were useless. This was the first of the news pictures which have come down to us, and from that time on all outstanding events were illustrated and rushed to the market. Fires and battles, pioneer struggles and the march of progress—all great stuff—and it went big, and was sold from pushcarts, and the corner dealers hawked them by the thousand.

When the coloring of these prints was done in Currier's own shop, they may be easily identified; he employed fixed conventions, using only one standard spring green for trees and grass, one blue for sky, another for water, a fixed gray for stonework, a fixed brown, one red, and a definite yellow. A sample sheet was colored by a clever artist, and followed strictly by a crew of girls, each girl applying with a brush one color only. But this mechanical method was not always followed; sometimes, in the more pretentious jobs, the coloring was done by outside artists, and one can easily tell the difference between the shop-work and the artistry of the free lance.

The First American Color Printing

THE first color printing in America was done by Max Rosenthal, in Philadelphia, about 1850, for a book entitled, Wild Scenes and Wild Hunters. But it was not until 1888 that this machine process was

(Continued on Page 44)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY LAWRENCE K. CHAMPEAU

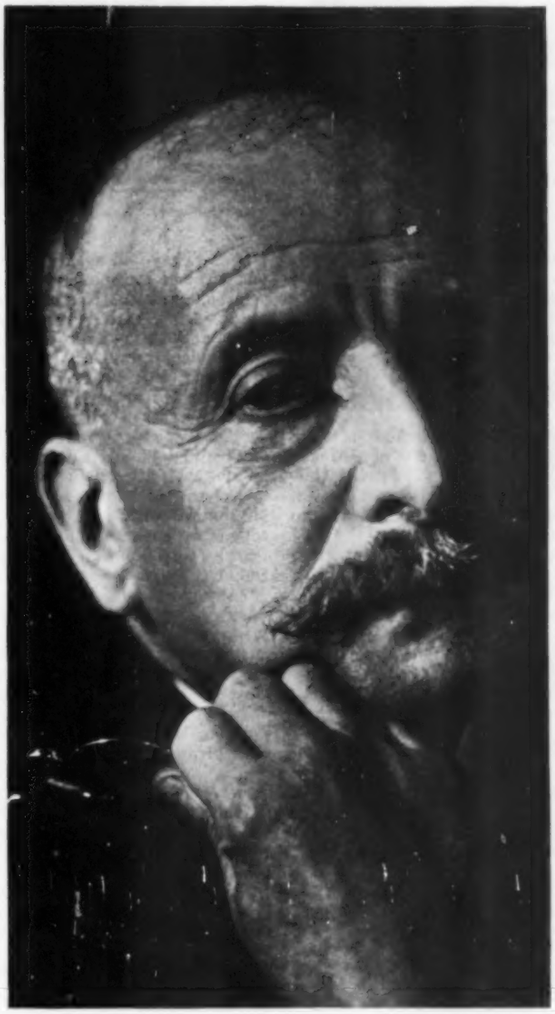
"The Last War Whoop," by Tait. The $5 Print That Brought $650

PHOTO. BY COURTESY AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, ANDERSON GALLERIES

"The Life of a Hunter," by Tait. A $3 Print That Brought $3000 at Auction

Do you Tire Easily?

asks this celebrated French medical authority



If you do, it's a sign of Intestinal Disorders that need serious attention, DR. LYON states

SO many good things in life are missed when vitality is low . . . when we get up in the morning tired and cross . . . have no interest in anything . . . when appetite is lacking and our pep's all gone!

Why do so many of us feel that way? Why do we catch cold so easily, have such frequent headaches? Why do we lack a natural reserve of stamina and strength?

Many great doctors have studied this question. Here is the answer they give . . . in the words of the celebrated French authority, Dr. Gaston Lyon, author of the famous "Elementary Treatise on Clinical Therapeutics" and Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France.

"Constant lassitude and fatigue," Dr. Lyon states, "are symptoms of a 'run-down' condition brought about by poisons from accumulated intestinal wastes.

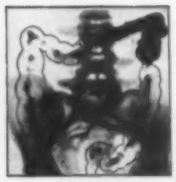
"To relieve this trouble," he adds, "people often resort to drastic cathartics and laxative pills. But such unnatural measures . . . merely irritate and weaken the intestines.

"I myself," he explains, "have nearly always obtained excellent results in such cases by prescribing fresh yeast.

"Yeast gradually strengthens the 'tired' muscles of elimination, stimulates secretion of gastric juices, purifies and tones up the whole system."

That's sound medical advice . . . based on years of experience. And how easy to follow! Just drop in at any grocery store, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today.

Every cake of *Fleischmann's* Yeast, you know, is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



1 THIS X-RAY photograph of the intestine shows where poisons collect that undermine vitality. Note accumulation of poison-forming wastes. This condition must be corrected.

2 HERE'S THE WAY your intestine looks when really healthy. That "tired feeling" usually disappears when this vital region is kept active and *clean* by eating fresh yeast every day.

What other Great Doctors say:–

DR. CITRON, famous Berlin clinic head, reports: "People who are tired and 'run-down' often become completely changed after adding yeast to their diet."

PROF. DR. PAOLUCCI, noted Italian medical teacher, explains: "All-day-long tiredness and lack of appetite are symptoms of general depression caused by constipation. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines active so that poisons no longer form."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

"As a nurse I have to 'carry on' both day and night if necessary," *writes* Miss Annabelle Hamill, *Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.* "I can't afford to have headaches and 'nerves.' That's why I eat Fleischmann's Yeast. It keeps my system 'regular' and gives me energy to spare."

(*Above*) "While with the Marines in the West Indies I became badly run-down," *writes* Edward L. Manley, *Springfield, Mass.* "My stomach was in a bad way — no appetite — and I kept right on losing weight. Then I started with Fleischmann's Yeast. I'm as well as ever now."

(*Left*) Thousands keep energy high by eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. It is important to eat it regularly and for a reasonable period of time — at least 60 days.

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . . . it's time for

BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS

No time for a twenty-minute session with a long cigar? Why worry! Two minutes is all a B. T. A. asks. These mellow little cigars fit into any niche of time . . . as comfortably as their tidy package fits into your pocket. Ten flavorous miniatures of your favorite big perfecto . . . for 15¢.

© P. Lorillard Co.

If dealer cannot supply you, send 15¢ for a sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York

(Continued from Page 42)

applied to the work of Currier & Ives; it was done in the plant run by Stahl & Yaeger, on Mott Street, New York. Louis Maurer was the artist, and the subject, The Futurity Race, the original color scheme of which Mr. Maurer has presented to Frank Weitenkampf, of the print department of the New York Public Library, where it now reposes.

In 1850 Mr. Currier was joined by James A. Ives, and the firm became Currier & Ives. For thirty years they were active in recording the news and the progress of the age, and when, in 1880, Currier retired rich, leaving considerable money to charity, the firm continued under the same name, the Currier being a son of the founder.

In 1901, cheaper methods of color printing forced them out of business, but in those fifty years of activity Currier & Ives contributed a vast store of evidence to the chronicles of American progress.

Besides news pictures, they produced lithographs depicting the gold rush, the Indians, pioneers, politics, and horse racing. For a time, clipper ships and marine subjects were in big demand; for a time there was a sentimental vogue, when pictures of Maude and Suzanne and Mary had an appeal. They issued posters and circular lists of their various subjects, covering not only the trade but the public direct.

Indians Out of a Book

F. A. Conningham, the collector, has shown me one catalogue that listed 1358 subjects, with an appended announcement that "new prints are being added rapidly, and any of them will be sent free by mail on receipt of twenty cents," which indicates that Currier & Ives were early in the mail-order business, for the regular wholesale price was six cents.

Recently I had a long talk with Louis Maurer, who is the only surviving artist of the Currier & Ives organization. He is now close to one hundred years of age; a dear old gentleman, living in a little brick house of his own, away over on the West Side of New York, enjoying the best of health and a comfortable competence. He tells me that by 1860 Currier & Ives had their business built up so that they employed fifty people regularly in their plant at 33 Spruce Street, with additional hands for rush orders. They had agents all over this country and Europe, and also kept a retail shop at 152 Nassau. Here the public came, and dealers, and peddlers, and their general distribution was handled from this point. I was surprised to learn from him that the Currier & Ives artists who depicted the thrilling scenes of Indian warfare, such as The Hunter's Stratagem, The Life of a Hunter, The Last War Whoop and all those vital, realistic pictures, had never seen an Indian and had never been out West. They got their knowledge of dress and accouterments from Prince Maximilian of Wied's book on Indians, illustrated by Bodmer.

The collector should look out for the work of the star artists. Maurer did Western scenes and prints of the firemen in series. Thomas Worth did horse prints and comics. He led the way for most of the cartoons. He was the daddy of the comic supplement. A. F. Tait did Western scenes, camping, outdoor prints and field sports. Fanny Palmer, American scenes and farm scenes—the same type as George Durrie and George Innes. Sarony worked in marines, along with Butterworth and Charles Parsons. These are names which add to the value of your prints.

The lithographers who frequently were permitted the honor of signing their work were Knirsch, Venino, John Cameron, Schultz and Severin. Some of the artists employed at the Currier & Ives shop were paid a regular salary, but later most of them worked at home and were paid by the piece. Durrie, Butterworth, Tait and Innes always worked at home, free lancing. They never drew a salary. They submitted their stuff in the same way as an author does to a magazine. When Maurer first worked for Currier & Ives in 1851, they paid him ten dollars a week. He was not only a lithographer but an artist. Finally he was paid twelve dollars a week, but in 1853 when he made his big hit with a drawing of Flora Temple and the Highland Maid at the Union Cross Race Track, he was complimented on the results of his work and his salary was raised to thirteen dollars. He never earned more than fifteen dollars a week as long as he stayed with them on salary. "And that," observed Mr. Maurer, "was pretty fair average pay for the salaried artists in the late 50's." But in 1860 he left to do free-lance work. Tait pulled down the biggest money of any of the group, having received as high as $200 for a single color sketch; what the others earned, nobody knows.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY LAWRENCE K. CHAMPEAU

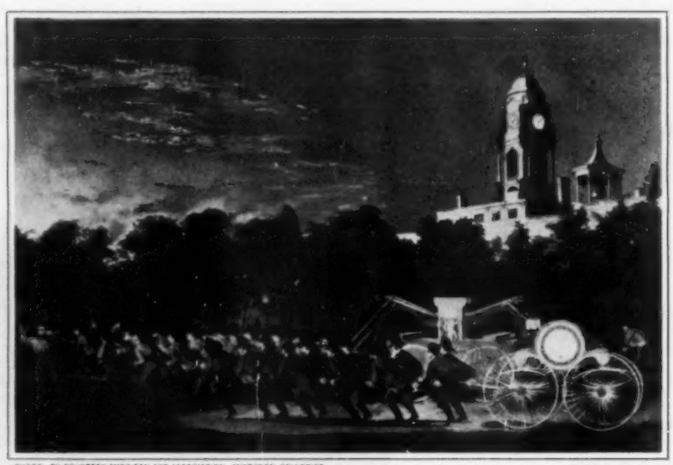
"Winter in the Country," 1854. Brought $300. Painted by G. H. Durrie

Three Words Worth $3000

In the 60's our country was opening up the Far West, and the trails of the pioneers were fast being paralleled by railroads. Subjects like Emigrants Crossing the Plains were fascinating and brought a thrill to the heart. One print, Across the Continent, shows a train laboriously chugging its way past a log-cabin village, and bears the imprint: Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way. It was the first through train of the Union Pacific Railroad from New York to San Francisco, and dates 1869. It sells today for well over $150.

The American Express was another such print, dated 1855. It sold a few months ago for $850. Sport pictures, particularly the hunting scenes, are now very popular, and bring big prices, like the $3000 bid that landed The Life of a Hunter; and I can hear people all over the country excitedly exclaim that they, too, have a copy of The Life of a Hunter. But, unfortunately, there were two lithographs with this title; the one that brought $3000 had a subtitle, A Tight Fix; the other had the subtitle, Catching a Tartar, and it is worth only about twenty dollars.

For fifty years Currier & Ives catered to the American public. They gave them news, political propaganda, portraits, sentiment and sermons—more than 5000



PHOTO, BY COURTESY AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, ANDERSON GALLERIES

"The Life of a Fireman." Hand Power in the Old Days. By Louis Maurer

(Continued on Page 46)

Connect *your* distant Offices by Telephone Typewriter Service

TELEPHONE TYPEWRITER SERVICE speeds business and cuts operating costs. It transmits typewritten messages instantly between the separated divisions of an organization. It is quick, accurate and handles an unlimited flow of incoming and outgoing messages in a single business day. Orders are reproduced identically on duplicate printed forms. Inquiries are answered from a distant city the minute they arise. Routine is simplified and expensive duplication of operations eliminated.

A textile company has headquarters in Boston, sales offices in New York, a manufacturing plant at Biddeford, Maine, and a bleachery at Lewiston, Maine. Telephone Typewriter Service ties together the operation of all these units. An official writes: "Many transactions can be cleaned up on the same day that they arise, even if they concern several offices. A saving of 48 hours or more in the handling of orders is frequently effected."

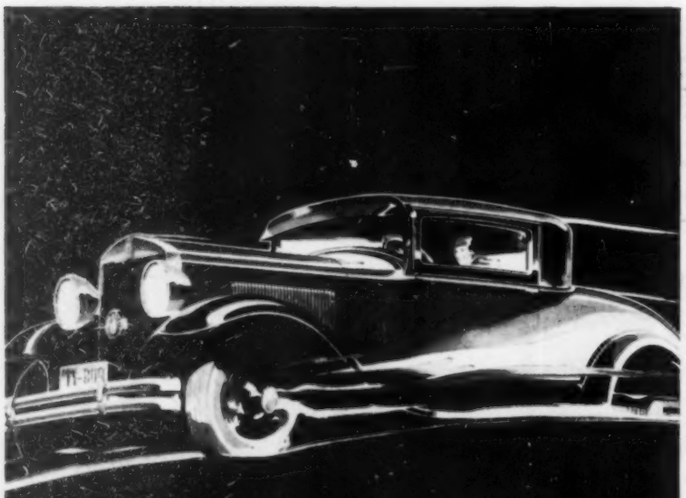
A public service corporation uses Telephone Typewriter Service to connect its offices in three cities. General information and executive messages are exchanged.

Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly show you how this modern business aid can be of value to your company.

The New York office of the International Nickel Co., maintains constant contact with factories at Huntington, W. Va.

Nine outlying plants are connected with the Chicago office of the American Can Company by telephone typewriters.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company uses telephone typewriter service between New York and Cumberland, Md.



PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$535

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Plymouth has a 48 h. p. high-compression engine for livelier performance — rubber engine mountings for greater smoothness — lateral springs and hydraulic shock absorbers for greater riding ease — Safety-Steel body and internal hydraulic brakes for greater security — much larger bodies — gas tank at rear with gauge on dash — all giving greater satisfaction and obviously greater value than any other lowest-priced car.

PRICES

Roadster $535; Coupe (illustrated) $565; Sedan (2 Door) $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4 Door, 3 Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 44)

different subjects. When the temperance wave was sweeping the United States, way back in 1840, two very popular subjects were The Drunkard's Progress, illustrating the wretch's downfall from the first glass to the grave; and The Progress of Intemperance, divided into realistic scenes: The Invitation to Drink, Sick and Repentant, The Relapse, The Ruined Family, The Expectant Wife, The Robber. Others were: The Fruits of Temperance, and The Fruits of Intemperance. And in every American home these gruesome pictures were hung up on the wall, in the hope that they would have some effect on pa and the boys.

In the old days—it doesn't seem so very long ago—in every town and city the fire department was a volunteer organization, and the engine house was the neighborhood clubhouse, and everybody belonged.

Fire-fighting pictures showing the big conflagrations and scenes of heroism were always live sellers. The Benkard collection, recently dispersed, was rich in this subject. The Life of a Fireman, by Maurer, showed the men at the hand pumps, and is dated 1854, but in 1861 they published a fire scene, The New Era—Steam and Muscle. It was a news picture of the new methods in fire control—steam power. Thousands of such pictures were produced and are today collected to serve as chronicles of the progress of the fire department.

And sport pictures! Sporty folks in the 60's all had bicycles—but pedalless and propelled by pushing with your feet on the ground. The chief American sport was horse racing, and Currier always met the demand with pictures of the big meets and the champions.

Prints That Aren't Precious

I repeat, don't get the idea that all Currier & Ives productions are valuable. Nay, nay! Sentimental things like Mamma's Pet, The Family Jewel, The Three Kittens, The Brave Doll, and Come to Mamma, bring very little at auction—a few dollars apiece.

In the 50's, America had developed toward the sea. We gloried in our merchant marine. But there was news in the launching of the Royal Mail steamship Australasia, and the lithograph that recorded this event stated that this monarch of the sea was of 3100 tons burden, a mammoth as compared to the Mayflower of only 180 tons, but infantile as compared to our innumerable ocean steamers—the Leviathan, for instance, 59,957 tons.

But impressed as we are by this evidence of transportation progress, our heartbeats never quicken as they do at the sight of our clipper-ship pictures, which revive for us the age of romance and adventure and a perilous life.

The print of The Clipper Ship, Comet, made originally to sell for three dollars, sold recently for $280. The Great Ruby brought $185; The Dreadnaught, $270; and Red Jacket, $1250.

What Collectors Look For

And, of course, naval scenes were popular and big sellers, for it was the American Navy that won the War of 1812, with fifteen victories out of the eighteen naval engagements, doing fierce havoc to British shipping, and far offsetting our serious defeats on land. Hence the preponderance of pictures portraying the victories of Hull, McDonough, Lawrence, Perry, Jones, Bainbridge and Biddle.

Currier & Ives prints also played a great part in politics. The country was flooded with portraits of the candidates. Political cartoons were always popular. In 1834 there was an Anti-Masonic Party, a branch of the Whigs, but Currier & Ives posters showing Washington in full Masonic regalia killed off the party in short order.

In considering the news value of these prints we must realize that there were few newspapers in the early days, and not until the 50's, when Frank Leslie's and Harper's Weekly appeared, were there any pictorial features, and these lithographs hit the high spots of happenings.

Again I advise that if you are collecting, keep your eyes open for subjects by Tait, Durrie, Mrs. Palmer, Thomas Worth, Charles Parsons and Maurer—all of them artists, and, in the realism of their work, historians; for they told of a primitive age that is romance to us now—the days when the famous coach line from Boston to Albany had a binding clause, guaranteeing that their stages would absolutely average seven miles an hour.

There were other lithographers, but they've left us nothing except their skill of craftsmanship; they left no trace upon the records of history; while Currier & Ives scattered the influences of historic prints into every remote section of the country. And these we now gather and cherish for the memories they evoke; lest we forget.

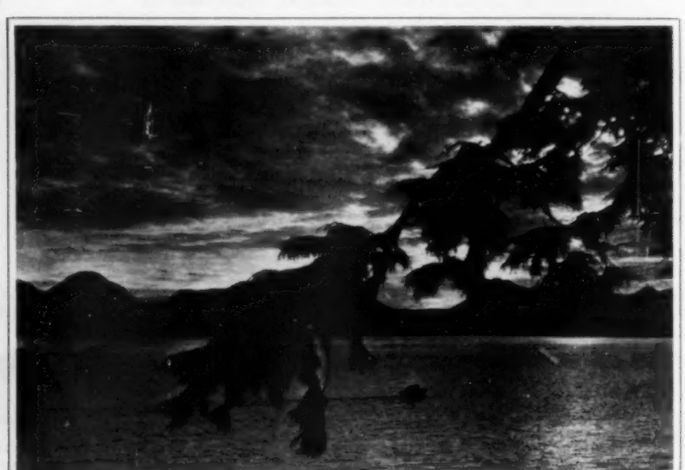


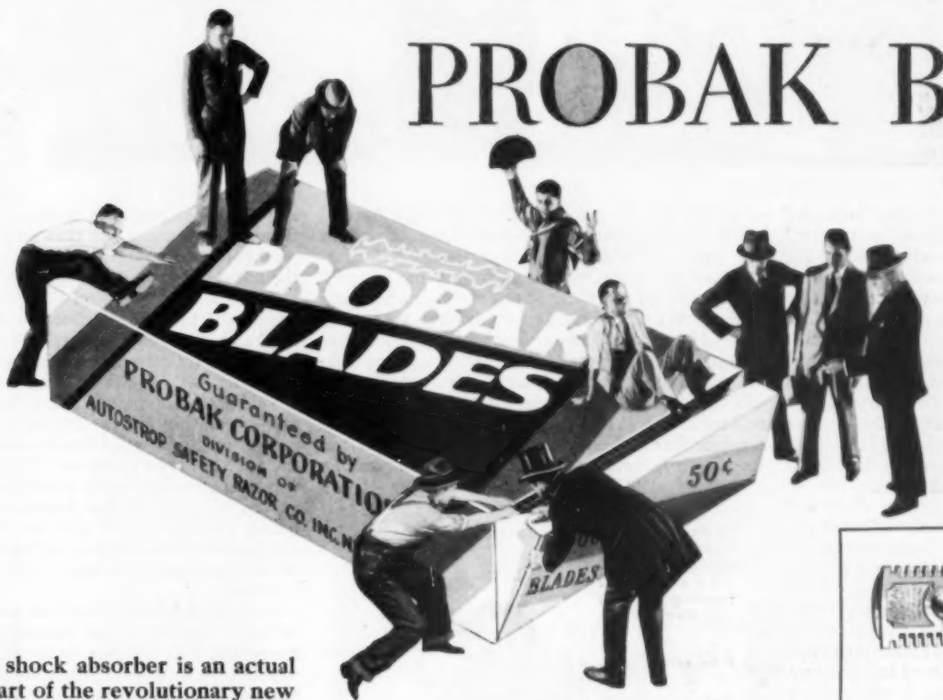
PHOTO. BY FISHER STUDIO

A Scene on the Tongass National Highway, Alaska

THE SHOCK PROBAK ABSORBER ZONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MADE IN U.S.A.

Actually a shock-absorber in your PROBAK BLADE



PROBAK'S shock absorber is an actual working part of the revolutionary new Probak double-edge blade—not just a distinctive feature of design. Butterfly channeling and duo-tempered steel in the middle section of this sensational blade play a vital part in Probak's amazingly smooth performance.

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Probak blades are for Probak razor and other razors of this type

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Now you can have a Probak *razor*. It's lighter, counter-balanced. You scarcely feel it in your hand or on your face. Positive seven-point blade registration makes both edges shave alike. An extended safety cap protects your fingers. Chromium finish. The Probak razor is designed solely for the Probak blade.

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PROBAK BLADES

LET US BE COY!

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"Say, What are You Trying to Do, Woman; Steal My Boy Friend?"

IS ROMANCE dead? That's the burning question we girls are asking ourselves today. All signs point to the fact that it is, alas, dead as a doornail. No longer do our novels wind up with "And they lived happily ever after." No longer do our best orchestras feature that little device that made sweet sounds like twittering love birds. And no more do we find our moving pictures ending in a scorching clinch outlined against a setting sun. Why, they're even making movies now entirely without feminine interest in the cast! Imagine!

Talk about the New Independence of Women! The thing that's upsetting the world today is the Newer Independence of Men, especially where romantic matters are concerned. They go around now shedding Cupid's darts like a duck does water. Can it be that we girls are losing our grip?

Of course, by dint of great perseverance, we will probably keep on dragging the unwilling victims to the altar. But they're putting up such a tough battle these days that when the organ finally does play Here Comes the Bride, it's only the bride with the extra strong constitution that doesn't float down the aisle looking like bad news from Siberia.

Gone are the days when a girl used to blush and stammer, "Oh, Willie, this is so sudden!" when the boy friend popped the question. Nope, nowadays, when the big brute does up and out with it at last, she is more likely to have trouble restraining herself from barking "Well, it's about time, you sap!"

And as for that quaint old term "popping the question," it's as out of date as the dodo. Proposals may have popped once upon a time, but not any more. They're wrung out now, and it surely takes some headwork on the part of a girl to pry a man loose from one of the things.

The only actual case of popping the question that I could rake up during all my heavy research work for this article was one girl who said that her big moment was unloading his mind while they were riding in a rumble seat. Just as he came to the point, they came to the end of the paved road, and the question literally popped out; in fact, it blew out with such a noise that the couple in the front seat stopped the car to see whether the rear tire had gone or what. As this girl said: "If it hadn't been for that bump, heaven only knows how long it would of taken Freddie to get the good news off his mind! And my nerves would have been just so much shredded wheat."

The baffling attitude of the men today is just another curse of this awful machine age. Back in the good old B.C.—before cars—days, when a boy had to ride five or ten miles on a horse to keep a date with a girl, he didn't waste much time making up his mind. A couple of dates under those circumstances and he either spoke up or stayed at home, thus saving his strength and the girl's time.

But the way things are now, they can go see two or three women in one evening without any undue wear and tear on the framework. The result is they're getting so cagy that it takes ages for even a very attractive girl to get some kind of a half-hearted admission out of the dumbest of them. And as for the good, old-fashioned proposal—the "Darling, here are my heart, my hand and my bank book" kind—well, it just isn't done any more. Scarcely any of the girls I interviewed on the subject, except the quite old ones, could ever remember having had a real honest-to-gosh proposal. It's a lost art, worse luck.

No fooling, we girls are being cheated out of a thrill which, according to the books, a woman used to expect and receive. Not only are we getting a raw deal but consider the effect on posterity! How, I ask you, are we going to face our grandchildren when, after reading some dear old Victorian fairy tale, they gaze up at us trustingly and inquire: "Grandma, how did you feel when grandpa got down on his knees and said 'Sweetheart, will you be mine?'"

How can we break the news to those innocent little souls that grandpa wouldn't have considered for a minute getting down on his knees on account of the crease in his trousers, and that what he really said was: "Kid, when you get a raise, we'll get married!"

And is it fair to our fathers never to give them the opportunity to take the boy friend aside, fix him with an eagle eye, and boom "Young man, what are your intentions toward my daughter?"

And yet that is something we simply cannot allow our papas to do, no matter how much we love them. One inquiry like that and the modern man would either drop dead of heart failure or else leave the house never to return again.

No Boy Feels Like Offering His Protection to a Girl Who Has Just Trimmed Him at Tennis

There is only one good thing to be said for the passing of the male inclination to propose freely right and left. We women are at least in no danger of getting caught off guard and buncoed into marriage. I shudder to think of how many a helpless female in the old days was trapped into a Yes by some shrewd and calculating critter offering her his permanent protection during a bad thunderstorm. It's probably the answer to the question: "Why did she do it?" which comes so frequently to one's mind when looking at the pictures of the terrible-mustachioed guy paired up with pretty girls in the family album. Judging from the tintypes, the toll of women hooked in nervous moments must have been something frightful.

So, though we girls aren't so nervous as we used to be, on account of not wearing tight corsets any more, still, with the increase in the hazards of everyday life, such as being taken for airplane trips and some of these old flivvers you have to ride in, it's maybe just as well that the men can be depended upon not to offer any permanent protection in a crisis nowadays.

Not only are the men so sickeningly unromantic now but they are also so much more undependable than they used to be. Once upon a time there was a quaint old custom called Waiting. Give a girl a whisp of his hair in a locket, and she would wait for a man forever. Sometimes five years, even. Wait while he got through college, traveled around the world and made a million. During all these years she was supposed, when receiving interesting bids to barn dances, stereopticon views and other deviltries, to look off into the horizon and reply with a patient sigh: "I am sorry, Mr. Smith, but it can never be. I am waiting for Horatio."

Well, it may have worked then, but, good gravy, if you tried it now, the next time you saw that man he probably wouldn't have any more hair on his head than you had in the locket, and some other girl would be using his million. If you want to keep your peace of mind these days, you marry the boy, even if you have to live with the family.

I know of a sad case of a girl engaged to a boy who was studying to be a dentist. She was an ambitious girl, and she felt that Bill was fundamentally too tender-hearted to be a successful dentist. So she

(Continued on Page 51)

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY

LIGHT Ready vision on blackest nights! Dazzling light-waves shooting through the darkness with daggers of day-brightness. All you do is press your thumb! Long-lasting, self-rejuvenating—service for months. 10c everywhere.

POWER Canned lightning . . . saturated with magic, hidden energy . . . vital, reliable energy . . . to ring doorbells, buzzers, run gasoline engines, outboard motors or what-have-you. Eveready do all dry-cell work better.

RADIO Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries are all energy. All honey and no comb. No dead air-space. They cut out waste space. New pep for the receiver, clearer reception, longer usefulness. Look for the name Eveready Layerbilt.

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Crosses Indicate "Timken Bearing Equipped" Points

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	X	X	X		X
Austin		X	X			X
Cadillac	All				X	X
Chrysler	All	X	X	X		X
Cord	All	X	X		X	X
Cunningham	All	X	X	X		X
DeSoto	6	X	X	X		X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
Dodge	6	X	X	X		X
	8	X	X	X	X	X
DuPont		X	X	X		X
Durant	914	X	X	X	X	X
	617	X	X	X	X	X
Elcar	75	X	X	X		X
	95, 96, 120	X	X			X
Essex	All	X	X	X		X
Ford	All	X		X	X	X
Franklin	All	X	X	X	X	X
Gardner	All	X	X	X		X
Graham	Standard Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Special Six	X	X			X
	Eights	X	X		X	X
Hudson	All	X	X	X		X
Hupmobile	S & C	X	X	X	X	X
	H & U	X	X	X		X
Jordan	All	X	X	X		X
Kissel	75 & 95	X	X	X		X
	126	X	X	X	X	X
LaSalle	All					X
Lincoln	All	X	X	X	X	X
Marmon	69	X				X
	79 & H	X	X			X
McFarlan	All	X	X	X		X
Moon	All	X	X	X		X
Nash	Light Six	X	X	X	X	X
	Standard Six	X	X	X		X
	Light Eight	X	X	X		X
———	All	X	X		X	X
Peerless	B & C	X	X			X
	A	X				X
Pierce-Arrow	All	X	X	X	X	X
Plymouth	All	X	X	X		X
Rao Flying Cloud	20 & 25	X	X		X	X
	15	X	X			X
Roosevelt	All	X	X	X		X
Studebaker	All	X	X	X	X	X
Stutz	All	X	X	X		X
Whippet	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys	All	X	X	X	X	X
Willys-Knight	All	X	X	X	X	X
Windsor	All	X	X	X		X

Your eyes will tell you a car's beauty-lines. The list on this page will tell you its life-line. It shows what cars are "Timken Bearing Equipped" and *where* . . . For Timken Bearings are life preservers of all Industry, Transportation, Mining, Agriculture and Commerce. The same tapered principle is carrying every kind of load the world knows—radial, thrust or both combined . . . An express train speeds on—in its journals are Timken Bearings. Up from pit and quarry mine cars roll. They too turn on Timkens. Trucks, buses, tractors take their parts in the modern speed program and Timkens save their lives for longer use . . . For a matter of 30 years or more the Timken tapered principle has proved itself, rising from crest to crest until the staggering total of 300 million bearings has now been reached *and passed* . . . Surely there could be no more convincing proof that a car is worth while in miles than to know it to be "Timken Bearing Equipped". Let this list be your guide—then decide. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton, Ohio.

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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(Continued from Page 48)

foolishly agreed to string along with him until he finished an accounting course and got a job. Which he did, and succeeded so well that he married the boss' daughter. He always says that he owes his success to Dolores, but what good does that do her now? I ask you. Better to have your boy friend a dud dentist on your own hands, say I, than a successful accountant on somebody else's. It's just such things as that that make a girl hammer away on a man till his nerves are so bad that he has to marry her to get rid of her.

However, we must face the facts. It is really we girls who are mostly responsible for the unromantic attitude of the men today. For one thing, we have been too athletic for our own good. Naturally, no boy feels like offering his protection to a girl who has just trimmed him at tennis. And what man wants to play the sturdy oak to a woman who can go around in five or six strokes better than he can? It might even be a good idea to let him win a game once in a while.

But where we women pull our biggest boner is in our campaign methods. No longer do we hide our devilish machinations under a cover of mystery. Even the dumbest boy can see the wheels go round. Far be it from me to advocate a return to the times when the only way you were supposed to show a boy you liked him was by letting a rosy blush creep over the cheek when he blew by. Because, my golly, how many of us could raise a blush? But, girls, we will just simply have to stop being so impulsive if we are ever to get romance up out of its grave. It's perfectly fair and square to grab a man around the neck the first time you meet him, bite him on the ear and yell,

"You're My Weakness Now!"

"You're my weakness now!" But is it, after all, quite subtle?

Of course, modern conveniences have put us out of practice a lot. In the days when a girl had to content herself with one date a week unless the army happened to be quartered on the old farm, she had plenty of time to concentrate on just how to make the best impression when the boy friend did arrive. But now, with a telephone in every home, all she has to do is pick up the receiver and in five seconds she's connected with a whole fraternity house. Doing things in such a big way has made us careless of the small but important details.

What we need is a little more of the velvet-glove method of getting our man. A return to the gentle, persuasive manner of kidding a boy into thinking that you're the only girl to whom the Lord ever gave two blue eyes, not crossed, and two legs, not bowed. But there's no use talking; if we women are going to return to that method, we've all got to return to it. There can be no backsliding among us.

It certainly would be hard lines, after you'd been working all evening in the old-fashioned manner, and gradually denting some man's modern armored exterior with ladylike wiles and blandishments, to have some frank female who refuses to play the game rush up to you in his presence and shout: "Say, what are you trying to do, woman; steal my boy friend?"

We can shoot it out later, girls, but not at the scene of the crime. Do let's be sporting. Pistols in the churchyard at sunrise, or swords on the common at ditto, but the throat cutting must be done on the quiet if we are to succeed in our plans.

Yes, girls, that's our future now. The big Mystery Act. We must cover up our biceps with lace sleeves, and practice being what every young man should dream about if we're ever going to have any romance in our starved lives. This return to long skirts and hair is a step in the right direction. When the boys are all through crabbing because the hairpins get in their teeth and the trains get tangled in their feet, we may be able to educate them up into thinking that we're really feminine and fragile and something to bend the knee about, and to heck with the crease in the trousers! We may be able to, but we'll have to make it snappy before they get completely out of control.

So, come on, girls; all together now! Let's be coy!

THE POETS' CORNER

'Ware, Derelict!

I AM drifting, I am lifting with the tide,
I have no will nor object of my own;
With barnacles and weeds I'm overgrown,
And in the burning day my seams gape wide.
The waters can come in no more upon me,
For washing level with the waves I ride!
My ensign, whipped to rags, has long forgone me—
I have forgotten that I once had pride!

With bergs and barren drifts I keep my dance;
The blood-red sun sets, weary; it shines, old;
Upon me lapses morning's jaded gold;
The dreadful light of stars sheds no romance
Upon my aimless, long, ignoble going;
For my last dream has left with my last chance!
What do I care what wind is slack, or blowing,
Or how the storms retreat or tides advance?

And I am glad I have no pity more
For gallant craft that run on me, unseen;
No longer caring for what things have been,
I take them in the dark, and to the core
Thrust my black bulk and dreadful brokenness,
Surprising with rich ruin some bare shore,
Till the sea's going boasts one token less
Of what the hopes of men are striving for!

—Harry Kemp.

Barbarian

YOU say that you are civilized.
No doubt you are—but say;
What is it leaps within you
When the drums begin to play?

What naked creature wakens
To the tread of marching feet
And sings of blood and slaughter
When the drums begin to beat?

We've civilized our reason,
And learned to love our brother;
Aggression, hate and murder
And battle lust we smother.

And yet our bodies tingle
And our leaping pulses hum
To the savage invitation
In the thunder of a drum.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

Geography

ONE told me once how in Malay
A native, asked of England, said
In answer that he thought it lay
Nine days of steaming straight ahead

Beyond the coasts of Fairyland.
Ah, what a map to have in mind!
And would that we could understand
The journeying he had divined.

I fear that our geography
Has failed to bring to light of day
A fairyland for you and me
Between our country and Malay.

So let us make the most we can
Of Araby and Timbuktu
And Nineveh and Yucatan
And Patagonia and Peru

And little Indies in the sea
And Delhi out by Himalay.
No fairyland's for you and me
Between our country and Malay.

—Lord Dunsany.

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Mary Duncan

In

"THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT"

I want fifty million people in this country to see "All Quiet on the Western Front," and I will guarantee that after they have seen it once, they will see it twice and will then declare, as the great critics have, that it is the greatest picture of all time. I want everybody to see it and thus to understand what war means to the youth of the land and to the future of the world. More than anything else I will appreciate a personal letter from you after you have seen it.

◂▸ ◂▸

Send me an idea—not a story—just an idea—anything that might make our pictures more interesting. At the end of each month I will pay $50 for the best idea submitted during that month and $10 each for the next best ten ideas. Begin now. Put your wits to work.

◂▸ ◂▸

Besides, I will divide $50, between two people, for the best letter describing UNIVERSAL and other sound pictures you have seen. Embrace in your comments your reaction and feeling towards plot, direction, photography and dialogue. Limit your letters to 200 words and send them to me personally.

◂▸ ◂▸

Hundreds of people have answered my call for volunteer correspondents, and we have been largely influenced by their letters. Will you join the ranks and write to me today?

◂▸ ◂▸

Incidentally you yourself can help to arrange your Winter's entertainment by suggesting to your favorite theatre that it show UNIVERSAL PICTURES. Why not do it?

Send for beautifully illustrated FREE Booklet describing the new UNIVERSAL Pictures.

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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"The Home of the Good Film"

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don't blame coffee, blame your lack of initiative! » » »

If the caffein in coffee keeps you awake, don't blame good old coffee. Blame, instead, your lack of initiative.

For undoubtedly you've heard of Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. Possibly you've been meaning to try it some day. But you just haven't got around to it. You have yet to make the welcome discovery that Sanka Coffee offers you all of coffee's old-time goodness—without caffein's penalties.

make the night-test » » » » to-night!

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Make it as you've always made coffee. Drink your first cup of it to-night—at midnight, if you wish. That cup of Sanka Coffee won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

And in making the Night-Test you'll discover something else, too. You'll discover that Sanka Coffee is as rich in flavor, as tempting in aroma, as any blend you ever tasted. That's not surprising. For Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer—in quality or flavor.

satisfaction guaranteed

Thousands of physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum packages that preserve its freshness—with the guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back.

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SANKA COFFEE

Drink it and sleep!

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

Sanka Coffee is genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed. It has been approved by the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee with this guarantee: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left in the can and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THERE IS A DESTINY

(Continued from Page 9)

likes—clean and serious, full of purpose and ideals. Jack was the president of the club I was getting into. He was the sort that would be selected to be president—a natural-born leader.

"Now, this is great," said Jack. "Good old Wilfie! Good old Reggie! I'm glad to see you boys together, and seriously, Wilfie, Reggie's done you a tremendous lot of good. Back at school you used to be an intolerable little swipe, and now—well, Reggie's molded you."

"He's molded certain parts of me," I said. "There isn't any doubt of that."

"And I won't forget it," said Reggie. "Any time I am depressed, Sis, I'll just think of you."

"No," I said. "And I won't forget it either. Remember, Reggie, the Beaners don't forget."

I simply conjure up these scenes to show that very few ideas can enter Reggie's mind, since he is the sort that is always harking back to first impressions. Though I said I would remember, I was ready to forget if Reggie had stopped right there. It was only later that I knew that something must be done to alter an intolerable situation, for Reggie never stopped.

When I was on General Lasker's staff in France—you start perhaps, but it is true that I was on General Lasker's staff as an assistant to G2, and need I add that G2 stands for the Intelligence Section, the Army's only brain? You might have thought, as I did when I was in the Intelligence unit, that I was sufficiently removed from Reggie then. But life—what is it all about?

I was on General Lasker's staff at Coblenz shortly after the Armistice, and we were sitting at what is called mess in the military manner, one night, when Reginald appeared like a ghost from a distant past.

Over the coffee and cigars I was amusing the general with my conversation. Not only the general, I recall, but nearly everyone in the room was hanging on my words. You know the way I have of holding an audience—though I dislike to talk about myself—and they had not forgotten that I had been awarded the Service Cross only the day before. Why? Some other time, when I am inclined to talk about myself, I shall be glad to tell you why. I only need say that a certain German code —— But let us pass it by.

"Beaner," said the general, "when you joined this staff I thought you talked too much, but I understand you now."

This did not surprise me, since everyone knew very well that I was the brains behind G2. In fact, I might say—but on the whole, I'd rather not.

"Yes," said the general, "I don't know what we'd have done without you, Beaner."

At this juncture we were interrupted by a sound of heavy footfalls, which caused the general to look up sharply, straight into the face of Reggie Stryker. I often wondered where he came from, but there he was, all the two hundred pounds of him, as the fiction writers say.

"Gentlemen," said the general, "this is Captain Stryker. . . . Good evening, Reginald."

"Good evening, Uncle Eustis," said Reginald. "It was nice of you to send for me. Why, hello; if there isn't Sissy Beaner!"

Though I have developed a poise capable of meeting any situation, I confess I did not like it. Racked by pain, I started from my chair as Reggie wrung my hand, and decided that Reggie and the general had certain family traits in common.

"Sissy Beaner?" said the general.

"It's what we used to call him at school, sir," said Reggie, "but Sissy's a great little guy. Give him a hand, Uncle Eustis! . . . Why, hello, Sissy! Who'd have thought you'd ever be a major?"

"And who'd have thought you'd have ever been a captain, Reginald?" I said.

"That's like him," explained Reggie. "Always talking back! . . . Sissy, do you remember at St. Swithin's? Even now I nearly die laughing, just thinking of it. Why, Uncle Eustis, I made a man of Sissy. I used to paddle that major nearly every day."

At this juncture Reginald burst into a roar of hearty laughter which I have never found infectious. It echoed about my ears in a stupid bovine bellow.

"Paddle him?" said the general. "In a canoe?"

As I say, I don't know what the general would have done without me. He was never very quick.

"No," said Reggie, "not in a canoe. Swat him, I mean. It's a way we had at school."

"Beaner," said the general, "excuse me if I laugh. There's something in that talk about the playing fields of Eton."

Being able to rise to any occasion, I made the best of it, endeavoring to join in the universal merriment. There must be something about me—I can't imagine what—which makes the picture peculiarly amusing, of my being spanked by Reggie, and, naturally, all the orderlies and hangers-on at headquarters were interested and discipline wasn't what it used to be.

"General," I said, "I'm used to it. Don't bother about me."

"Well, Sis," said Reggie, "I guess I put you in right with Uncle Eustis, what? Nothing helps like background, does it? Ha-ha-ha!"

"Instead of Sis," I suggested, "suppose you call me 'sir.' Do you observe I rank you, Reginald?"

"Oh, come," said Reggie; "don't be sensitive! Background—I've got to remember that one."

"Reggie," I said, "I'm going to pound you some day. Mind you don't forget that. I'm the sort who pays back blow for blow."

Determination, however, makes no impression on Reggie's type. They do not understand that mind can triumph over matter. Others might have shivered at my announced intention, but Reggie never had imagination.

"How'll you do it, Sis?" said Reggie. Whereupon he began to laugh again. . . . But shall we draw the veil? . . .

In the lives of all great men there are pages which are deleted, and in autobiographies, not pages but chapters. In me, however, you see the exception. I have drawn fearlessly on my reminiscences so that you may understand the urge that grew within me, which was eventually to master common sense and to put me in a position which makes me uneasy even now. The trouble was that Reggie could not get over it. He could never get away from the days when he was great.

Now that I have painted the picture with those bold, ruthless strokes which

(Continued on Page 54)

What Mother Really Wants!

1931 MODEL DE LUXE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOTPOINT RANGE
Gleaming white porcelain with gray trim and non-tarnishing Chromeplate bright parts.

DE LUXE EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: Automatic Egg Cooker . . . Automatic Temperature Control and Thermometer . . . Hi-Speed Calrod Heating Elements . . . Thrift Cooker . . . Warming Drawer beneath oven . . . Smokeless Broiler . . . White Opal Glass Condiment Jars . . . Porcelain-Lined Oven . . . Two electrical outlets, one for automatic Telechron Time Control . . . Adjustable floor plates for leveling range and protecting floor. Also beautiful new electric Telechron clock and timer at slight additional cost.

The Modern Gift For This Modern Day!

GLADDEN her heart with this "matchless" gift that will bring her hours of freedom and pleasure *every day of her life.*

The most important, most time-taking task she has is cooking three meals a day. But why should she spend *her* precious life in the kitchen, when electricity can do the cooking for her automatically . . . turn itself on and off, regulate the temperature, baste and watch the meals to see that they are done to expert's perfection?

The General Electric Hotpoint Range is as far superior to other methods of cooking as the vacuum cleaner is over the broom, or electric light over candles.

It is *so* easy to give. Electric companies in all parts of the country are offering this marvelous new range for Christmas on especially easy terms. Go to your electric company store and see it. If you do not find it on display in your community, write us and we will gladly send you full information.

General Electric Hotpoint Cookery is:

Super-Automatic. Cooks meals while Mother spends time with the children.

Telechron Clock Operated. Oven turns on and off while Mother is away.

Better Cookery. Adds scientific heat control to natural cooking skill.

Amazingly Fast. With HI-SPEED CALROD heating elements.

Clean as Sunshine. No soot; no pans to scour.

More Healthful. Vegetables retain their minerals and vitamins.

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Modern.

Hotpoint

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5600 WEST TAYLOR ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

All winter SIMONIZ guards THE FINISH

KEEPING a car looking new and beautiful in Winter as well as Summer is no problem if the finish is protected with Simoniz.

Millions of motorists say, "Nothing takes the place of Simoniz for keeping cars looking new and beautiful." They know from experience year after year Simoniz guards the finish from the elements—and saves it from the wear and tear that otherwise dulls, ages and eventually destroys the lustre.

The sooner you Simoniz your car the better. Simoniz withstands the ravages of time and weather. Makes the finish last longer. Keeps the colors from fading. And, it really is the secret of lasting motor car beauty.

Anyone can SIMONIZ a car

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Just clean the finish with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. Like magic all grime, discolorations and blemishes disappear and your car looks new again.

After cleaning the finish, then apply the famous Simoniz which provides the long, lasting surface of protection that keeps cars always looking new.

It's surprising, the difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of a car. And, to save yourself needless expense and disappointment—always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 52)

are my wont, after all, what does it mean? It only signifies, as I now shall prove, that early impressions are the strongest.

I shall now show you, through the light of my own conclusions, that we all stand upon the lawns of our own Locksley Halls, harking back, like other Tennysons, to older hurts and old regrets.

When I heard the voice of Reggie Stryker on the veranda of this club, though I congratulate myself that I had not heard it for ten years past, my faculties, always perfectly attuned, instantly told me whose it was. There was the same bovine self-assurance. Time never wears or mellows the impervious exterior of Reggie's type.

Far be it from me to speak of myself, except as a symbol, but I may say I am a success here at this club, though I take no pleasure in it. Though I do not indulge in outdoor sports, it is not because I have not been urged, nor is it because I have not felt a latent aptitude, if I wished to turn my mind toward such a simple goal.

I was explaining it to Jack Hewett that very afternoon, as I sat on the veranda, surrounded, as usual, by numbers of the younger generation, who were hanging on my words. The sunshine and Jack's presence were making my thoughts flow easily. That same earnestness which must have followed Tom Brown from his schooldays through subsequent life, coupled with that attribute called leadership, made Jack the eternal senior prefect, even then.

"Really, Wilfie," I remember Jack was saying. As one may imagine, he was just off the links, bright and rosy from his thirty-six holes. "Really, Wilfie, you ought to do something. It isn't right to be sitting on the veranda, just lifting up a glass."

Who can account for the whims which seize one on a bright, clear, summer's day?

"Wilfie," said Jack, "it isn't right to be sitting around just talking to the kids. You ought to get out and ——"

I raised my hand to stop him, and became aware of a general interest—though I am used by now to being the center of every group.

"And play golf?" I said. I admit I was seized with the oddest whim.

"Yes," said Jack, "really you ought to, Wilfie. You don't mind my saying this, old fellow. I've known you an awfully long time. You'd be a lot better for it, and you can play with glasses. Now, you needn't laugh ——"

By then I do recall that I was laughing softly.

"It isn't funny, Wilfie. Don't keep trying to be funny. If you took lessons from the professional, you'd get great satisfaction after a year or two."

"After a year or two?" I said.

"Now, Wilfie," said Jack, "don't keep trying to be funny. Granted it would take you a year ——"

I set down the glass which I was holding and raised my hand to stop him.

"Just a minute," I said. "Though I have never tried the game, I have often watched. It is simply a matter of coördination. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

I could feel a flutter of surprise about me, and a new respect for the keenness of my observation, and, naturally, everyone admitted I was right.

"Very well," I said. "I have always been complimented on my coördination. Don't I coördinate? Am I right, or am I wrong?"

"You're right!" It was hard not to feel a glow of pleasure, when everyone agreed with me so readily.

"Mr. Beaner's always right."

"You coördinate beautifully, Mr. Beaner."

"Wilfred," said Jack, "don't keep trying to be funny."

"I'm not funny," I said.

"No, you're not," said Jack, "but you think you are. That's the trouble with you, Wilfie—you always talk too much."

Since everyone knew that Jack took the matter of golf seriously, we all were having a pleasant time.

"I am noted," I replied, "as one of those strong silent men. I repeat, it's only a matter of coördination."

"You ought to know better," said Jack, "than to joke about golf here. I say, it isn't funny."

"I'm not joking," I replied. "It might take the average man a year, but I am not the average. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

It was refreshing, in a way, to hear everyone agree that I was better than the average. The general acclamations which surrounded me actually stirred my thoughts.

"Exactly," I said. "You hear what everyone admits, Jack? I have no doubt, given two weeks, I could pick up the fine points of the game. It's only a matter of concentration. Perhaps I shall do it some day."

At this juncture it was clear to see that Jack was angry. It was also evident that he was trying to think of some devastating remark, for he began to scowl.

"Look here," began Jack, "you conceited little wind bag ——"

He never finished, though I was hanging on his words, for suddenly behind us was a reverberating sound, difficult to describe.

"Hey, you bums!" said someone, and the voice made me turn, and there was Reggie Stryker.

School days, sweet college years. I wish I could lash myself to the proper height to paint for you the true picture of that scene on the club veranda. As it is, I can only conjure up the bare framework, though that may be enough. There was I, much as you see me at present, surrounded by the element here which has learned to appreciate my worth, raised by my own efforts to what one must admit is a not-undistinguished place. There was Jack Hewett, still with a scowl on his frank and open countenance, listening to the low laughter which had been raised at his own expense, and there was Reggie Stryker. He was much as he had always been, except that time had given him a more durable appearance. He was like one of those things which have been covered with a spar varnish to resist the elements. There was the same unsympathetic glow to his exterior, the same weight, durability and lack of beauty.

"Hey, you bums!" said Reggie. "I came here for my vacation, because they said this was a golf course. Well, come on; lead me out."

It was pitiful, almost, to see Jack Hewett smile, not with annoyance but with genuine, hearty pleasure.

"Why, Reggie!" said Jack. "Good old Reggie! This is Reggie Stryker just back from the National Open, and he's going to rest up here for a while before the Metropolitan. Well, well, good old Reggie!"

"Well, well," said Reggie, "if it isn't Jack Hewett. Hello, you old dish of oatmeal!"

(Continued on Page 57)

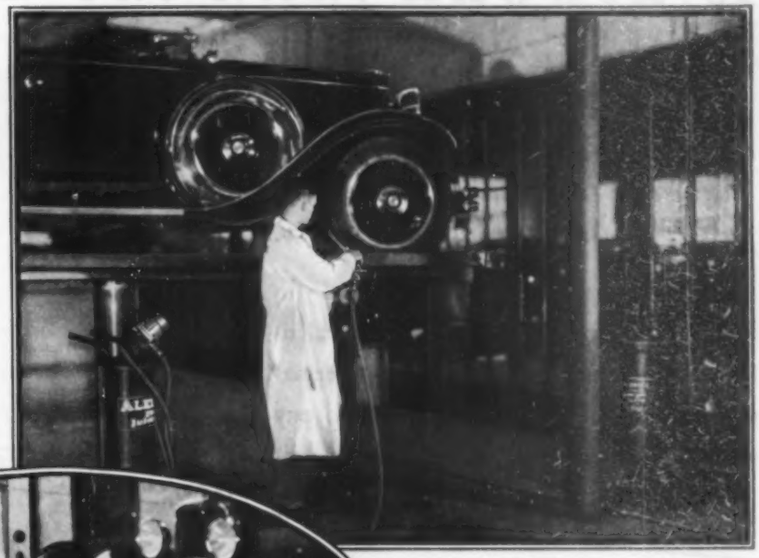
There is more than luck back of a "good deal" when you trade in your car

Experienced motorists avail themselves of new service that keeps depreciation down and trade-in value up—an economical ideal.

WHENEVER you hear a car owner bragging of the big allowance he got on his old car in trading it in for his new one, don't imagine that he was merely "lucky." He deserved a better allowance or he never would have received it.

Appraisers of used cars are, and of a right should be, hard-headed, unsentimental business men. They base the allowance they make on the price they estimate each trade-in car will bring in the used car market—on its *actual, unprejudiced worth.*

When you are ready to trade in your car, you thus have direct evidence and proof that it deserves a vastly better trade-in price than a car of unproved mechanical worth. Your care will thus bring you a better "deal."



Regular Alemite-ing every 500 miles brings to your driving a vastly smoother and more luxurious performance

Appraisers of used cars are, and of a right should be, hard-headed, unsentimental business men.

What Establishes Used Car Value?

Two cars of the same make, model and age often vary in trade-in value by from ten to fifty percent! The mileage of both is approximately the same. They both have been carefully driven. But both haven't received the same kind of care—mechanically.

The car that gets the bigger allowance is invariably that which has been *kept in finer mechanical condition by following certain well-established rules of car maintenance.* One of the most important of these rules is, "Alemite Every 500 Miles," with strict regularity.

Recorded Proof of Your Car's Condition

Every 100% Alemite Service Dealer—readily identified by the yellow, red and blue Alemite sign—is prepared to furnish you an easy manner of keeping a record of the care you give your car. This plan is known as Recorded Alemite Service. In the certificate book issued you, Alemite Service men will note your regular adherence to every phase of Alemite lubrication.

Insuring Perfect Lubricating Protection

Only dealers that use nothing but Genuine Alemite Lubricants are permitted to display the Alemite sign. In their hands you are perfectly safe. They will under no conditions substitute cheap, low-grade "greases" which endanger the mechanical fitness of your car.

ALEMITE PRODUCTS

Only dealers who use nothing but Genuine Alemite Lubricants are permitted to display the Alemite sign

It is highly important to you that you go to no other class of dealer. Alemite High Pressure Lubricating Systems, efficient as they are, cannot be expected to function fully unless the lubricants used are of the highest quality.

Finer Performance—Lower Repair Bills

Regular Alemite-ing every 500 miles brings to your driving a vastly smoother and more luxurious performance. The builders of your car recognize this fact by installing Alemite fittings when it is manufactured.

Regular Alemite-ing every 500 miles keeps your repair bills down. Fully 80% of car breakdowns are traceable to faulty lubrication.

Get the details of the Recorded Alemite Service plan from your nearest 100% Alemite Service Dealer today. Enjoy the full luxury and performance of which your car is capable when Alemited every 500 miles!

Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2638-b North Crawford Avenue, Chicago. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

THE SKIDDING BILL *of America*

Is BIGGER *than the Tire Bill*

The Blowout-Proof Tire runs at the only true low pressure recommended in tires today . . . The most positive assurance of skid-safety.

362,000 people hurt and killed annually in accidents caused by skidding! An incalculable loss in human life—lost time—permanent injuries. What a terrific toll to pay when skid-safety costs so little!

Now—with the new General Dual Balloon—every motorist can enjoy skid safety with a *new meaning!* Extreme low pressure makes the difference—for *softness* is the thing that prevents skidding. It has far more to do with sure, safe traction than any tread design.

The palm of your hand and ball of your foot are upholstered thickly with soft tissue. Anything that is intended to grip and cling on hard surfaces must be soft. The softer your tires, the safer you are!

The Blowout-Proof Dual Balloon challenges *any* comparison—Blowout-Proof, skid-safe, easy riding to a degree that higher pressure tires can never give!

The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Safe Winter Driving Demands This New General Dual Balloon Low Air Pressure

		Average pressures all other tires
Buick 6—132″ W. B.	24 to 28	32 to 42
Buick 6—124″ W. B.	26	34 to 36
Buick—118″ W. B.	26 to 29	32 to 40
Cadillac 8—All models	29	40
Chevrolet—All models	24	35 to 38
Chrysler—All models	24	35
Ford—All models	20	35
Hudson	22 to 26	40
LaSalle—All models	28	40
Nash 6 and 8—All models	26	30 to 35
Packard—All models	26	40
Studebaker 6 and 8	22 to 28	35 to 40

These pressures are for rear tires. In front tires, for easiest steering, use a few pounds more air. The above are a few examples. All General Tire distributors have complete low pressure schedules for every make of car.

GENERAL

BLOWOUT-PROOF *Dual* BALLOON

(Continued from Page 54)

Being somewhat overcome by the banality of this dialogue, which always seems to ensue between the muscled types, I was trying hastily to make my way to the background, when Reggie saw me. Reggie always had that faculty of seeing one when one tried to fade away.

"Hey!" shouted Reggie. "Who's that?"

It occurred to me that he did not need to ask, for his hand had descended already upon the scruff of my neck, entirely halting my progress.

"Hey!" said Reggie. "What are you walking out for?"

"What's the matter with you, Wilfie?" said Jack. "Don't you see Reggie?"

"Can one help it?" I inquired, endeavoring to keep my balance.

"Well, well!" roared Reggie. "If it isn't Sissy Beaner!" And he shook me gently to and fro, so that my teeth began to rattle, and—you may not believe it—I began to feel that I was blushing.

"Now that you've demonstrated that you can lift me up," I said, "suppose you set me down."

I seldom blush for shame. It was anger which was mantling my cheeks at that instant, and Reggie should have seen it. It would have been better if he had.

"Sissy?" someone was saying. "Sissy?"

"Sure"—it was wonderful how Reggie's voice could reverberate—"that's what we used to call him, and he's Sissy still to me! . . . Hey, Sis; do you remember ——"

"Look here," I said. "Will you shut up?"

"Say," said Reggie, "what are you so huffy about, Sis? . . . Look at him! Why, I used to spank Sis every day at school!"

"Spank him?" said someone.

"Reggie," I said, "I give you warning. This has gone far enough!"

"Sure," said Reggie, "I used to spank him, and listen to him now? Why, I spanked all the sense he has into him. And when I think of it ——"

He did not finish. Once again I was confronted with the spectacle of Reginald convulsed, doubled over with his merriment, and, again, there must have been something infectious in it. Everyone on the veranda was seized with mirth. . . . But shall we draw the veil? No, it is not like me to resort to the subterfuge of shame. I repeat even the last thing Reggie said, as he came up for air.

"And he used to say he'd swat me back!" roared Reggie. "Tie that one, if you can!"

As I say, I can rise above any situation, but to be bearded on the veranda after such a lapse of time was drawing upon my resources. I was endeavoring to call up the best reserves of my mind, when I heard Jack Hewett's voice.

"Good old Reggie," Jack was saying. "If this isn't like old times! Reggie, you ought to swat Wilfie now. He's getting fresh again. Wilfie's saying he can learn golf in two weeks, now!"

"Huh?" said Reggie. It always took an appreciable time for an idea of any sort to reach Reggie's inner consciousness, and before I knew it I had taken advantage of this simple trait.

I drew myself up. Much as I dislike to speak about myself, everyone admits I have a quality which can hold the center of the stage. It is a gift. Genius, the artistic touch—call it what you will.

"I said I can learn golf in two weeks," I stated, "and that's exactly what I mean. Not ordinary golf in two weeks, but in that lapse of time, without a doubt, I can master the game well enough to beat you, Reggie."

"Huh?" said Reggie. I had him then. For once I saw him shocked by an idea. Blank, vacuous and bovine, Reggie Stryker was staring at me, and I went further in my triumph.

"Yes," I said, "it is only a matter of coördination—mind and the body. I can confidently promise to beat you in two weeks, Reggie."

At first I am prone to admit there had been a burst of laughter, but this died down at once. Instinctively, everyone must have felt that something was behind all this. They must have felt instinctively that Wilfred Beaner never fails.

"Conceited, aren't you?" said Reggie. "Why, you—you little dish of oatmeal, I could —— Say, are you trying to be funny?"

"Reggie," I said, "in two weeks from now I'll play you ——"

I paused a moment as Reggie stared at me, spluttering. Without wishing to seem egotistical, I have my moments of illumination. My spirits seemed to surge on smooth, triumphant billows, and confidence in self surged through me. I did not see red. I have always been too far from the primitive and too much my own master to see such a color. Yet at that moment I was suffused—shall we say, with a rosy glow? Old wrongs coursed through my blood like rare old wine.

"You play me?" Reggie was saying, like one slowly grasping a great fact. "You—me? Me—you? For what?"

"Eighteen holes," I said, "and the winner has twelve free ——"

"Wilfie,"—it was Jack Hewett speaking—"you can't beat Reggie! Now, don't go and be an ass."

I raised my voice. I don't know what it is, but some dynamic force within me makes me heard in any company.

"The winner," I said, "has twelve free swats at the other with a barrel stave to be selected by the umpire!"

Need I say that everyone perceived the beauty of such an offer? In the general applause which followed this speech, Jack Hewett was the only one who did not join.

"Look here, old man," said Jack. "Now, this isn't the time or place. The house committee ——"

But Reggie Stryker's voice drowned him out. It was evident that Reggie was laboring under a deep emotion.

"Sissy," said Reggie almost tearfully, and he grasped me by the hand, "I want to thank you for your generosity, Sis, old man. I didn't know you had it in you. If you have only known how often through the years I have wanted to give you just one more good whaling, purely for your own good, you'd agree with me there's a certain justice in this world. And you'll thank me when it's over. You'll be immensely better for it, always. Yes, Sissy, I should be delighted to play you even for eighteen holes, on any course you choose to select, two weeks from now—any course between here and San Francisco if you like. And Hewett here's the referee. Sis, you've done a lot to help cheer me up. I don't generally play with comics, but I'd love it. It'll hurt you more than me, but you'll be grateful some day. See you in two weeks. Just let me know the hour."

"Yes, Reggie," I answered. "It will hurt me more than you. That's what father always said."

Shaves Last Longer the COLGATE WAY

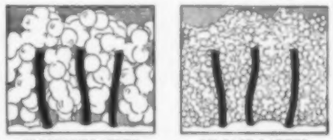
. . . small-bubble lather softens beard at razor-line . . . makes shaves cooler, closer

RIGHT down to the skin seep the active water-laden bubbles of Colgate's. There they do the most good . . . make shaving a smoother, closer affair . . . without any pulling or tugging.

If you've never used Colgate's, but are accustomed to large-bubble, air-filled lather, you probably think a very close shave must be hard on the face. Try Colgate's and see how cool and easy a close shave *can* be.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of "After-Shave," a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect finale for every shave.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.

Colgate, Dept. M-717, P.O. Box 375,
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Please send me FREE the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

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The outstanding American achievement in low-priced watch VALUE

AMERICAN intelligence, American volume-production now bring you watches of superbly fine timekeeping qualities at *low* prices. How is it possible? The answer is: Watches so good that everybody wants them, watches so many that down stays the cost of making them. Admire Tip-Top Jr. wrist-watch. Compensated for temperature changes as previously only high-priced watches have been! Defying heat and cold, those old enemies of timekeeping accuracy. Genuine chromium-plated octagon case, and genuine chromium-plated metal-mesh strap. Clever strap-at-an-angle ("sou'east-nor'west") that keeps dial straight with the eye for quick timetelling. Raised numerals on silver face, Krack-proof Krystal, sunk second dial, artistic hands. Value? Surprising at only $5. Tip-Top pocket watches, at only $1.50 and up, possess these same all-star, all-American features. Ask for Tip-Top Watches.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Watch Division

Prices slightly higher in Canada. Licensed Ingraham Pat. 14458. Copr. 1930, N. H. C. Co.

TIP-TOP WATCHES

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, (left), octagon design, compensated for temperature changes, with silver dial and Krack-Proof Krystal. $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

Tip-Top Quintet, (right), compensated for temperature changes, with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-Proof Krystal. $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

There is a New Haven AUTO CLOCK for your car. Inexpensive—efficient. Compensated for temperature changes, too! Ask your dealer.

As I moved jauntily away, however, frankly I felt a twinge of premonition. There are always depths after every height. As I observed Reggie step to the first tee and send the ball straight out three hundred yards, I had a first-hand knowledge of how that ball was feeling, although obviously it was all a matter of coördination.

"Wilfie," said Jack Hewett—and for the first time I perceived his features were somewhat drawn in sympathy—"have you played somewhere before?"

"Jack," I said, "I have always been noted for my candor. I have played nowhere before, but when I apply myself I can master any subject. This is not complex. There is a considerable bibliography. A few turns with some professional to put the theory into practice, and there you are."

"Yes," said Jack Hewett, and he gave vent to a horrid laugh, "there you are, right on the spot, hoisted by your own conceit. All right, I won't stop it."

"See you don't," I said. "Mind can conquer matter."

Yet, noted as I am for a keen perception, which rises sometimes to the occult, must I confess that I began to feel a doubt, fight against it as I might? Though it still seemed to me simple, difficult only for a simpleton, was there some element in this problem which I had overlooked? Did choice and chance enter into the physics of this game? I felt traces of cold perspiration on my brow. Suppose, in the injustice of this world, Reggie should beat me? I reached hastily for a glass of clear cold water.

Now, though the ignorant will not admit it, those who know will willingly concede that nothing can stop Wilfred Beaner, once he has applied himself. They will give you instances downtown. The graphs which I have plotted of the recent stock depression will be quoted in after years as an example of perfect integration. When I am confronted with a problem, I do not fight with it, but, instead, take it gently by the hand, reason with it, cajole it, until it bends itself to my will. Need I say that I applied this method when I attacked the problem of this game of golf?

After a night and small hours spent digesting the literature on the subject and combing through the childish exposition on how the thumbs should be locked about the club —— But shall we draw the veil? No great mind has attacked the problem of golf, and I was soon to see that I was dealing with a mass of infantile nonessentials. After a night, however, of condescending to these primers, I repaired, as the dew still bedecked the fairway, to the professional's tee.

That dour old Scot who performs this function at this club was somewhat surprised to see me, though he repressed the emotion in that quaint Celtic way of his.

"Yes," I said, "I have come to take up golf. Will you give me a driver, please, MacPherson?"

As I posed myself in front of the ball, I was not surprised to see a glint of admiration steal over his impassive countenance.

"*Per Bacco!*" he exclaimed. "Mr. Beaner, you have the theory perfect."

Though the practice seemed more difficult, I paused to remove my coat.

"*Diavolo!*" said MacPherson. "You are wonderful, Mr. Beaner! . . . Will you excuse me if I cough? There is something in my throat."

"Certainly," I said. "I wish someone had told me, MacPherson, there was an element of luck in this. . . . May I try another driver, please?"

As anyone will tell you, there is no one quicker than I to face reality and to strip aside illusion. In not more than two minutes I perceived that I was face to face with the real, with the elemental problem of the roulette wheel or the falling of the card.

"Perhaps," said MacPherson, "if you are a little more pianissimo, Mr. Beaner. You are trying a little bit too hard."

"You're mistaken, MacPherson," I told him. "I'm not trying hard enough."

"You must not be discouraged, Mr. Beaner," said MacPherson. "Every beginner is like that. In no time—say in a year—I can make you much better. . . . I don't know what there is in my throat. Will you excuse me if I cough?"

As MacPherson was seized with this second paroxysm, I became aware, in a psychic way I have, that I was being watched, and turned to perceive Jack Hewett standing in the morning sun. Though I could have wished that Jack had not seen me at just this moment, I waved my stick at him.

"Wilfie," said Jack, "come over here, old man. I want to talk to you seriously."

"Like an elder brother?" I inquired.

"Now, see here, Wilfie," said Jack. "I came out here to watch you."

"Jack," I said, "you're just an old prince. That's all."

"I'm not going to get angry at you," said Jack, growing red about the gills, "but I have some responsibility for the decorum of this club, if you haven't. Now don't speak. I can see your point. Wilfie, I can see it and be sorry. Now tell me frankly—well, just as though I were your elder brother—you weren't yourself, were you, yesterday afternoon?"

"Not myself?" I said. "Exactly how do you mean?"

"Wilfie," said Jack, "you know what I mean. You ought to remember there are young people around. You're old enough to be an example. You weren't yourself, and when Reggie came —— Now, I know Reggie isn't tactful. I know he's always ragged you. And when he began talking about the old days—why, you got angry, didn't you, Wilfie?"

"Well," I said, "what of it?"

"You got angry," said Jack, with those fine clear tones of his, "and you weren't yourself, old man. You challenged Reggie to a game of golf with a ridiculous forfeit, which you wouldn't have done at another time. Now, don't you see what you've done?"

"Yes," I answered. "I begin to see more clearly every hour."

"You've not only put yourself," said Jack, "but you've put Reggie and me in a ridiculous position. Now, Wilfie, we're too old for this sort of thing. We aren't at dear old St. Swithin's, Wilfie. Everybody in the club knows about this, even the caddies know it, and we have to be some sort of example to the younger set, as I was saying. Now, what I want to say is this"—Jack put his arm about my shoulders, and lowered his voice—"Wilfie," said Jack, "we can't be boys forever. Now, I've been speaking to Reggie, and Reggie understands. You'll get to like him some day."

"If you're going to remind me," I remarked, "that Reggie's done a lot for me, I wish you wouldn't."

"I've been speaking to Reggie," said Jack. "And now Reggie realizes you weren't yourself. You can't let Reggie spank you with a barrel stave."

(Continued on Page 60)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

A genuine FORD battery for your car

THE Ford 13-plate battery has abundant structural and electrical strength to give long service and excellent performance in a car or truck.

It is so designed that it will give a continued and steady supply of power, ample for starting an engine under the most severe weather conditions.

The Ford battery is soundly built, without radical departure from accepted practice. It passes our rigid tests, which tax its capacity to a degree seldom reached under driving conditions.

The finest materials are combined with skilled workmanship in making the Ford battery. Being produced in large quantities, economies in manufacture are possible which permit a low price for a unit of such quality.

It will take but a short time for any Ford dealer to install one of these fine batteries in your car or truck. The price is $7.50, and an allowance will be made on your old battery.

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The equipment of present-day cars is making increased demands on their batteries. Your battery, today, must be able to furnish power for cowl or fender-lights, stop-light, interior lights, perhaps for a windshield cleaner, cigar lighter and other accessories—and it must still be able to operate the starting-motor, ignition system, headlights and horn, without fail. The Ford battery is strong and reliable . . . designed for such service.

The FORD BATTERY fits many makes of cars

Get yours before the first stampede—accept only *Genuine*

WEED CHAINS

YOU have seen it happen—the first snow storm of the winter, and car owners lined up at the curb to buy Weed Tire Chains. It happens every year.

Get your Weeds *before* you need them. Buy them today while stocks are complete. Be ready to meet the worst that winter can do to streets and roads.

Be sure you get genuine Weed Tire Chains with brass plated cross chains, galvanized non-kinking side chains and red connecting hooks, with "Weed" stamped on each hook.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *INC.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Weed Tire Chain Radio Program: Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Look here," I said; "he hasn't spanked me yet."

Now, I admit, as Jack spoke, that I began to feel the ridiculousness of my position, but I have a stubborn streak—that streak of hardness that goes with all great minds. Though the situation seemed hopeless, and though, perhaps, I had not been exactly what Jack had termed myself, once the hand is put to the plow, Jack should have known that I am not the sort to leave the sod unturned.

"Now, Wilfie," said Jack, "all you have to do is just go up to Reggie and tell him you weren't yourself. Tell him you're sorry and shake hands, and we'll all forget about it, Wilfie."

I gritted my teeth. Though I dislike to speak about myself, I am never at better advantage than when my back is to the wall.

"Jack," I said, "I am never more dangerous than when I am badgered like this. No, Jack, I'll go on."

"You mean you'll play him?" said Jack, his voice rising to a shout.

"That," I answered, "is exactly what I mean. Jack, there is a destiny that shapes ——"

"There you go," said Jack. "Don't you see this isn't funny?"

I raised my head a trifle, like a Gladstone or Disraeli.

"Jack," I said, "you forget that you are dealing with a man—a man of infinite resource, who is stimulated by a prize. It dangles before my eyes. I have always promised myself to be even with Reggie Stryker. Do you think I'll let my chance go because of fear and ridicule? How little you know me, if you think that!"

"Now, do shut up," said Jack, "and come along to Reggie."

"Jack," I said, "I'll not meet Reggie till I've met him on a golf course with an iron in my hand. In the meanwhile I shall think. I have two weeks to think, and mind is stronger than matter, Jack, and Reggie hasn't seen the end of it."

"You needn't," said Jack, "go trying to turn this off with a rotten pun. And I'll tell you one thing: I'm on the committee here. Such a match won't be played on these links. You'll have to go somewhere else, Wilfie."

But shall we draw the veil? Who was it who said the darkest hour comes before the dawn? Already my mind was working, smoothly, rapidly. Undaunted by all obstacles, my mind was working. Yet just then my thoughts were interrupted by a shout. I paused to see Reggie striding toward us.

"He hasn't backed out, has he?" cried Reggie. "Good old Sis! I knew he wouldn't!"

"You can't play here," said Jack. "That's flat."

"Good old Sis," crooned Reggie. "Anywhere at all, as long as there's a barrel stave."

But shall we draw the veil? On the whole, perhaps, it is always better to draw the veil over the workings of the harassed mind, particularly when that demon which one might term "doubt of self" begins to wreck the palace of the soul. Yet, as always, I shall be frank, for it may be encouraging to others to know that there were moments, even hours, when I felt that I could not escape defeat. Yes, I am frank to admit it—I even felt at times that I had been a fool, that I had been carried away by old grudges, that Jack Hewett might be right.

Since that time I have never had much use for the tyrant Damocles. He simply sat, as you may remember, beneath a naked sword, suspended by a hair; and that is a dignified and beautiful position, stimulating the admiration and not the risibility of the multitude. How would Damocles have seemed if he had sat on history's page as I, for two weeks beneath the shadow of a barrel stave, listening to unpleasant taunts and quips? Yes, even here in this clubhouse I listened to unpleasant taunts and quips. The world is a very fickle place. The wolves of scandal always gather to pull a good man down.

In retrospect I can never admire myself more than when I sat upon the veranda, right upstairs, the butt of covert giggles and pseudo-humorous remarks.

"I'm thinking," I told them. "Please don't interrupt me. Don't you see I'm thinking?"

Yes, I was thinking, for mind can conquer matter. There is a key to every problem, given the time for thought. There was a key to this problem, dancing before me like a will-o'-the-wisp over the desponding slough. It did not lie at the professional's tee. That prospect was gone by the process of elimination. It lay, evasive, somewhere in Jack Hewett's words. He had said, categorically, that we could not play here.

I rose slowly from my wicker chair. There are times for thought and times for action, and no one is quicker than I to act, when seized by an idea. Once I have an idea, you see me a man of purpose, cold and accurate. . . . But shall we draw the veil? . . . It was not an ordinary man whom Reggie had to deal with. Little did he know Wilfred Beaner then.

The day of the match dawned clear and still, a sweet September day. I rose early and refreshed myself with a glass of clear cold water. It tempered me as molten iron is tempered. Other people, faced with an ordeal such as mine, might have felt a qualm of nervousness, but I was much as you see me now, husbanding my strength.

It was not surprising, as I drew up in my touring car, to perceive that the clubhouse was agog. Fresh young faces and even hardened older faces were banked about the steps. There was a gallery already as large as many galleries in international matches, and, when I was greeted by a prolonged cheering, unused as I am to athletic contests, I frankly felt a thrill, which led me to the length of removing my béret and waving it above my head.

"Beaner!" I can hear them shouting still. "Beaner!" they were shouting.

Looking as though he were relieved to see me, Reggie Stryker, followed by Jack Hewett, hastened down the steps.

"Now, fellows," said Jack. "Really, fellows, I mean it. You can't play here."

"Get in the car," I said. "We're not going to play here."

"Sis," said Reggie, "they told me you'd back out, but I knew you wouldn't, Sis. Put my bag in back there. And here are the barrel staves."

In that obvious way of his, Reggie had produced a bundle of oaken staves and was exhibiting them to any who might be interested.

"There are a dozen," explained Reggie, "in case I break one every time."

I examined them carefully, since attention to detail is one of my strongest points.

"This one," I said, "has splinters in it, but I don't object, if you don't."

"Not in the least," said Reggie, giving way, as usual, to his hearty laughter. "We'll put it on the top of the heap, if you don't mind."

"Yes," I said, "there is a destiny ——"

"Now, see here," said Jack; "if you haven't had enough of this, I have. Now, Reggie—now, Wilfie ——"

It was true. There is a destiny. Never have I been more at the height of my powers. I made a graceful gesture.

"Get in the car," I said. "I've picked the course."

By this time everyone was getting into cars. Sedans and sport tourings were churning about the drive as we rolled gently toward the gates.

"Where's the course?" said Reggie.

"Not far," I said. "You said that I could choose it."

"Sure," said Reggie. I was relieved to see that he was wearing linen plus-fours, "Any course at all."

As we reached the main highway, a silence fell upon us, and I noticed that Reggie was looking at me with a slight frown of perplexity. Something in my coolness, something in my deadliness of purpose, was beginning to tell on him at last. He looked at me and then at the line of cars which followed us.

"Say," began Reggie, "where's the course?"

"Be quiet, Reginald," I said. "It's a public course. We're face to face with destiny."

Reggie looked at his golf bag, filled with graded irons.

"Say," he remarked, "you've forgotten your clubs."

"Don't worry about me, Reginald," I said. "We're not at St. Swithin's now."

I was relieved to see that Reginald was scowling. As we drew up beside the road, the simple lines of his face drew into knots of bewilderment, and the honest features of Jack Hewett also seemed disturbed.

"Now, Wilfie," said Jack, "this is no time to stop beside the road."

"Hey!" said Reggie, laughing coarsely. "This isn't a golf course. This is a filling station."

Truly enough, we had paused beside a row of gasoline pumps, each displaying its own form of petrol. Beside the pumps was one of those buildings familiarly termed roadside stands. To the uninitiated, one's eye encountered nothing but various forms of filling for the tank and stomach, but I pointed to the right. Behind a thin veil of straggling pine trees a tall wire fence was visible, and beside the fence a sign. Already a number of motor campers and admiring tourists from other roadside stands were hastening forward.

"Here we are," I said.

"Where?" said Reggie.

The other cars were coming up. The space beside the road was filling, and the proprietor, a fat man in his shirt sleeves, with a twisted nose, respectfully touched his cap.

"Mr. Beaner," he said, "the course is ready."

Knowing Reggie, his slowness was not surprising. Filled with the suspicion which always conquers the dull, he stepped to the ground and stared.

"The course?" said Reggie. "What course?"

Smiling courteously, I pointed toward the sign, and Reggie saw it then.

"Teenie Weenie Golf Course," it read. "Admission Fifty Cents."

Yes, Reggie saw it then. As he stared, the even tan of his receding forehead shone with perspiration.

"I dislike the name," I hastened to explain. "Teenie Weenie, Reginald, means miniature golf. Now, do you understand?"

(Continued on Page 62)

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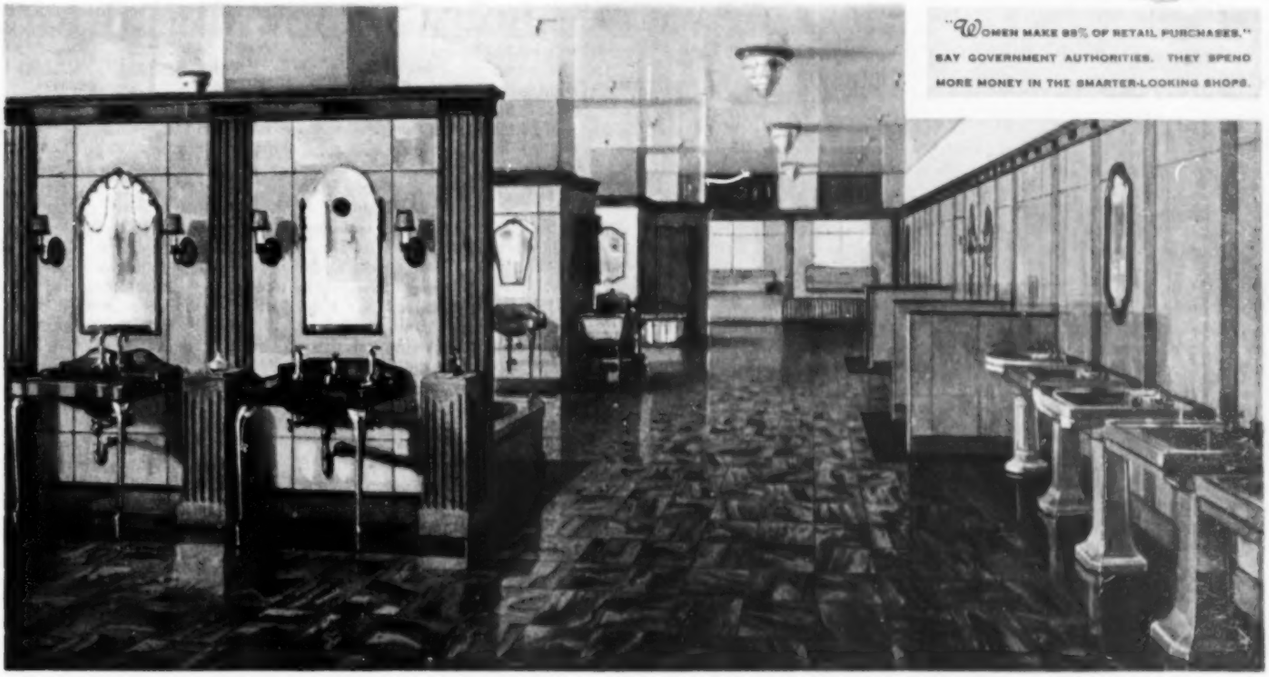
It will say nice things about you and what you sell if you dress it up with an eye-appealing Armstrong's Linoleum Floor



"Women make 85% of retail purchases." say government authorities. They spend more money in the smarter-looking shops.

Every day the floors in the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company showrooms work for sales—Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 90 field with plain black border. These floors are custom-tailored for each showroom, cemented over linoleum lining felt, to give years of sales as well as service duty.

YOU'RE paying for floor space—make it pay you! That surface underfoot is one of your most valuable advertising assets. It should play an important part in every successful sale. "And it can," say nation's leaders of industry, "if you give it snap, dash, eye-appeal, with a business-getting floor of Armstrong's Linoleum."

Step into a Standard Sanitary showroom in Dallas, St. Louis, Philadelphia, in thirty or more cities, and the Armstrong Floor you see above invites you to stay and shop around. It lends sales appeal to the products on display. Motor to the Post Lodge, Boston Post Road, Westchester. Here a different type of Armstrong Floor—this one bright and gay—plays host.

Public service companies, department stores, banks, drugstores, and barber shops—the list is legion—are all dressing up for better business by dressing up that surface underfoot. A walk down any business block will show you how you can put your own floors to work. Or send a letter to Lancaster for a new book on showmanship in selling. It gives you the other fellow's viewpoint on the selling job that modern floors must do. Just ask for *"Public Floors of Enduring Beauty."* Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 337 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860).

Armstrong's Ⓐ Product

GAIETY *of Westchester's famous Post Lodge is mirrored by this Armstrong Floor—Embossed Inlaid De Luxe No. 16003—something quite new. Just one of scores of effective sales backgrounds now showing at local stores. All have spot-proof Accolac Processed surface. This satin-smooth finish is easily maintained by waxing or occasional relacquering.*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN • INLAID • EMBOSSED • JASPÉ • PRINTED • ARABESQ • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 60)

It was clear he understood. It was clear that everyone perceived the capacity of Wilfred Beaner then. Indeed, being modest about such matters, I was unprepared for the applause which greeted me. I had forgotten my popularity with the more carefree group which frequents this club.

"Beaner!" I can hear them shouting still. "Beaner! Beaner! Beaner!"

For a moment Reggie glared about him, struggling with his own ideas. Courteously I looked away, for there is nothing worse than the mental demoralization of an athlete. As I thought of the number of times I had seen him in his greatness, I nearly felt a glint of pity.

"Look here," said Reggie. "If you think I'm going to make an ass of myself putting a ball around some sort of toyland for your edification ——"

But I was hardened. Even the sight of Reggie as he was could not move me, for justice, clear and beautiful, impelled me to speak on.

"No, Reggie," I said. "It's too late to draw back now."

Then Jack Hewett spoke. That conscientious vein in Jack seemed very much in place, and at the moment I loved him for his virtue.

"Yes, Reggie," said Jack, "it's too late to draw back now. Much as I deplore this, this is straight. You agreed to play any course he selected, Reggie, and of course you will. You forget I'm referee."

Beneath the exterior of Reggie lay a stratum of bravado. Though I can swear his eyes wore a flicker of uncertainty, he contrived to smile.

"All right," he said—"all right. I said I'd play you on any course, and I guess this is as good as any other. Come on. Let's get this over. Only bring those barrel staves!"

"We'll leave them at the front of the refreshment stand," I said. "That is the proper place. I might say, Reggie, this is a very sporting course. I know, because I've played it nearly every day."

Shall we do the match stroke by stroke? Though that is the way with golfers, I shall not bore you with it. There on that pocket handkerchief of ground, retribution and justice were hanging in the balance, as in the days of old.

I removed my coat, folded it carefully, and took a putter in my hand, and must I confess that I felt a tremor in my fingers? It was not of fear; rather it was the anticipation of a Halliburton on the verge of Great Adventure. In the limits of the Teenie Weenie Golf Course Jack and Reggie and I stood all alone, but about the fence a crowd had gathered. I saw their faces in a blur. Their friendly advice and comments came but dimly to my ears. Everyone who knows me will admit that I have that gift of concentration, and my mind had centered about one thought, not passionately but firmly. I had the will to win.

Reggie won the toss and strode toward the tee. Now, I must confess, I had a sinking doubt as I saw Reginald's great bulk move forward and saw his scowl of concentration as he studied the terrain. Something told me that Reginald was going to give the best he had and was summoning all his reflexes. It was grim earnest now, and no mistake.

That first hole called for a display of distance. At the end of a good fifteen feet of fairway was a narrow bridge leading across a tub of water. A daring player could roll across the bridge with his drive and thence toward the hole—par 2. As I had discovered already, it was a shot requiring an iron nerve. Reggie hunched himself above his ball, then straightened and turned toward me. There were lines about his eyes—little telltale lines.

"Look here," he said. "Have you practiced on this course?"

For the first time I had known him he did not call me Sissy. I made a note of that.

"Yes," I said, with a frank, friendly smile. In a crisis I am amazingly debonair. "Yes, I've devoted myself to this every morning and afternoon for the past week, and I flatter myself I've solved it."

Reggie turned toward Jack Hewett and cleared his throat. "You heard him," he said. "It isn't fair. He's practiced. This thing is all luck unless you've been over it. Now, I'm not going ——"

"Nothing was said against practice," replied Jack. "Go ahead and play."

With something closely resembling an oath, Reggie again addressed his ball. There was a Gargantuan element in his appearance, like a cosmic jest. A suspicion of a titter rose from the staring gallery.

"Look here," said Reggie. "Will you shut your faces over there?"

Then an amazing thing happened—one of those incongruous freaks of chance, unavoidable and unforeseen. Straight as an arrow that ball went on its course, straight across the bridge, and dropped into the cup.

Reggie turned toward me with a derisive roar of laughter.

"Let's see you beat that one, Sis!" he howled. "Why, you smart little plate of apple sauce! There's nothing to this game!"

Surely a man of weaker mold than I would have quailed. Could it be? Small specks danced before my vision. Could it be that Reginald was nerveless, proof against all mental hazard? I had forgotten the obtuseness of the moron, and there it mocked me through Reggie's open mouth. Yet, though the eccentricities of the Teenie Weenie Golf Course whirled before my sight, I contrived to smile. So it would be a battle of civilization against barbarism, would it? Well, I could face the test. My own voice, carefully modulated, as you hear it now, cut through Reggie's thoughtless roar.

"Beginner's luck," I said. "That's all."

Clean living and high thinking were facing—what? Simply bloated confidence backed by instinctive aptitude. When one is fighting for a cause, the result is not in doubt. But Reginald was giving the best he had. Every stroke must count.

We halved the second—a right-angled dog-leg hole, as I remember—and on the third—which consisted in playing the ball down the throat of a gaping aquatic animal—through some aberration, I missed, and Reggie won again. On the fourth, however, Reggie crashed against the wall of a papier-mâché castle, instead of carrying cleanly through its open gate. How beautiful that castle seemed, with its gayly painted turrets, and the hole a good three feet beyond! I won it, and when we halved the fifth—a simple matter of sinking one's drive in a waterspout and thence through a little hill—I noticed that Reggie's lips were taut. We had both settled down to the grueling ding-dong grind of matching stroke with stroke. The sixth we halved, and the seventh—where a twig deflected one of my best approaches—and on the eighth, still one down, we mounted a three-foot eminence which overlooked a sinister bucket of water, a sand pit and then the green.

"Careful on this one, Reginald," I said. "You'll need a good twelve-foot carry here."

And then, as the sun breaks through the clouds, I knew that all was well. A haunted look was in his eyes. He did have nerves! The castles and the hollow trees and holes were telling. Reggie did not have, like me, the love of little things.

"Shut your mouth," said Reggie, and drove into the pail.

On the ninth we were even up. I bounced across two bunkers for a clean ten feet and holed out in two. I was ahead and rounding the turn. But I do not care to expatiate on triumphs. Shall we draw the veil?

"Beaner!" they were shouting from the fence. "Two to one on Beaner!"

Yes, the strain was telling. Reggie turned and shook his fist.

"Jack," he said, "won't you make 'em stop? I can't play with all this yelling. It isn't funny, Jack."

Naturally, being sportsmen, everybody stopped, and subsequently there was not a whisper, not the dropping of a pin. In a horrid silence, Reginald was fighting. No, it wasn't funny. There is no jest in destiny. But shall we draw the veil?

It ended on the seventeenth, a pretty, sporting hole—a row of stakes, three boards with little openings representing garden gates, and a bunker and the hole. Being noted for my coördination, such obstacles were nothing for me then. On the drive, I was six inches from the cup, and Reggie's eyes were glazed.

Reginald turned toward me, and his hand was shaking. I could see it shake. It was pitiful to see him. He had removed his sweater. His shirt was limp and moist. His hair was plastered in disorder against his low, receding forehead.

"Wilfie," he said, and his voice was the faintest whisper, so that none might hear, "we've always been pals, haven't we, Wilfie? Let's not make monkeys of ourselves before this crowd. Shall we call it off?"

I have a natural magnanimity, but justice is stronger in me still.

"No, Reggie," I said kindly, gently. "There is a destiny which shapes—what does it shape?"

Then, I regret to say, the baser part of Reggie's nature, always near the surface, rose triumphant.

"All right for you," said Reggie, low, between his teeth, "but when I get you alone after this, you'll wish that you weren't born."

Impelled by a savage sweep of his club, his ball hurtled against a stake, bouncing out of bounds, and the game was over.

Through the cheering of the gallery, Reggie spoke again.

"You tricky ——" he said, but I shall not repeat a word spoken in the heat of passion. "Just you remember, when I get you alone ——"

I did not answer. We walked in silence toward the refreshment stand.

"Do you mean to say," howled Reggie, "you're going to do—this—here?"

"Yes, Reginald," I told him, almost sadly. "No threat, no promise can stop me now, because there is a destiny!"

"Beaner!" They were shouting. "Beaner!"

"Yes, Reginald," I said. "And remember that Wilfred Beaner can dominate any situation, physical, mental or moral. . . . Will someone hand me the stave with splinters on it? . . . Be a sport, Reggie. You are the anvil now."

"Now, Beaner!" shouted Reggie. "Beaner!"

"Reginald," I said, "do you remember dear old Swithin's? Would you mind assuming that position?"

But shall we draw the veil?

A silence, beautiful and tranquil, seemed to enfold us as Wilfred Beaner's voice died down, but we still sat swayed by the magic which raised Wilfred above the common clay. As gaping yokels may have listened once to the lyric deeds of some crusading jongleur beneath the rafters of some baronial hall, we paused, lost in the sweet illusion of wish fulfillment. We had only been the wishers. We had never changed a wish to deeds.

Wilfred set down his soda water and rose with solemn slowness, modestly pleased with the spell which he had wrought. Though he had drawn the veil, we could behold shadowy scenes behind it, and Wilfred, small and meager in the flesh, seemed to assume a cloudlike shape.

"Just a tale," said Wilfred with a sigh, "rough and untutored, told by a rude, unvarnished man—a tale of sound and fury signifying—what does it signify, as long as you believe it?"

As we told him how thoroughly we trusted in his veracity, Wilfred polished his glasses with a faint, contented smile.

"Then that's all," said Wilfred. "Are there any questions?"

Knowing Reggie as we did, there was a question, one unfinished thread, which dangled still in doubt.

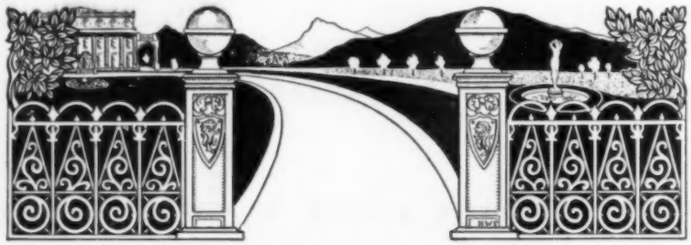
"But he must have met you afterward," someone said. "Reggie has a nasty temper, and you don't find Reggie forgetting ——"

Wilfred waved his hand apologetically.

"There!" he said. "Of course! I should not have drawn the veil. . . . I've always regretted —— There is pain in pleasure. Reggie has avoided me since then."

"Avoided you?" we cried, for it was not like Reggie Stryker. Perceiving our amazement, Wilfred put on his spectacles.

"Picture it for yourselves," said Wilfred kindly. "The refreshment stand, the shouting crowd. 'Reggie,' I said, 'we're halfway through, and I feel fatigued. Perhaps we'd better stop. For now we'd better, but, Reggie, there are witnesses. We will reserve the last half until I am feeling stronger—for any time and place—payable on demand."



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Avoid "winter drag" if you want to get through the winter without damage to your motor or your disposition. But remember this: Many so-called "winter oils" are responsible for a still more serious danger. In an attempt to make them extremely fluid, they've been thinned out to the point where most of their lubricating value is lost. After a little driving they break down and expose your motor to the ravages of internal heat and friction.

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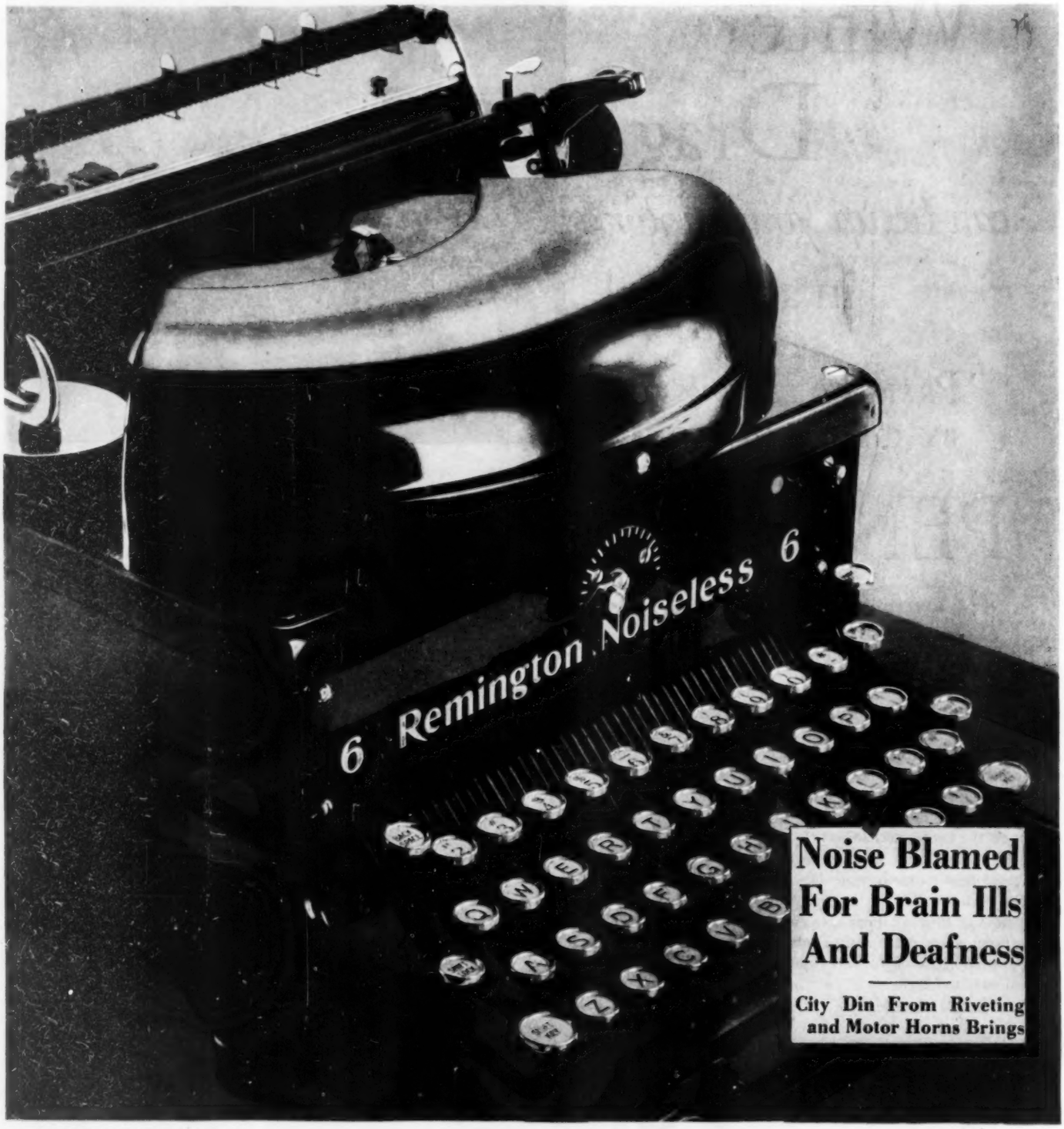

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NOISE demoralizes business efficiency. Noise muddles creative minds. Noise frays the nerves and multiplies mistakes. Noise is one of the greatest wasters of profits in business.

These are not theories but the scientific findings of a board of experts who have been studying noise in New York. They are the reasons the whole business world, awaking to the profits of SILENCE, is listening to the money-saving whisper of this noise-eliminating typewriter.

A BANK LISTENED

. . . The noise of a battery of hammer-blow typewriters annoyed its clients and officers. It was decided to move all typewriters out of earshot, renting additional floor space. But the lease was never signed . . . The Remington Noiseless replaced the old-style machines . . . spread a veil of silence . . . and the bank saved $3,000 a year in rent. This one bank now uses 500 Remington Noiseless Typewriters and is getting better work in greater volume.

AN ARCHITECT LISTENED

. . . His blueprints for a metropolitan bank's new quarters called for partitions costing $17,000 to protect executives from noise. A Remington Rand man proved, with one demonstration, that most of these were unnecessary. The Remington Noiseless was specified . . . noise was killed at its source . . . typing improved . . . and $17,000 saved.

A PUBLISHER LISTENED

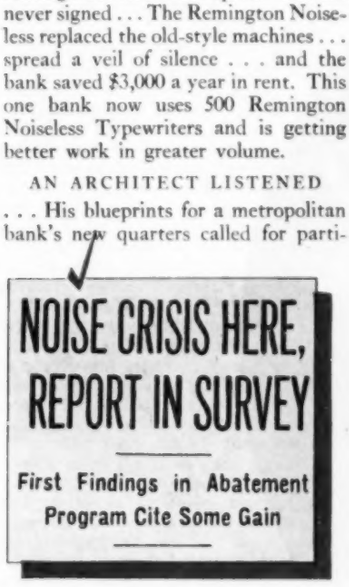
. . . He employed 40 typists. The incessant typewriter din took its toll in a high sick list. His payroll dollars bought less than they should. He looked into Remington Noiseless. Quiet replaced din. Better work, happier employees, higher efficiency followed.

Its quietness is the most obvious feature of the Remington Noiseless. But it is no mere "silenced" machine. It is entirely new . . . in principle, in engineering, in manufacture.

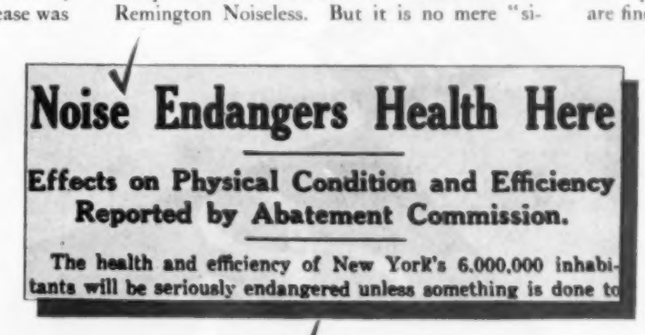
It prints by a cumulative pressure-stroke instead of a slap-bang hammer blow. It is vibrationless, frictionless. Its touch is feathery-light . . . thanks to a "piano-like" stroke that builds up the slightest finger tap. Yet it cuts diamond-keen stencils . . . produces sharp, readable carbons.

It is the most perfectly-built typewriter in existence. "Blood-brother" to a fine watch. Many delicate parts are actually finished under the microscope . . . to precision five times more exacting than any other typewriter. Parts are more perfectly machined and fitted. Materials are finer quality, longer wearing.

Will you listen to the Remington Noiseless in your own office? Will you examine the perfectly aligned, evenly printed work of the world's most carefully designed and built typewriter? Phone our nearest branch for a trial typewriter . . . or a whole battery, if you wish. Branches in all principal cities. Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.


NOISE CRISIS HERE, REPORT IN SURVEY

First Findings in Abatement Program Cite Some Gain


Noise Endangers Health Here

Effects on Physical Condition and Efficiency Reported by Abatement Commission.

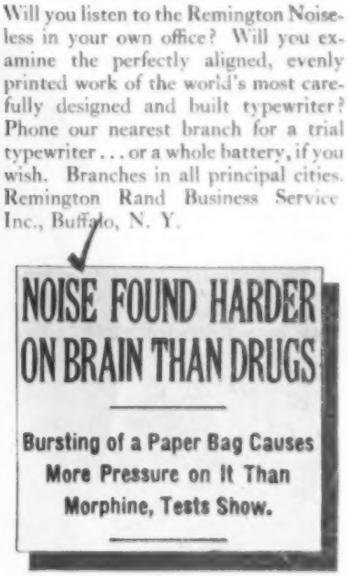
The health and efficiency of New York's 6,000,000 inhabitants will be seriously endangered unless something is done to

FIND NOISE CRISIS FACING NEW YORK

(Continued From First Page)

not return to normal for thirty seconds.

When a noise was introduced there . . . The commission, in making the re-


NOISE FOUND HARDER ON BRAIN THAN DRUGS

Bursting of a Paper Bag Causes More Pressure on It Than Morphine, Tests Show.

Remington *Noiseless* TYPEWRITER

IT TAKES THE *BEDLAM* OUT OF BUSINESS

PERFECT CIRCLE

PRESENTS THE NEW

85

OIL-REGULATING RING WITH COMPENSATING CHANNEL

A new development in piston rings, guaranteed by America's foremost piston ring manufacturer to deliver satisfactory oil-mileage in any car at today's high speeds

The amazing performance of the new PERFECT CIRCLE "85" *Oil-Regulating* ring has brought an entirely new conception of (1) *oil economy* and (2) *motor performance.*

Faster driving demanded a ring capable of handling more oil—a veritable flood of oil, in fact. And PERFECT CIRCLE has responded with the "85."

At speeds of 50, 60 and more miles an hour, the "85" gives an oil-mileage as great as was formerly obtained at the lower driving speeds of 30 and 40 miles an hour. The efficient life of the "85" exceeds that of all other oil-rings, thus assuring sparkling, economical performance over a long period of service.

Attention Dealers and Service Men: Here is an oil-ring you can recommend with every assurance that it will make good. Your PERFECT CIRCLE jobber now has a complete stock. THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY, *General Offices: Hagerstown, Indiana.*

New Oil Economy - Without Springs - Even in Worn Cylinders

Perfect Circle
85
OIL REGULATING RING WITH COMPENSATING CHANNEL
Perfect Circle 85
THE WORLD'S GREATEST REPLACEMENT OIL RING FOR HIGH SPEED MOTORS
(In the Silver and Black Box)

WHERE TO BUY IT...

In the larger towns and cities you will find your nearest Perfect Circle jobber or distributor listed in the Classified Section of your telephone directory under the heading "Perfect Circle."

THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 21)

He always seemed to like children, had a way with him different from that of the coldly impersonal officials of the asylum. He sat down on the stump of a tree, gasping wheezily. "You sure knocked the wind outa me."

"Is that the way the bourgeois ground the faces of the proletariat?" asked Big Thunder. "You see, we're pretending to be bourgeois, and we want to get it right."

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the old man. "At least, I don't remember that way."

"We've given ourselves names," whispered Yellow Flower awesomely, sidling up to him and putting her little hand on his shoulder. "Just like real bourgeois. Did you have a name in those old days, 98?"

"Sure, I did!" He laughed cacklingly. "My name was—was"—he hesitated—"darn me if I don't misremember after all this long time—why, sure, Bill it was! 'Darlin' Bill' my wife used to call me; I can just hear her a-sayin' of it now!"

"Did you have a wife then, 98?" asked Big Thunder, earnestly in search of knowledge. "That means having an F comrade all to yourself, doesn't it? In those days men used to assert ownership in a woman as if she were their property—so teacher told us."

"I guess Clara was mine all right," grinned the old man. "I'd 'a' bashed the face o' the feller that tried to take her from me! We was happy them days—specially when we had our own little kid around. I mind him now, clamberin' up on his mother's lap an' sayin', 'My mummy! I want my mummy!'"

Little Yellow Flower was puzzled, incredulous.

"D'you mean to say that your baby lived with you? Didn't you have to send it to the crèche?"

"I guess not, little comrade. Kids just stayed around with their fathers and mothers same as little birds in a nest."

"That must be funny," mused Big Thunder—"to have a father and mother—people that you know. When I see F comrades walking around, sometimes I try to guess which one was my mother. Of course, no one bothers about fathers."

"What happened to your wife and baby?" asked Yellow Flower sympathetically.

"They were both killed," replied 98, "while I was away fightin' the bourgeois—they made us go and fight. Most everybody got killed, it seemed—millions more'n you can think—in those times when we was winnin' the world revolution. There used to be lots more folk around than there is these days. What with all the killin', and then not so many babies bein' born since folk gave up havin' homes o' their own, there ain't one person now where there was hundreds in the old times. O' course, I dessay it's better there's not so many of us, now the proletariat has won. In the first years of the revolution there usen't to be enough food to go round until the famines killed off the extra ones. Hard times they were till we got it all organized."

"Tell us more about it," said the little boy, stretching himself on the ground to listen. "It's so hard to imagine what it was all like. Were you a wage slave?"

"Yes. I used to work in a radio factory—they don't have radios any more, so you won't know what I mean—a thing which made you hear people speaking through the air from ever so far away; one o' the things they used to have in the old days."

"I spose they used to march you there in gangs like they march the workers on the collective farm here?"

"Hell, no!" The old man grinned. "I had my own automobile; nearly all the workers had their own automobiles them days."

"I've seen a picture of an automobile," interjected Yellow Flower. "A cart without any horses."

"That's so. The last one I heard of dropped to pieces about thirty years ago. But in them days most everybody had one. You scarcely ever saw a horse. Now it's all horses again."

"Go on," said Big Thunder, fascinated. "Tell us what other things they had."

"Well," he scratched his thin white hair, trying to remember. "There was airplanes—you'd see 'em everywhere, flyin' through the sky quicker'n anything, makin' a noise like a big bee and lookin' as little as birds, though there was p'r'aps a score or more people in 'em." He shook his head. "Airplanes was one o' the first things to drop out, seems to me. I can't rightly remember how they looked, but they used to be common as common. Then there was big ships—as big as a town—made to go by engines all over the oceans of the world. They don't have any more o' them now, they tell me. They ain't no need to go from place to place these days, and anyway, they don't know how to make the engines. There's lots o' things been forgotten since I was a lad."

"What else?" said Yellow Flower. "I should love to have seen all those things; though, of course, they were all bourgeois tricks to enslave the workers who made them. So teacher says."

"That's so, I guess," agreed the old man. "Everywhere the workers was kept busy makin' all sorts o' things the bourgeoisie used to invent." He thought again, ransacking his memory. "Well, there was telegraphs—everywhere there was wires strung up on high poles. The bourgeois used to send messages over 'em about the buyin' and sellin' they was always doin'; and then, o' course, there wasn't any more trade, and it wasn't worth while makin' all the repairs just to send gov'ment messages when the revolution was won an' everything had settled down; an' so, bit by bit, all the poles fell down an' nobody bothered to put 'em up again. It was just natural like; nobody had any use for 'em any more; but in the old days you c'd send messages in no time all over the earth, an' everybody knew what everybody else was doing. They wanted to know because everybody was doin' different sorts o' things in them days; not just the same all over the world like they do now." He racked his mind again, trying to gratify the flatteringly eager curiosity visible on the faces of his small hearers. "And then, there was railroads. I reckon you've heard o' railroads. They lasted longer'n most things. Some o' them locomotives lasted near fifty years, I should say, before they was worn out, and they'd go puffin' along slow an' wheezy long after I came here, about one train a week. But when I was a boy they used to race along the tracks one after another like greased lightnin'. You'd never believe it."

"That high bank near here is an old railroad, isn't it?" asked Yellow Flower.

"Sure! But in them days it used to have long strips of iron on it, stretchin' hundreds o' miles, and the trains ran on the iron."

Big Thunder lay in thoughtful meditation. He looked up

"How is it the bourgeoisie used to have so many more things than we have now?" he asked.

"Well, there's lots o' reasons. You see, it was the bourgeoisie used to make all the plans and models for these things, an' the workers used just to copy 'em and do as they were told. All those bourgeois people—experts, we used to call 'em—were counter-revolutionary. So, of course, they were exterminated in the big wars that went on—oh, years and years—before the revolution won. An' then for a time the workers just went on with the old plans, but there wasn't anybody to buy the things they made. An' then, o' course, when there wasn't any more trade—any more buyin' and sellin'—there wasn't any need for lots o' things, like big ships an' railroads. Also, after a while there was a shortage of all kinds o' materials you had to have to make those old machines. Rubber—you don't know what rubber is, but you had to have it for automobiles—well, it used to come from the other side o' the world, but after the world revolution had won an' trade was stopped an' all the old ways o' doin' things got smashed up, rubber got scarcer an' scarcer, an' one day there wasn't any more. So the automobiles were just scrapped. An' when the automobiles were scrapped the roads got bad. An' then people got out o' the habit o' going from place to place. After all, there wasn't anything to go for. Besides, everything was under strict discipline. People weren't allowed to travel, for fear they'd start something counter-revolutionary. When the next generation came along it had got to be natural to stay home all their lives. I guess it's near ten year now since anyone in this commune has gone out of it."

"It's fearfully interesting," said Big Thunder. "I'd never thought there was so much difference. Say, 98, you're glad the revolution happened, though, ain't you? You wouldn't have liked to have gone on being a wage slave?"

The old man reflected.

"Wal, o' course it's much quieter these days. In them times everyone was dashin' about in a hurry to get rich. Now there ain't so many people an' there ain't nothin' to hurry for. When a comrade has done his eight hours, he gets his ration card anyway. Yes, I guess I'd as lief live now. I've kinda got used to it." He checked, spoke shamefacedly: "Though, if you like, you young comrades, you can call me Bill sometimes—when no one's about. It's kinda homely to have a name again. In the old days of superstition—you know, when we had the opium o' the people—I'd have believed that my Clara would call me Bill when we met after I'd died. O' course, I don't believe that now—no one believes you go on living after you've died—but I'd kinda like to hear a girl's voice sayin' Bill; it'd give me a kick to hear it. Maybe I c'd almost kid myself it was Clara."

A bell clanged harshly. The two children jumped up.

(Continued on Page 69)

Pain after eating—a sign of ACID STOMACH

DOES discomfort after eating spoil your enjoyment of certain foods? Do you know what causes that pain after eating; what brings on sour stomach, heartburn, gas, "indigestion," sick headaches, biliousness?

An acid condition of the stomach and intestines.

Because of the way we live today, most of us need an anti-acid at times. We need something to overcome the effects of the acid-forming foods, exertion, excitement. Something to help Nature keep the digestive system properly alkaline.

The regular use of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia works wonders for most men and women. They eat well. Their food digests. Proper alkalinity permits the stomach, liver and intestines to function as they should.

Take a spoonful of this creamy, pleasant-tasting anti-acid today and for several days. See how it sweetens stomach and intestines; relieves the sick headaches, bloating, gas, biliousness, and indigestion caused by too much acid. Appetite and digestion will improve. You'll feel better all over. It will be more difficult for sickness or colds to attack you.

Get genuine Milk of Magnesia. Look for the Phillips' name on the wrapper. It is always a liquid; never sold in tablet form.

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The brilliant young Mozart received great inspiration and encouragement from his royal patroness, Maria Theresa. Much of the world's fine music has been stimulated through the interest of those with wealth and appreciation. And so it is with all fine things. The appreciation of those who know and want the best things in life has, over thirty years, built Packard leadership in the realm of truly luxurious transportation

The luxury of Packard transportation—now available at no greater cost than the lesser advantages of many lower-priced cars—has lately brought new thousands to the enjoyment of Packard ownership.

Motorists who thought the Packard Eight beyond their means have discovered that operating costs are no greater for a Standard Eight than for any other car of similar size and power. And also that depreciation, the most important cost of car ownership, is no greater, either, if the Packard is driven proportionately longer, which it nearly always is.

If your present car is of Packard size, undoubtedly you, too, are paying Packard costs. Why not, then, *have* one of the new series Standard Eights—refined and improved in appointments and details, and with added power and speed?

Any Packard man will gladly come and give you the actual figures on Packard ownership costs, so that you can compare them with your current motoring expenses. And you will be satisfied, unless your case is most unusual, that the luxury of a distinguished Packard Eight can be yours at no financial sacrifice at all.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 67)

"Come along, Yellow Flower! That's Orgree over!" As they slowed down in sight of the school building, he said a thrillingly daring thing. "I guess I'd 'a' liked to live in them old days!"

The passage of fifteen uneventful years had made of BWZ, 2933 M a tall young fellow bronzed with sun and rain, his handloom-spun clothes stained with the earth of the collective farm on which he worked. On this great revolutionary anniversary, with all the other workers from the outlying farms he had come into the big straggling township where most of the houses had tumbled down, their ruins grown over with luxuriant weeds, long unnecessary for the diminished population, which, indeed, decreased year by year.

Garbed in a drab uniformity, the men in short breeches, the women in loose trousers, the comrades were now being swallowed up within the immense high-spired workers' hall which still had bits of colored glass in its odd-shaped windows. He followed the stream, entered that lofty interior draped with dingy red and having three large and faded portraits of Comrades Karl Marx, Lenin and No. 1 at its farther end. The commune was about to perform its annual election of the local soviet.

It was an occasion evoking no excitement. The proceedings would be as they had been from time immemorial. The little group of local commissars—the Party, which in mysterious conclave coöpted a new member to itself when there was a vacancy—would present the same old list of candidates, would challenge those in opposition to hold up their hands. No one was ever against. From now time out of mind, it was axiomatic that something vaguely dreadful happened to those who dared to be against the Party. It didn't matter anyway. There was no advantage in being a commissar. Everyone had the same rations, had the same clothing, issued to them from the communal store against dockets for so many hours of labor. The life of the commune went on the same from year to year, automatically, self-supported and self-contained. It was decades since they had had a visit or a communication from the authorities at the distant capital of the world republic. It was decades since they had sent any delegate thither. The journey was almost insuperably difficult and there was no point in doing so. All over the world, things went on just as they did here, precisely according to the schedule laid down when the world revolution had won. All over the world.

Jostled in the close-packed congregation, Comrade 33 perceived that a young F comrade was smiling to him. It was she who long ago in their childhood he had called Yellow Flower. He had not seen her for a long time. They worked on different farms. He pushed his way through to her.

"Hallo!" He was uncouthly casual. He would have laughed at the idea of being specially polite to a woman, an equal comrade with men. He didn't know what next to say to her. He really hadn't anything to talk to her about. It was just on an impulse that he had come across to her. There was a time when he had thought about her a lot.

"Hallo!" She smiled again. Then she bent close to him, whispered in his ear, "Big Thunder!"

It gave him a queer little shock. Fancy her remembering! He grinned at her. "That's a long time ago! What are you doing now? I'm working on the Lenin Colfarm."

"I'm at the Engels. I guess I'll be shifted though. We've plowed about a hundred acres less this year. There's no sense in growing surpluses you can't do anything with. So we're just letting the land go out of cultivation. It will mean a redistribution of the agric workers, of course."

"You ought to come over to the Lenin. We've got some good double quarters there."

She gave him a quick little glance. "I don't need double quarters. I'm not living with anybody."

"Oh!" he said awkwardly. He had put his foot in it. He had made sure that a nice-looking girl like her would certainly have a mate.

His embarrassment was relieved by the arrival of the commissars, male and female, on the raised platform at the end of the building. A band played an introductory bar. The congregation sang with solemnity the lugubrious Internationale.

A wizened old commissar, wearing a red sash over a faded tunic conspicuously embroidered with the wreathed sickle and hammer, came to the front of the platform. He was one of the first generation after the world revolution had triumphed; since his youth one of the Party, in which locally, for time out of mind, he had been the leading spirit. He prided himself on keeping alive in this commune the pure Marxian doctrine, and was the arbiter to whom every dispute was by prescription referred. Fanatically rigid in the orthodox interpretation, he settled every doubtful point by quoting the authentic words of Comrade Lenin, piously preserved in a little book, even as the great Comrade No. 1 had enjoined in the long ago. Now he delivered his annual address, long stereotyped for this occasion.

"Comrades!" he said, in solemnly unctuous intonation. "Once again we are met to celebrate the redemption of humanity. Once again we celebrate the victory of the masses achieved under the leadership of the Party. All over the world, on this magnificent anniversary, your comrades are similarly gathering to render homage to the liberators, Comrade Karl Marx, Comrade Lenin, and that greatest of all revolutionary appliances, the leader who, scorning the bourgeois individualism of a personal name, identified himself with the triumphant mass man—Comrade No. 1! All over the world at this moment, under the universal red flag of the sickle and hammer, your comrades greet you in a globe-wide liberty, equality and fraternity! That which for long centuries was the dream of the pioneer thinkers of mankind has been fully and gloriously achieved. Long live the world revolution, established everywhere for all time!"

They answered, not in a spontaneous shout but in an intoned ritual response: "Long live the world revolution, established everywhere for all time!"

The old commissar continued in a more businesslike tone: "Now, comrades, you will exercise your rights as free self-governing citizens. We commissars lay down the tasks you assigned to us last year. In virtue of the honorable privilege of guidance still possessed by the Party, we shall propose a list of candidates for your election. After the election there will be the usual procession to demonstrate the solidarity of the world proletariat."

The election was over. Comrade 33 and the girl he had once called Yellow

. . . . Not at *your* party!

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. . . . . ask the "Y and E" Man to show you the Best Steel Desk ever made. . . . .

Designed, built and dedicated to modern business needs, this Steel Desk can rightfully claim to be the finest ever built.

Innumerable refinements, both in design and construction, make this a true "Efficiency" Desk. Distinctive, durable and rigid—a "Y and E" Steel Desk is a farsighted investment that returns yearly dividends in increased efficiency, longer life and lower depreciation.

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Flower marched side by side in the procession, carrying its venerated, century-old, tattered banners inscribed Workers of the World Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Chains! and similar slogans of the militant era of the revolution.

At the head marched a score or so of Red Guards, dressed in the ancient uniforms produced once a year, dragging machine guns and carrying rifles reverently polished to a sparkling brightness; they had not been used since the revolutionary war had terminated seventy-four years ago. After the demonstration the cartridges for them would be meticulously counted back into store like sacred relics. Long since in this millennium of perpetual peace the last cartridge factory had ceased to exist.

They chanted the old revolutionary songs, and there was something thrilling in them, something that stirred the collective soul of this human mass, drilled and disciplined from childhood to an exact identity.

"It's wonderful to think that the masses are doing this all over the world," remarked 33. "It's hard to realize it."

"Yes," she agreed. "There must be millions marching just as we are—in every land—and we are all brothers. In the old bourgeois time they used to make us fight one another. Doesn't that seem strange?"

He admired her for having carried his thought a little further. There was always something about little Yellow Flower which made her company more worth while than that of other girls. He had been a fool to lose sight of her. It would be nice to be intimate with someone he could talk to intelligently. The other comrades were just like animals, except that they worked on their assigned tasks in the necessity of earning their commodity cards. Beyond that, they merely ate and made brutish love and slept. None of them had any interest in anything outside the petty topics of the commune. He was conscious that he himself no longer took an interest in many things he had thought about as a lad. With Yellow Flower as a companion, life would be somehow quite different — utterly different — vividly worth while. He perceived that suddenly, with a queer strange feeling inside him—a dizzy topsy-turviness—a novel inward tremulousness. But perhaps she wouldn't want him? Would only laugh at him? That humiliating apprehension made him absurdly tongue-tied as he marched by her side. He was glad when they struck up another revolutionary song.

The demonstration ended at last, with a final singing of the Internationale and a final shout of "Long live the world revolution, established everywhere for all time!" The comrades dispersed, idly drifting in little groups along the gapped and ruined Main Street. Except for those who wished to continue the celebration in the workers' clubs, there was nothing to do other than to go home to their communal barracks. Comrade 33 turned to Yellow Flower, ventured what he had been phrasing to himself for the past half hour:

"Say, comrade; if you like, I'll walk back with you."

"That's fine," she answered with a frank simplicity. "I was wondering whether you would. We ought to have lots to talk about."

They ought to have had lots to talk about, but somehow they didn't. As, in the dusk, they walked out of the town into the countryside, along what had once been a broad highway but was now overgrown, broken and rutted, they found only the stiffest of commonplace remarks to exchange.

Under those awkwardnesses of conversation, 33 was thinking that she was a fine, good-looking girl—a better-looking girl than any other F comrade he knew. He thought also that her hair was so richly golden that the name Yellow Flower was still appropriate. That afternoon he had noticed that her eyes were deep blue, like the deepest blue of the sky.

"D'you remember?" he asked suddenly, "when we were kids and played at being bourgeois? Of course you do. You called me Big Thunder in the workers' hall!" He laughed self-consciously.

"And you used to call me Yellow Flower," she said. "We were scared to death of being found out and punished as counter-revolutionary."

"We used to have all sorts of ideas in those days, didn't we?" It was stupid that he couldn't look straight at her and tell her plumb out that he wanted her. He'd done it with dozens of other F comrades, but Yellow Flower was certainly different.

He remembered that at one of the compulsory lectures for adolescents, the instructress had referred slightingly to a bourgeois emotion called Love—something which made men and women think as individualists, picking out one person rather than another in a manner destructive of the mass idea, and therefore utterly condemnable as counter-revolutionary. The entirely free association of the sexes decreed in revolutionary society had extirpated that old antisocial illusion. Funny how he should have remembered the comrade instructress saying that, with all her long scientific words; it was difficult to think that anyone could ever have wanted her. But then, she wasn't anything like Yellow Flower, with her fine, upstanding body, her golden hair, and her eyes like the color of the sky. Yellow Flower had attractively curved red lips too. Of course, kissing them would be merely a physical contact producing a specific reflex action. The instructress had said that also, reading from one of those old books of the revolutionary philosophers whose theoretical teachings were carefully handed down long after the knowledge of how to make things had been lost. He had kissed the lips of any amount of F comrades. But absurdly he wanted to kiss her lips more than he had ever wanted to kiss any lips in his life. Was he differentiating—being like an old-time bourgeois?

Yellow Flower broke the silence. "D'you remember that old gardener who used to make us call him Bill?" She mused. "He's dead long ago, of course. He used to talk of his wife and baby—imagine, his own wife and baby!—that he had had in the bourgeois times."

He nodded. "Sure! And toward the end he got scared he was getting superstitious again—used to say that when he was alone he caught himself wondering whether there wasn't something in it after all—whether perhaps he wouldn't meet his Clara when he died." He laughed. "Funny how the old superstitions stuck to people who were born in prerevolutionary times!"

She laughed also. "It's a great thing to be emancipated from all that old nonsense. We are rational people nowadays."

He perceived a rough track leading off from the highway unpleasantly populous with similarly returning comrades. He remembered that at the end of that track was a little wood, with a stream through it; an altogether unfrequented spot that once had been a suburban park. It seemed to him that there he might more easily ask Yellow Flower what he wanted to ask her. Somehow this publicity of the open road made it impossible. It was idiotic of him, but he couldn't help it. He wondered if it were a bourgeois streak in him to want to get off to some place alone.

"Come along here," he said abruptly. "I've got something to tell you."

She followed him docilely, without comment.

Not until they had reached the stream arched over by ancient trees did he speak. Then he turned to her, white-faced.

"I expect you'll hate me for being a bourgeois," he said desperately, "but I'm going to call you Yellow Flower like when we were kids, and not just a mass number! And I want you to kiss me—not because you're an F comrade but because you're you—because you're Yellow Flower! Got it?" He ended with a brutal harshness.

He thought she was going to faint, she went so pale, looked at him so strangely.

"You—you mean ——"

He did not wait to answer: he caught her to him, kissed her hungrily on her mouth, felt—thrillingly, incredibly—that she kissed him. What was she murmuring? "Big Thunder—Big Thunder! I've thought of you so often—it's bourgeois of me too."

They sat down on a fallen tree trunk together.

"We're going to be mates, you and I," he said. "From today. We'll go back into the town and register. There's a vacant double quarter in my barrack."

She looked at him. He had never seen an F comrade look at him that way before; had never seen one look so shyly.

"Do you mean"—she hesitated—"register—seriously—for a whole year?"

"For as long as I live. The other comrades'll jeer at us, but it doesn't matter. I don't care if they call me bourgeois. I don't care if it's against revolutionary morality. I want you for keeps."

She was the oddest girl. Suddenly she slipped from the tree trunk, knelt down, gazed up to the evening sky, latticed over with branches.

"Little star!" she said in an earnest voice. "Little star that knows me, that winks at me. You've always been good to me when I've asked you for things secretly. Keep Big Thunder with me for ever and ever!"

He was stac tled, disturbed in his conscience. "That's superstition!" he said severely as she rose to her feet.

"It's not!" she replied indignantly. "Superstition is only when you believe in something called God!"

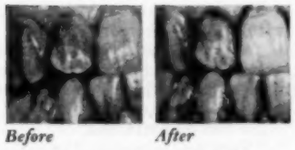
He wasn't going to argue with her. He was too happy.

"All right!" he said. "Let's go back and get our ticket. There's just time before the bureau shuts."

It was a year later. M Comrade BWZ, 2933 walked along the rutted entrance road to the maternity center where Yellow Flower had had her first baby a month ago. It was visiting day. Mostly those others going to see their friends were F comrades, but there were a few men. He got into conversation with one of them, a comrade twice as old as himself, dull and brutish-looking, walking with a gray-haired woman. *(Continued on Page 72)*

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TEETH ARE BRUSHED! THESE NORMAL TEETH SHOW RESULTS OF TESTS.

Here are four typical examples from tests referred to below. Teeth stained (to show both visible and invisible dirt) both *before* and *after* brushing.



Before *After*

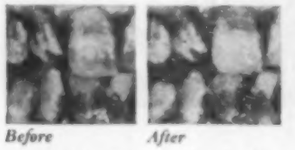
Dentifrice "9" did not clean at all. But the tests showed that it injured enamel.

Before *After*

Dentifrice "3" did not clean teeth—but it did not injure enamel either.

Before *After*

Another dentifrice—"No. 5"—which did not clean teeth and did not injure.



Before *After*

Still another—Dentifrice "6"—did not clean, but didn't scratch or erode.

About *one* dentifrice:

the TRUTH, the WHOLE TRUTH, *and nothing but the* TRUTH!

A GREAT UNIVERSITY LABORATORY MEASURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE

1) *cleansing thoroughness*

2) *safety to enamel*

of DR. WEST'S—and nine other tooth pastes.

THIS is the first information, of this kind, you have ever had. It is startling—and important.

Demonstration, in advance, showing exactly what DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste will do to give you cleaner, brighter teeth.

Here are the findings of tests on these 10 dentifrices, conducted by the laboratory of a leading university:

a) SEVEN DO *NOT* CLEAN TEETH *(and two of these seven injure enamel)*

b) TWO OTHERS DO CLEAN, BUT BOTH INJURE ENAMEL

c) ONLY *ONE*—DR. WEST'S—*CLEANS* TEETH WITHOUT INJURY TO ENAMEL

Needless to say, these tests were thorough but fair. Normal teeth were first stained to show invisible as well as visible dirt, *before* brushing. Then brushed, and *again stained after brushing* to show any dirt the dentifrice failed to cleanse away. Finally the effect of each dentifrice on the enamel was determined. Powerful camera lenses and exact scientific instruments measured and recorded the results.

Of the ten dentifrices tested, DR. WEST'S *alone cleaned teeth thoroughly—and did it without injury to enamel.* About this dentifrice, at least, you do not guess; you are sure.

Gentle polishing does it

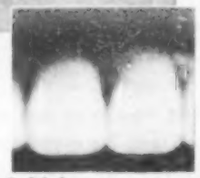
This safe cleansing and brightening ability comes from *two* gentle polishers added to pure vegetable cleansers. Although much softer than tooth-enamel these polishers work together and restore the natural smooth brilliance. To do this with only *one* polisher would be risking dangerous harshness.

In addition, DR. WEST'S provides every other good result any dentifrice can safely give: protection and stimulation for gums; mouth acids neutralized; the whole mouth keenly and delightfully refreshed.

NORMAL TEETH STAINED **Before** cleansing with DR. WEST'S *(above)*. Stain applied to show the invisible dirt which all teeth carry unless thoroughly cleaned. Only *dirt* is stained.

NORMAL TEETH CLEANED BY DENTIFRICE "10" (DR. WEST'S) —under exactly the same tests given each of the nine other dentifrices tested. Note these photographs:

NORMAL TEETH STAINED AFTER cleansing with DR. WEST'S *(above)*. All dirt cleaned away—visible and invisible. Same stain is applied here as in first photo—but there was *no dirt left* for it to stain, so no discoloration shows.



Safely! Magnified photo of enamel, after equivalent of 10 years' brushing with DR. WEST'S, showed safety—no scratching or injury of enamel!

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste saves you money, too—greater quantity, by measured volume, than any other similarly-priced, standard dentifrice. It is guaranteed by the makers of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. And has already won the most sensational success in dentifrice history. All stores have it for you: big tube, 25c; or the double quantity tube, 40c.

Today *get some for the whole family.* Here are positive results of vital importance to health, appearance, even success and happiness! Some other dentifrices *may* clean; some do *not.* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste *does* clean—*safely!* Why *guess . . . when you can be sure?*

THE WESTERN COMPANY (S. E. P.) 11-8-30
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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$10

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

Let's Get Out

OUT where the ice-chips crackle underfoot in cuppy hollows, and the oak leaves rattle by, and the crisp gale whips ozone into smoky lungs . . . It will be good going—in Smith Smart Shoes. There's footgear for you! As easy as last year's gloves; as style-right as next year's car. Tough, supple soles. Uppers tailored like a cup defender's sails. Wear, fit, good looks—more than ten dollars' worth . . . There's a top-class store near you with Smith Smart Shoes. There you can see the red-blooded He-Man, as illustrated. A beautiful Winter oxford in genuine Scotch Grain . . . black or copper.

Write for new Dress Guide S and your Dealer's Name, to J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Sangamon and Huron Sts., Chicago ...Smith Smart Shoes for men and women; Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for men.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Yes," answered the elderly man in response to his remark, "I've got an F comrade there too. I don't suppose she cares whether she sees me or not—she's young, you know—but I'm hopin' I'll persuade her to register again with me for a few months at least. I've kept on my double quarter for her to come back." He glanced at 33. "When I was your age I never worried about 'em. One go, another come, there was always plenty o' F comrades ready to pass the time o' day. Now it's different. It's always the young comrades they've got a smile an' nod for. I shan't easy get another if this one chucks me. An' when you've got used to havin' an F comrade about, it's kinda lonely without her. O' course, I know it ain't right to talk like that. We're all mass comrades together, an' one ought not to have preferences for one unit more'n another. But I guess when you get my age, you can't always be rational."

"It's all very well for you to talk," said the old woman. "It's worse for us. It'd be a mercy if they'd kill us F comrades off when we gets to forty. Talk about kinda lonely! If it ain't great fun bein' an old man in single quarters, it's enough to drive you crazy sittin' around with a lot o' old hags in the superannuated F comra'es' asylum. That's why I come along here whenever I can. Sometimes they lets me hold the babies."

Comrade 33 heard them with an interior complacency. His own period of loneliness was imminently at an end. Yellow Flower had sworn faithfully to register with him again for another term, had eagerly begged him to promise likewise. She didn't need. Life was just not worth living without Yellow Flower. But today he was going to fetch her away.

"It's the same for everybody," he said hypocritically. "All over the world. Individualism's been stamped out everywhere long ago, and you're just asking to be treated as individuals like old-fashioned bourgeois. It's rough luck on superannuated units—just like dying is rough luck—but it's only the mass that matters. I guess superannuated bees feel about it the same way."

They arrived at the center. On this gloriously fine summer day, a number of newly born babies were out in cribs on the grass plot in front of the old mansion. A uniformed F comrade held in her arms one that cried as if it were going into convulsions, while exasperatedly with her foot she rocked the crib of another passionately squalling infant. The old woman clutched at her.

"Let me hold the baby, comrade," she said anxiously, "while you look after the other one. I'm a good hand at babies, sure; they'll always stop cryin' for me."

"All right," said the attendant indifferently. "Take it. That's its crib over there, if you want to put it down. I'm going in. My four hours' duty is up. I'll send out the other attendant."

She went toward the building, leaving the infant in the old woman's arms. The old creature dandled it affectionately.

"My, ain't you a purty one!" she said in a soothing voice, smiling into its contorted face. "Purty, purty! . . . Hushaby, baby! There, there, now! It's a nice old comrade that's got you."

No. 33 went on to the center with the elderly man. At the door his companion gave his own number and the number of his F comrade to the hard-featured janitress. She glanced down her register.

"Can't be admitted!" she said curtly.

The elderly comrade went ashen. "Why—why not?" he stammered.

"F 7829 says she doesn't want to see you any more."

"But, comrade," he pleaded, "let me in just for a minute! I must speak to her—I must!"

The janitress shook her head.

"Can't be done! She's a free comrade. She says she doesn't want to see you any more, and there's an end of it." She turned to 33. "Yes, comrade? What number do you want?"

He was admitted without difficulty. Yellow Flower, fully dressed, was sitting in the long ward, the baby on her lap.

As he approached her he saw that her face was streaming with tears.

"Why, what's wrong?" he asked. "I've come to fetch you."

She clutched the baby to her. He had never seen her look like that before; it was as though she did not recognize him.

"They're taking him away from me today! My baby! Oh, I can't—I can't let him go!"

He spoke kindly to her. "But, comrade, all the F comrades give up their babies. It doesn't belong to you; it belongs to the state—to the mass. Your function is ended."

She stared at him as though insane.

"It is mine!" she asserted passionately. "It is mine; it's part of me! I bore it! And it's part of you too! Can't you see? Look how he's like you! He's part of both of us—our flesh and blood—and they want to take him away so that we shall never recognize him any more, so that he won't know us!"

He smiled tolerantly. "Comrade, you talk like an old-time bourgeois. What would happen to the world revolutionary state if everybody behaved like this? You'd be starting individualism all over again."

She ignored that philosophy. "He's yours, too, I tell you. Can't you see he's yours? Can't you feel he's yours? You're his father as much as I'm his mother. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

He looked at the diminutive bit of humanity. The idea of fathership was completely alien to him—nobody had bothered about fathers for three or four generations—yet something stirred obscurely in him. He wondered what it was like in the old bourgeois days when fathers had parental rights over their children. That doddering old gardener, years ago, had been ridiculously proud of his paternity. But there was no use thinking such fantastic thoughts. This child belonged to the state, as every other child belonged to the state, and only the state could assume possession of him.

"Comrade," he said gently, "this is just atavism. You must not be foolish. You know it is quite useless to behave like this."

Again she ignored what he said. "But I shall recognize him again!" she affirmed. "There's marks on his body—three moles under his left shoulder. Always I shall be able to recognize him! My baby! My baby!"

The matron appeared in the ward, a uniformed young woman with her.

"It's time now," she said smilingly to Yellow Flower, "to hand over our little new citizen. Here's the comrade from the crèche."

Yellow Flower shrieked. There was a painful scene.

A quarter of an hour later he was helping her affectionately along the rutted road from the maternity center. She still sobbed uncontrollably.

"Never mind," he said consolingly as they reached the highway. "Don't think of it any more. We're going to be happy together again. You can soon have another baby."

She stopped abruptly, looked at him with a kind of horror.

"No," she said. "No. I couldn't. I couldn't. They'd only take it away like they've taken this. I never want any more babies. Never!"

He was embarrassed.

"Very well, comrade," he said soothingly. "We won't think about it. But come along now. We've a long way to go."

She remained motionless, shook her head.

"No, comrade. I'm sorry. I can't. I just can't. You've been very kind to me, but I can't. Every time I looked at you I should see his eyes—they're just the same as yours. And I should be in terror that I might have another baby—that I might have to go through all this again. I can't do it. I'd rather die. We must separate. You go back to the Lenin Colfarm. I'll go into the town and get transferred. I know how to weave and they're short of workers at the wool factory."

He heard her incredulously, while it seemed as if something icy gripped his heart, something that made him feel like death.

"But, comrade!" he protested. "Yellow Flower! You promised! I want you—I want you! I must have you with me." His voice choked in that atrocious poignancy.

"I know, comrade, it's difficult. We're as bad as bourgeois, both of us—preferring each other out of the mass. But I can't—not now. Perhaps, later on, when I've forgotten. They say all the F comrades forget sooner or later; they say it's only the first baby it's hard to give up. We'll, perhaps, be mates again later on. You know I shan't go with any other M comrade. But we must separate now. I must get over this first."

"No, no; I can't let you! I won't let you!"

She checked that protest with a gesture, her face drawn.

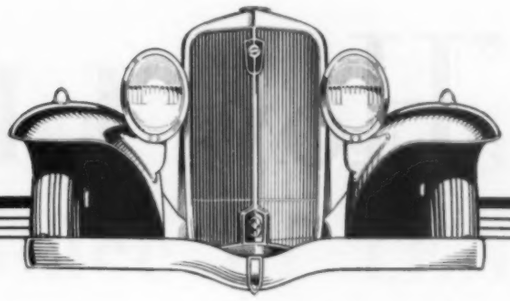
"You forget I'm a free comrade like yourself. You've got no rights over me. It's killing me, too, but—but the other is worse. I can't go through it again—not yet." She tried to smile. "Be brave, comrade. You can find another F comrade, just for a time. That'll make it easier. But we're going to part now. Here. Every minute makes it harder. You stand where you are. Let me get a good start along the road. And—and don't call after me!"

As she said, she was a free comrade. He couldn't compel her. There was nothing for him to do but to stand, watching her go, watching her until she was out of sight.

Another year had elapsed. Again they were going to celebrate the anniversary of the world revolution. Comrade BWZ, 2933 M stood in the loose throng of comrades collecting in the open space outside the tall-spired workers' hall, its façade hung with red for this great occasion. In his immediate vicinity a group crowded round an M comrade who talked excitedly. He elbowed close, in curiosity as to what it was all about.

"I tell you there's something queer happening up Peoria way," repeated this comrade. "I didn't cross into their commune because I hadn't my papers

(Continued on Page 76)



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"Bless their hearts," she said with a smile, "they are all darlings, but there are days when I'm half distracted, just making decisions for them."

Then this mother of three youngsters told us a story:

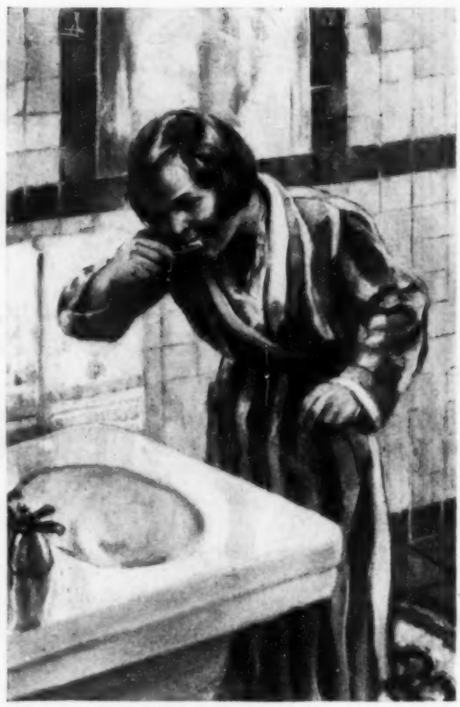
"I've never found a way to avoid deciding about their coats and sweaters and whether they should come in or stay out or have a cookie. But I don't have to make any more decisions about tooth paste, cod-liver oil, milk of magnesia and half a dozen other household necessities I have to buy for them.

"You see, I used to be all confused. I would go into the drug store and see rows and rows of products, all different. I suppose most of them were good—but how could I *know?* I wanted the finest, of course, and I almost wore my mind out trying to decide."

The reason our ears were hosts to this story was that this mother had one day simply decided once and for all to stop trying to make such decisions herself—and to let the Parke-Davis label decide *for* her.

"My mind smoothed right out," she concluded. "And you don't know the difference it has made for me. All I have to do now is to select the package that bears the reassuring Parke-Davis label and it gives me the comfortable feeling that my children are getting the best that modern science can give them."

Perhaps you, too, would find comfort in following this plan. Since you probably know that Parke, Davis & Company have enjoyed the complete confidence of the medical profession for 64 years, you will naturally have no doubts about the high quality and dependability of all Parke-Davis products. Ask your druggist about them, the next time you visit his store.



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The kind that "keeps"

When you pour a few drops of Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide on a cut or scratch, the energetic foaming shows you that here's *one* peroxide which is full of life and strength. You may have bought it months ago, but you'll find it as strong and active as it was the first day you opened the bottle. Your druggist will tell you that Parke-Davis Peroxide is the kind that "keeps." Naturally, it's far more economical than cheaper brands, which usually become weak and lifeless in a short time. Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide is used in thousands of homes to cleanse minor wounds, as a mouth wash, as an aid in manicuring the nails, and to bleach superfluous hair.

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If you're as particular about your medicine cabinet as you are about your kitchen cupboard, Milk of Magnesia is certainly on your list of staples. Next time, ask your druggist to let you look at a bottle of creamy, snow-white Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Through the clear glass you can see that it "settles" less than any other brand. A small point, seemingly, but it speaks volumes for the time and thought which our scientific staff has given to this product. Many thousands of people use Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia as a mild laxative, or for sour stomach—did you know that it is excellent for acid-mouth, too?

THESE ARE

to make ONE decision take the place of TEN"

Modern magic!

Of course, when you give your child good cod-liver oil, it is strong, straight bones that you're really giving him; and sound even teeth, and rosy cheeks, and added protection from the winter ills you dread so much. This is the magic which the vitamins work. So, naturally, you want to choose a cod-liver oil that you *know* is rich in vitamins. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil gives your child as much vitamin A, in one teaspoonful, as all the milk he'd drink in a week. It is rich in vitamin D too, the "sunshine" vitamin. Each teaspoonful contains as much vitamin D as all the eggs in the largest sponge cake you ever made! The definitely measured amounts of both vitamins are plainly stated on the label. Your druggist can supply you. In 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles and in easy-to-take, *soft* capsules.

First aid to teeth— and to mothers

It does get monotonous to have to keep on saying, "Brush your teeth, Junior!" "Brush your teeth, Betty!" That's why so many mothers welcome Euthymol Tooth Paste. The whole family likes it, of course; but the youngsters are sure it was made especially for them! Do you remember those refreshing old-fashioned pink wintergreen lozenges? Well, Euthymol Tooth Paste tastes just like them and has the pink color, too. But the best reason for choosing Euthymol is that it cleans and polishes teeth so safely, thoroughly, and pleasantly—and leaves your mouth feeling so cool and fresh! We'll send you a trial tube free, if you'll use the coupon on opposite page.

Make it tonight

Next time you relax in a hot tub, let Neko's generous lather help to give you the most completely satisfying bath you've ever had. Satisfying because this fine medicated soap leaves you hygienically clean! Neko is gentle to your own healthy skin, yet more deadly to germs than thirty times its own weight of pure carbolic acid. A bath with Neko lessens the danger of infection from small cuts and bruises, and banishes perspiration odors instantly without substituting an objectionable "antiseptic" smell . . . Neko gives a fine shampoo, too, especially if you're troubled with dandruff. Make Neko's acquaintance tonight! Your druggist gladly sponsors this fine Parke-Davis soap. Use coupon on opposite page for free trial cake.

Chemists must shave!

Frankly, the two chemists in our laboratories who devised this new shaving cream weren't thinking about their fellow men at the time. They wanted a shaving cream for their personal use—a cream that would give them the maximum amount of shaving comfort. But when they finally evolved such a cream—well, the secret seemed too good to keep. That's why, these days, thousands of stubborn beards are being introduced to Parke-Davis Shaving Cream. Men find it has coaxing ways with tough whiskers. This cream holds water like a sponge, and thus makes the razor's path an easy one. But we'd rather have people try it than read about it! We'll send you a free trial tube, if you'll use the coupon on the opposite page.

PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS

The quality of Defiance Spark Plugs, predetermined by exhaustive engineering research, is guarded by the most careful packaging in Cellophane-wrapped cartons.

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Defiance
SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 72)

with me, but I distinctly saw men riding about on horses, looking like the soldiers you see pictures of in old books."

Peoria was some fifty miles away. For many a year there had been no intercommunication between the two places. Every commune lived isolated, running its own affairs, in an allegiance to the world state that had become merely theoretical. Long since, the commissars had ceased to journey to and from the capital. The Marxian state had been everywhere so long established as to be taken as a matter of course. For more than seventy years there had been no political event whatever, no change. Only in this period the continually declining population had tended to shrink each commune away from its fellows, leaving often miles of derelict prairie between the inhabited areas. This particular comrade had been up Peoria way looking for some cattle that had strayed.

His story excited considerable, if skeptical, comment in the crowd. Who could such strangers be? Some opined they might be brigands. Others said there hadn't been a brigand for sixty-five years, since the Red Guards from Springfield had exterminated them. Perhaps it was some order from the world capital which had come to Peoria—an order which would reach them also in due course—prescribing that the local Red Guards should be mounted on horses.

"Anyway," remarked one of the comrades, "if it's brigands, we can beat them off with our own Red Guards. It's lucky it's Anniversary Day. Everyone's here, and the Guards will have their rifles and machine guns out of the armory."

"That's fine!" said a waggish comrade, already in his faded Red Guard uniform. "Let's hope they'll be scared at the sight of us, for we ain't got a cartridge that'll go off!"

There was a general laugh at this. No one really believed there was anything in the yarn. From time out of mind, since the world revolution had ruthlessly destroyed the last vestiges of opposition, there had been no fighting anywhere in the world. How could there be?

Comrade 33 caught sight of Yellow Flower on the outskirts of the crowd, and pushed through to her. Rarely did he see her, living as now she did in the town, but always he hoped that she would come back to him. Life had been inexpressibly empty this year.

"Hallo!" he said. "Did you hear what this comrade was saying? There's strange folk abroad Peoria way."

She caught his arm, smiled to him happily.

"What do you think, comrade?" she whispered in his ear. "I went to the crèche yesterday. He's still well and happy. He's even getting to know me. Of course, I had to be careful to pretend he wasn't any special baby. But he smiled at me!"

He shook his head.

"You'll be getting yourself into trouble," he replied in a reproachful, low voice. "In the days of the militant revolution they'd have shot you for that. It's sheer individualism, you know." He hesitated. "Won't you be mates again, comrade?" His voice was humbly appealing. "I haven't had anything to do with an F comrade since—since that day you went. I'm always thinking of you—just you."

She smiled. "That's individualistic of you too," she answered. She paused. "Yes, perhaps I might—soon. I'm getting used to it. It isn't so bad, now I can see him sometimes and recognize him. There's lots of F comrades that go as voluntary extra workers just to see their babies—recognizing them secretly, like I do. Of course, we don't tell on one another."

He was not so interested in this matter of the baby.

"When, comrade?" he asked earnestly. "When will you come back to me? Why not today?"

"Today?" Yellow Flower mused. Then she smiled. "All right, comrade." Her hand found his. They squeezed each other's fingers in a mutual pressure. "It's been lonely for me, too, and if we have another baby, I'll try not to mind."

In that public place he could not say all he would have wished to.

"You've made me happy again, comrade," he said in a husky voice. "You don't know how happy!"

"They're going in to the workers' hall." She smiled at him. "We'd better go in too. We'll march side by side in the demonstration like we did two years ago."

"Sure!" he said. "I never thought I was going to enjoy it so much."

As they went toward the big door with the other comrades she whispered again to him: "Comrade, wouldn't it be just wonderful if we could keep our own babies with us in our own quarters!"

"Bourgeois!" He smiled at her in tolerant happiness. "You ought to have lived in the bad old days before the world revolution."

They entered the interior, draped, as usual, in red, with the three flyblown portraits of Karl Marx, Lenin and No. 1 at the farther end.

Once more the congregation of comrades sang the Internationale with solemn fervor. Once more the old commissar who was the local leader of the Party got up to deliver his annual harangue.

"Again, comrades, we are met to celebrate the redemption of humanity in every clime. All over the world, your comrades are similarly gathering under the universal red flag. Long live the world revolution, triumphantly established everywhere for all time!"

The annual farce of the election followed. That having been concluded in the usual manner with a show of hands unanimously approving the Party list, the comrades surged out of the building to assemble for the demonstration. Once again they marched through the gapped and dilapidated streets of the town, under their tattered old banners, the Red Guard dragging its brightly polished machine guns at their head.

They had just returned to the open space in front of the workers' hall, were waiting for the order to dismiss, when suddenly there was a startling outery: "The brigands! The brigands!"

With a clattering of hoofs, shouting ferociously, a company of mounted men galloped into them. The crowd scattered in shrieking terror. No. 33 seized Yellow Flower, ran with her amid the screaming fugitives to a side of the square.

From comparative safety he turned to see these strangers—about fifty of them; fierce-looking men wearing helmets and padded jackets, armed with swords and lances—reining up before the squad of Red Guards and the group of commissars.

"Surrender!" cried their leader, a big bearded ruffian. "Surrender or I cut you to pieces!"

The old chief commissar answered defiantly, "Red Guards, fire on these brigands!"

The commander of the Red Guards looked at him scaredly. "Sorry, comrade; we ain't got nothing that'll shoot!"

The commissar drew himself up proudly in his red sash and emblem-embroidered tunic. It was evident that he was prepared to die a martyr in the sublime cause.

"I protest against this counter-revolutionary brigandage in the name of the world republic!"

The leader of the horsemen burst into a shout of laughter.

"Well, if you people in these parts ain't the funniest yet! You shriveled old dormouse, don't—you—know? All over the world your red world republic has been smashed up these twenty years!"

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Mt. Washington, From Bretton Woods, New Hampshire

LOS ANGELES

TIME 67 Hours 38 Minutes

TIME 69 Hours 20 Minutes

NEW YORK

Dramatic record-breaking run proves the endurance of the new "CRACK-PROOF" TEXACO

COVERING more than a thousand miles a day, "Stu" Hawley broke "Cannon Ball" Baker's coast-to-coast-and-return record by more than 15 hours. He drove a stock Buick car, fueled and lubricated by Texaco, twice across the continent in six strenuous, breath-taking days! From New York to Los Angeles and return, 17 hours faster than the fastest train time!

It was a remarkable test of man and car. It was a dramatic demonstration of the spectacular endurance and longer-lasting body of the new crack-proof Texaco. For the motor oil that Hawley used throughout the run was the crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil that you can obtain at Texaco Service Stations in all our 48 States.

The Buick service men were highly pleased with the condition of the engine after this record-breaking run. The valves, bearings, cylinder walls and rings were all in excellent shape and the engine was entirely free from hard carbon. The oil showed a loss of but a few seconds in viscosity. The dilution was only 5 per cent!

This stock Buick 8-66S made the trip from east to west in 67 hrs. 38 min. Stopped in Los Angeles 4 hrs. 46 min. Returned from west to east in 69 hrs. 20 min. Total time, 141 hrs. 44 min.

No motor oil sold to the public has passed such a test

Could there be more convincing proof of the qualities of this new Texaco? Even after the last mile of the last hard day's run the oil showed practically no deterioration. Its lubricating value was unimpaired, there was no appreciable viscosity loss, and no hard carbon.

The new Texaco gave Hawley the extra engine protection that carried him through. The new Texaco Golden Motor Oil will give *you* the same extra engine protection that means, in your own car, substantially lower oil consumption, better lubrication and a quieter, more efficient engine.

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THE BOLD MAN OF DUNVEGAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yus, and so's 'is myte, that ruddy Carstairs," declared Mr. Montgomery.

"Aye," chimed in Mr. Glencannon. "But that domned ghoul o' a MacCrummon is the blackest cruminal o' them a'."

III

THE Incheliffe Castle and the Hardcliffe Castle, as like as two peas in a pod and as friendly as two bulldogs in a bathtub, lay along the respective sides of Pier No. 6 in Limehouse Commercial Docks. For the first day or so, relations between the officers had been coldly formal and dangerously polite. The matter of the collision had been forgotten by tacit mutual consent. It was not until Saturday night, when certain members of both crews were returning shipwards and walking sideways, that matters took a critical turn.

Bjorklund, A. B., of the Incheliffe, proceeding down the pier singing two songs at once, lurched heavily against Chivers, fireman, of the Hardcliffe, who was still weeping about a music-hall performer's mother.

"Mind yer plyce, ye hawkward square'ead!" Chivers admonished him. "D'ye need the 'ole bleddy dock to walk on?"

"Gaw to hal!" retorted the worthy Bjorklund. From both the ships and from farther down the dock there was an ominous gathering of men.

"Oh, so that's yere tune, is it?" inquired Chivers, doubling his fist. "Well, now, my ugly Scowegian friend, did ye ever 'ear of that gryte British hinstitution known as a barsh on the nose?"

"Yah," replied Bjorklund, instantly demonstrating his knowledge with a blow which distributed the other's nasal appendage among remote and wholly unexpected regions of his face.

Mr. Chivers sat down heavily, his left hand groping experimentally across the unfamiliar contours of his visage and his right covertly unfastening his belt. Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet, his heavy brass belt buckle whirring in circles as he swung it by the strap.

At the fourth revolution, by which time it was traveling with the speed of a bullet, he brought it down on Bjorklund's head. The Swede only grunted. But from all sides in the surrounding gloom came a menacing swishing sound as belts were whisked off and set to whirling.

It was a gorgeous mêlée in the dark. There were oaths and thuds and gasps and war cries, the scuffle of feet, the smack of fists, the thwack of belt buckles on close-cropped pates. But all at once the panting combatants became aware of a new element in the battle—of two stalwart figures who had hurled themselves into the strife from opposite sides, who clouted all and sundry without discrimination, and who emitted savage "Hoots!" The hoots were unimportant, but the clouts were administered with ten-inch monkey wrenches. Thump! Thwuck! Plock! The skulls resounded. The havoc was awful; and one by one the warriors scurried off in dismay to the glory hole of the Incheliffe or of the Hardcliffe, there to nurse their wounds.

It was thus that Mr. Glencannon and Mr. MacCrummon, with aching arms and brows amoist, found themselves face to face.

"Weel!" said Mr. Glencannon, feigning surprise, tucking his wrench into his hip pocket, but being careful to leave the handle out. "If it isn't MacCrummon! Fancy meeting you!"

"Fancy!" said Mr. MacCrummon.

There was a long and awkward silence. Finally Mr. MacCrummon cleared his throat: "Foorteen years since we met, I feegure."

"Aye," returned Mr. Glencannon. "Aye. And foorty poonds at compoond interest for foorteen years comes to exactly ninety poonds, nine sheellings."

"Foorty poonds?" repeated Mr. MacCrummon, wrinkling his brows in the darkness. "Why, I dinna ken to whuch yere refeerring to, Glencannon."

"Oh, and do ye no'?" inquired Mr. Glencannon skeptically. "Then I'll tell ye. I'm refeerring to that whuch wad lose ye yere teecket in England and get ye hung in Portygal, and ye domned weel desairve it."

"Oh, come," said Mr. MacCrummon. "Canna ye let bygones be bygones? At least ye need no' inseest upon compoond interest ——"

"Weel, sumple interest then," conceded Mr. Glencannon. "That wad mak' it seeventy-three poonds, tweelve sheellings."

There was another long pause, broken finally by Mr. MacCrummon. "Glencannon," he said, "ye're a stooborn and pairsimonious mon. Let's gae ashore and discuss this over a drink."

"Oh, vurra weel," said Mr. Glencannon. "As lang as ye're treating ——"

"Treating?" repeated Mr. MacCrummon indignantly. "Why, what the heel e'er gi' ye that idea?"

Some hours later, when the pink of dawn silhouetted the chimney pots of Limehouse, Mr. Glencannon and Mr. MacCrummon were making their way back to the Commercial Docks. It was a stormy passage. At each street corner, beneath the arc light, the pair would pause in alcoholic argument invariably terminated by fisticuffs. After a brisk round, the gladiators would assist each other to the next corner and there resume the fray. Several times constables emerged from the shadows and strove to intervene, whereupon the Scots joined forces and put the meddlers to rout.

When at length they had reached the docks, embarked upon a final battle, and desisted, panting, they agreed that the evening had been wasted.

"For look ye, MacCrummon," said Mr. Glencannon, "though we've talked and droonk and fought and droonk some more, we've deecided nowt between us. I canna lick you, you canna lick me, so there's still the matter o' the foorty poonds to settle."

"True," nodded MacCrummon. "But 'twas like we agreed. If you cud lick me, I'd pay ye eighty. If I cud lick you, I'd owe ye nowt. But canna we no' settle it by proxy?"

"Meaning whuch?" inquired Mr. Glencannon.

"Meaning sumply that we'll ha' a prize fight twixt the best men on our twa ships, and settle it once and for a' wi'oot further damage to oursel's."

"Aweel," said Mr. Glencannon, "what ye say meerits sober conseederation, so when I'm sober I'll conseeder it."

Not without difficulty, he made his way aboard the Incheliffe Castle, shed his clothes, and composed himself for slumber. That his rest was broken and fitful was probably due to his forgetfulness in not removing the captured

(Continued on Page 80)

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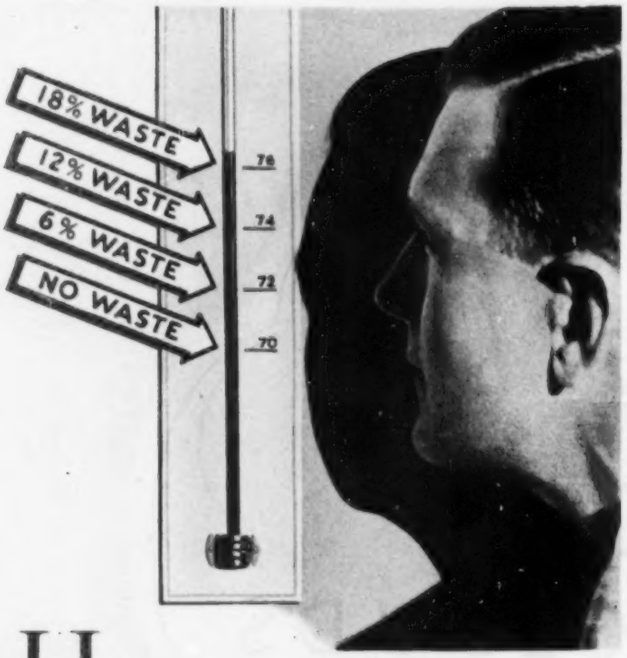

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MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL
HEAT REGULATOR

(Continued from Page 78)

police helmet which graced his throbbing brow.

IV

"SEE here," said Captain Ball, at dinner a few days later, "I'm getting worried about this prize fight. Our man Hughes don't look so good to me."

"No, sir, indeed he does no'," agreed Mr. Glencannon gloomily. "Wi' him fighting for us, I'd conseeder my siller as good as gone."

"Yus, and 'ow about the twenty pund in cold 'ard earsh I'm betting with that thief Carstairs?" inquired Mr. Montgomery. "It looks to me, Mr. Glencannon, like you've got this 'ole ship into a narsty mess."

"I'm afryde 'e 'as," ventured young Mr. Levy, the wireless operator. "From the w'y them 'Ardeliffe coves is betting, they must 'ave a real dark-'orse champion aboard."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Captain Ball. "I don't want to sit by like a wart on a crocodile and watch Captain Dwight pocket my twenty-five guineas."

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon slowly, "there's still a ray o' hope. Muster Levy, did ye ever hear o' a profeesional pugileest by the name o' Hawkins?"

"'Awkins? Why, of course," said Mr. Levy, whose brain was a sort of sporting encyclopedia. "One-Eyed 'Awkins, of 'Oxton, 'im 'oo styed nine rounds with Joe Beckett?"

"Aye," nodded Mr. Glencannon. "That's the vurra mon. Hawkins was firemon on some vessel or other wi' me years ago, and monny's the sheelling I won on him, matching him against other ships. I hear that noo he owns a fried-fish bar somewhere in Hoxton, but that he's still a braw tough mauler."

"Oh, you mean that we should 'ire 'im to fight for us?" asked Mr. Levy eagerly. "S'y, there's an idea, gempmen! If we can only get One-Eyed 'Awkins, I'll double my bets, I will."

"H'm," said Captain Ball after a thought-filled pause. "I don't like the idea of palming off a ringer, but just the same, them Hardcliffe pirates would do us dirt if they had a chance."

"Of course they would!" agreed Mr. Montgomery. "But 'ow are we going to loeyte this 'ere 'Awkins?"

"'Twull be sumple," Mr. Glencannon declared. "Suppose I and Muster MacQuayle and Muster Levy and seeveral more o' us gae ashore this evening and tak' our seeparate ways through the length and breedth o' Hoxton, makin' inquiries. One o' us is sure to find him."

It was along toward midnight when Mr. Glencannon, who had been confining his own investigations to the barrooms of the region, finally picked up the trail and came upon the Hawkins establishment just off Kingsland Road. The place was a booth labeled One-Eye's Fish and Chips, and contained a zinc-covered bar, a gas range, a blowsy lady with gold teeth, and a gentleman with a checkered cap and a salmon-pink muffler.

As Mr. Glencannon entered, this gentleman took his nose out of a coffee cup of gin and water, and surveyed him with a lone and somewhat bleary eye.

"Bless me! Why, 'ullo there, guv'nor!" he greeted, rising uncertainly to his feet and extending a knotty hand. "'Ow are yer, anyw'y? Been hexpecting yer orl evening, I 'ave."

"Indeed, my guid Hawkins?" said Mr. Glencannon. "Then I tak' it that some o' the others ha' been here before me."

"Why, Lor luv yer, guv'nor, it's been a reglar bleddy procession of yer horficers ever since eyght o'clock. Ayn't it, Pansy?"

"Not 'arf!" the lady confirmed him.

"Then," said Mr. Glencannon, lowering his voice, "ye know aboot our deeficulties?"

"Yus," said Mr. Hawkins, taking another swig of gin and water. "It's orl been explyned and arrynged by Jew gempmen, Scotch gempmen and English gempmen orff yer ship. 'Asn't it, Pansy?"

"Right y'are," agreed Pansy. "Orl kinds of gempmen. I 'opes you hunderstands it arf as well as you hunderstands that gin, Halfred."

Mr. Hawkins, disregarding her, poured himself a fresh jolt. "It's been 'andsome of yer to look me up, guv'nor, I must s'y," he declared. "You won't regret it, 'ere's my word on that. I'm tryned to a 'air, I am. I'll be on Pier 6, Lime'ouse Commercial Docks, prompt at three o'clock sharp on Sattid'y. And I'll be in shype to win yer money fer yer. Won't I, Pansy?"

"Yus," said Pansy, solicitously capturing the gin bottle, only to find that it was now empty.

V

EARLY Saturday afternoon a squared ring was roped off on the pier between the sister vessels, and in the cool shadow cast by the Incheliffe's bow numerous kegs of beer were conveniently arranged upon the stringpiece. Around these kegs milled a crowd of deck hands, firemen, stevedores and other denizens of dockland who had come to see the fight. There was much wrangling among them, and the betting ran high.

Captain Ball, noting that the time was now a quarter to three, was plainly worried. "I say," he whispered to Mr. Glencannon, "you don't fancy he'll fail us, do you? If we haven't a man in the ring by 3:15, we forfeit our bets."

"Ha' no fear, sir," Mr. Glencannon reassured him. "I'm keeping my eye peeled for him. He'll be dressed like a stoker. You'd best be looking for him, too, Muster MacQuayle."

"Aye," said MacQuayle. "I am, sir, and so's Muster Levy. Oh, look you. There he is the noo!"

One-Eyed Hawkins, wearing a sooty undershirt and with a stoker's sweat rag knotted around his neck, was strolling down the pier as though casually bent upon viewing the festivities. Mr. Glencannon, smiling to himself, elbowed his way through the crowd to meet him. But as he progressed to the outskirts of the gathering he became aware that another person was similarly bound. Craning his neck, he saw above the intervening heads that this person was Mr. MacCrummon.

"Whoosheroo!" he gasped. "Could he ha' found us oot?" Redoubling his efforts, he pushed and hauled his way clear of the mob and ran toward the approaching Hawkins. It was a foot race with MacCrummon, and it ended in a dead heat.

"Good arfternoon to you, gempmen," greeted Hawkins, trying to beam at them both with his one good eye. "'Ere I am as promised, right on the dot. Promptness is orlw'ys my motter, gempmen, and Pansy'll tell yer ——"

"Just a moment, my guid mon," Mr. Glencannon interrupted him. Then, turning a menacing scowl upon Mr. MacCrummon, "I'll thank ye, sir, to gae alang aboot yere business. Yere intrusion is by no means weelcome."

(Continued on Page 83)

697

"Look, daddy, I gained six pounds while you were away!"

ROSY cheeks—sparkling eyes! Could this husky, happy youngster be the same frail little boy of six short weeks ago?

"No wonder my husband was delighted when he returned from a business trip. Little Bobby had always been delicate and thin. Then one day a friend advised Cocomalt.

"I tried it and noticed a change right away. It didn't seem possible that anything he *liked* so well could be so good for him. But when the scales showed he was gaining a pound a week, I knew I was on the right track at last . . . So far, he has gained 6 pounds and everyone notices how husky he looks now."

How Vitamin D builds health

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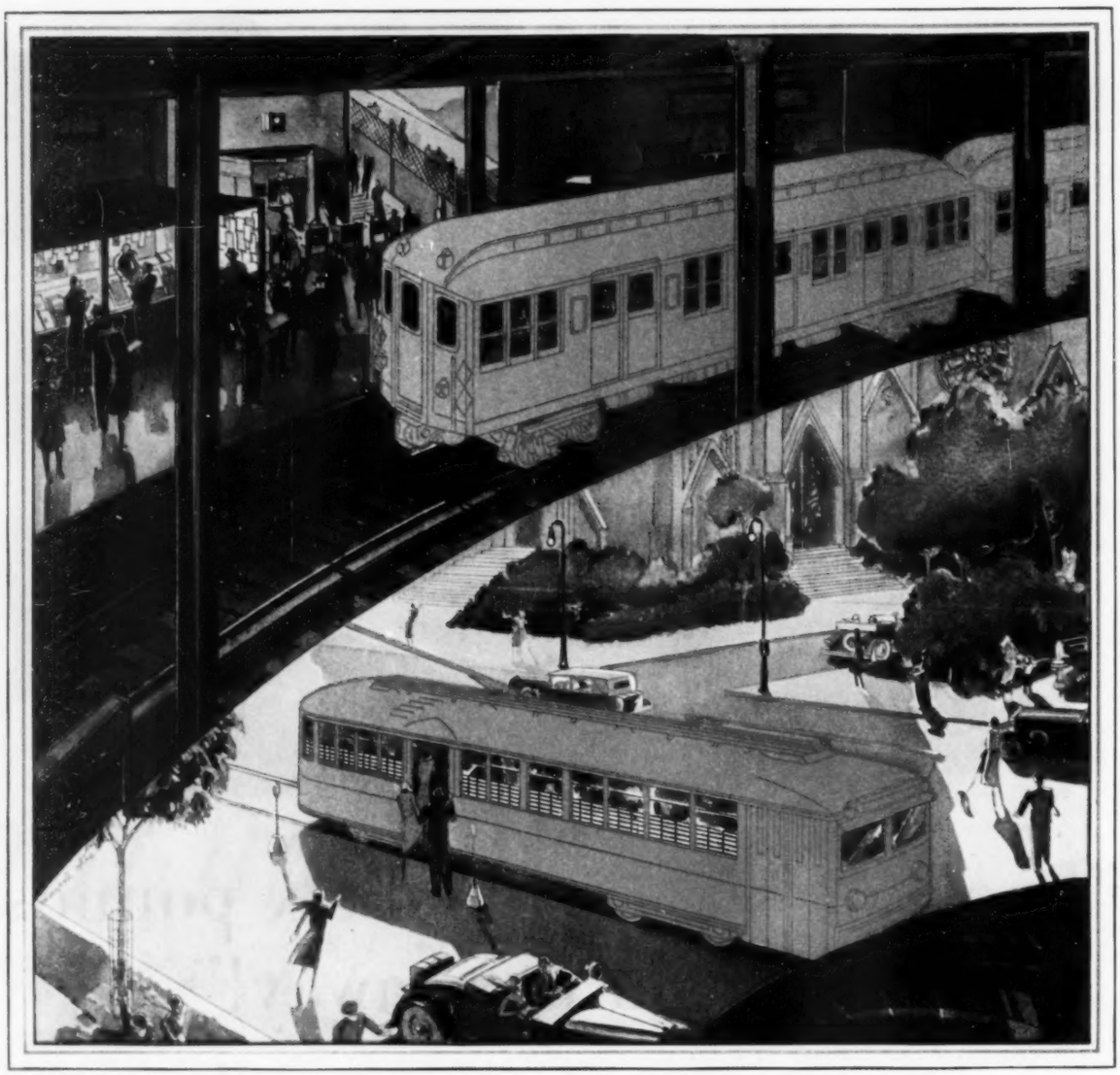

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ALCOA ALUMINUM

(Continued from Page 80)

"Intrusion?" snorted Mr. MacCrummon. "Why, Glencannon, ye uncouth lout, this gentleman is here to see me. Aren't ye, Hawkins?"

"Yus, sir," said Hawkins weakly, his face turning a delicate purple and his eye shifting quickly from one to the other of them. "That is, I'm 'ere to see you both, ayn't I? Didn't we arrynge everything t'other night w'en orl the different gempmen eyme over to my plyce to 'ire me? Ayn't I going to fight for your ship and orl?"

"Whuch ship?" asked Mr. Glencannon savagely.

"W'y, the Castle, ayn't it? The—er—the Something-cliffe Castle—yus, that's the nyme! And I'll win fer yer, too, gempmen, syme's I useter win fer yer when yer was hengineers on the old Paxton Merchant."

"The Paxton Merchant!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon, smiting himself upon the brow. "Why, o' course, o' course, that was where I knew ye! And o' course 'twas there MacCrummon knew ye too. Weel," he said sadly, hanging his head and standing woebegone with his hands in his jacket pockets, "'tis enough to deestroy my faith i' my fellow men."

"Aye, and mine too," said Mr. MacCrummon piously. "I did no' think, Glencannon, that ye was oot-and-oot deeshonest."

"Deeshonest?" repeated Mr. Glencannon, a purposeful glint kindling in his eye. "Why, ye veelainous, swundling scoondrel, ye hired him, too, didn't ye, to mulct me o' the foorty poonds ye owe me?"

"What foorty poonds?" MacCrummon taunted him. "Ye ha' no' licked me yet, Glencannon, nor has it been decided by a prize fight. Therefore, I owe ye nowt."

Mr. Glencannon's right hand shot up from his jacket pocket, the horny heel of its cupped palm catching Mr. MacCrummon just beneath the nose.

Mr. MacCrummon staggered backward. Sniffling, he stood half dazed while he fingered his besmirched and bleeding lip. Then, blinking the cobwebs out of his eyes, he emitted a wrathful roar, clenched his fists and started forward.

But suddenly he paused, gasped, closed his eyes, and gave vent to a sneeze like the explosion of a high-pressure boiler. As his head snapped forward, his chin encountered something moving in the opposite direction. The something was Mr. Glencannon's fist. MacCrummon sprawled upon the dock planking. Instantly he was surrounded by a surging mass of spectators.

"Stand back!" Mr. Glencannon ordered, dusting the snuff from the palm of his hand. "Stand back! Aye, I'll clout the feerst mon that interferes!" Kneeling down, he extracted the wallet from the other's inside pocket and counted out eighty pounds. "There, noo!" he shouted, waving the bank notes on high. "I've lairned ye yere lesson, MacCrummon. Honesty's the best policy, and it's nowt to be sneezed at!"

CHAIN LIVING

(Continued from Page 38)

she's wearing. But it isn't what your mother expects of Nan. She'll want her to be a big person in the city—a kind of social arbiter—and to choose her friends on a different basis. And my guess is that Nan simply won't be bothered."

He let the point go. "You're smart and I hope your children take after you."

"It's astonishing how early their characters form," began Marjorie, and Nick went into a state of half listening. He couldn't remember whether Billy, about whom she was talking, was the oldest or youngest. Nan, he could see, had stopped amusing Mr. Moore and was letting the party drift by her. He was glad when his mother rose from the table.

Paddy cornered him in the hall. "Tell mother that I had to breeze along, will you, Nick?"

"Why not tell her yourself?"

Paddy grinned as if they both knew quite well. "She's busy. Just tell her that I had to take Joan some place."

"Leaving an address?" asked Nick.

"Sure. Some people called Clarke are giving a party. You know—Fred Clarke."

"The one with Metal Products?"

"Yes, to the tune of twenty thousand a year and a bonus. And he's not much over thirty."

"Sounds pleasing."

"I want to get something like that," said Paddy.

He said it casually, but to Nicholas it was significant. He had felt, since he'd been back, that Paddy's interest in Thraves-Moore was slight and rather impatient.

"Mother will be disappointed if you don't stay with the business," he said.

"No money in it," answered Paddy.

"It's a poor idea to take that for granted."

Paddy looked restless. "If that chance to sell comes through, Nick, I wouldn't let it slip."

"Thanks for the adviče," said Nick.

Joan Lenning, in a short, fitted coat that made her look even more modern because of its pretense at being old-fashioned, appeared. "Where's the nearest exit?" she asked. "Say good night to your mother for me, will you, Mr. Thraves? She's so surrounded that I didn't dare break through. And after I've gone, would you break the news to mother?"

That was all there was of those two. They disappeared. Nicholas went to hunt up Nan and found her finishing coffee in the drawing-room. His mother was in full command of the situation and Nick had a reminiscent fear that at any moment she might ask Sylvia to play the piano for them. Or there might be somebody present who would sing, even after all that dinner.

Mrs. Thraves had never grown fat, but she had the lax figure of sixty unathletic years. Those points in her appearance which had been admired as a young matron were still the ones she emphasized. There was something of the Gibson-girl ideal about her, an accent of pompadour and hips. In her own drawing-room she was always cordially authoritative, setting people to enjoying themselves in ways which she had planned carefully beforehand.

"I hear that Nan plays a good game of bridge," she said, putting her with Mr. Gunderson and Henry Clyme and Mrs. Lenning.

Three card tables had been set up in the reception room. There were white slip covers tied over their tops. Nan sat down at the table and gave the cover a little pull.

"Do we need this thing? What does it conceal?"

"It's so pretty and neat," said Mrs. Lenning, regarding an embroidered spade and diamond on the corner beside her, and the cover stayed on.

Henry Clyme apologized for his game as the cards were being dealt.

"What are we playing for?" asked Nan.

There was a slight pause.

"Well—a twentieth," suggested Mrs. Lenning, and for an unguarded moment Nan stared at her.

It was a twentieth for two hours. Nan spoke about it to Nicholas when they were finally home.

"Can it be that terrible bridge that makes me so hungry? I thought it only made me savage."

They had rented a house which some traveler had left fortunately furnished and available for a year. Most of the things in it were not their own, and yet Nan had managed to do away with any atmosphere of transience or strangeness. She could do that, Nicholas had discovered, in a hotel room, when she was traveling with no more than a dressing case. Possessions to her were only a few of the tools of living.

She found what she wanted to eat. Ripe tomatoes, the customary brown bread and butter, cheese. Nicholas joined her.

"Try a tomato," offered Nan. "They're cooling as well as a test of skill. Nick, what do I do about your mother?"

"Just what you did tonight. Be nice to her. Let her be proud that I have you."

"All right. I'll never tell how I chased you. But do you know what she wants? She wants to take me calling and have people call on me."

"Can't you bear it?"

"I thought calls were early Roman customs. But apparently all those women tonight are going to turn up on the doorstep. And they're going to ask us to dinner. They kept promising—or threatening—that they would. We don't have to go, do we?"

"Not unless you like."

"I certainly wouldn't like. The only thing that could have brought those people together tonight, except your mother's invitation, was a shipwreck. They were so terribly ill-assorted. That nice, humble Henry Clyme and the very loud Mr. Gunderson and the funny old man who sat beside me at dinner, and poor Paddy. And Sylvia. I tell you I'm frightened."

"You don't know the meaning of the word."

"I've just found it out. I think your mother expects me to have dinners like that."

"Be a little generous with the cheese," said Nicholas.

Nan pushed it toward him.

"You answer me," she insisted. "To be a good wife to you, do I have to give parties like that?"

"How good a wife do you mean to be?"

"I feel myself slipping. Your mother said to me, with a very expectant look in her eye: 'Any time you want to use my banquet top for your table, Nan, I'll send it over. It will seat twenty-four.' Banquets—I thought I got out of that when I didn't marry a king!"

Nicholas laughed at her. "Mother's idea of a good time has always been a dinner party."

(Continued on Page 86)

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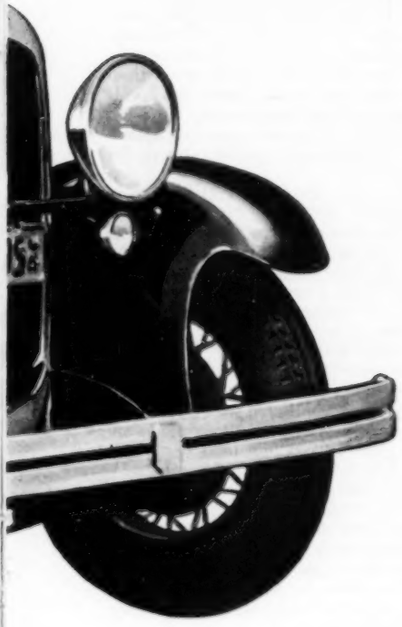

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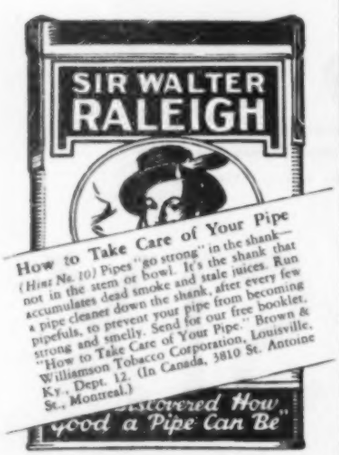
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(Continued from Page 83)

"With those same people at it?"

"More or less."

"And she thinks I'm going to take all of them on?"

"Oh, no. She'll expect you to pick and choose your friends just as she does."

"But I can't do it that way. I don't pick and I hardly ever choose. I just like people as they come along. The ones who do the things I enjoy doing."

He remembered what Marjorie had said.

"Your mother seems to have such frightfully good reasons for knowing people, Nick. Everybody is somebody's daughter or wife or husband, or has lived here since they broke ground for the town."

"Who cares? You can find your own friends," said Nick, agreeably.

"I have. I like Cora Jaffray and that movable crowd she goes with. They're my kind, Nick. They don't take things so seriously. They aren't so dead in earnest about where they live. They know that it's a world and not a city that they're born into. And they're intelligent and have a good time. What more does anyone want?"

"Nothing, except a living. I wonder if it's been a mistake to come back here. But I still can't see that there was anything else to do if we were to get any salvage out of father's estate. All the family money is tied up in this business. And I'll be damned if I'm going to live on yours, even if you are buying your own clothes this year. But I wish mother didn't think I could make the business into what it was twenty years ago. It just isn't in the cards."

"What is in the cards?" she asked.

"Pretty much of a struggle and a good deal of discouragement if we go on as we're going. Firm management and tightening up and close personal touch may help things along for a while anyhow. On the other hand, if we sell out now and let the Greene Company absorb us, which is what they'll probably want to do, there'll be some money all around and a very good job as manager of the Greene interests here for me, at a bigger salary than I feel justified in taking now. And I think I could see that all the present employes are retained. It's the best way out financially. I'd get some stock in Greene's, too, and that company is paying dividends."

"Then why not do it?"

"It's hard on mother. She'd much rather have me an impoverished owner than a prosperous employe. She'd hate to see the name disappear from the sky line, I suppose. Anyway, it can't be done without her consent. I've tried to talk it to her, but she can't see it that way, and she's a majority stockholder. The trouble is that later on, if things get worse, she may be forced into doing it. But it hasn't come to that yet."

"Well, you can always go back to New York and earn an honest living, Nick."

"Would you like that?"

She shook her head. "No. I like it here. It's more drawn to scale, somehow. There are amusing people, and you get more for your money, and it's fresh and clean and has lovely gardens and will be a grand place to bring up children. Only let's hold our dinners down to eight, Nick, and ask people who have card sense or else don't try to play bridge."

She opened the refrigerator and began to put the food away. Nan was orderly. The fit of her dress showed it. The way she laid things on shelves proved it. She was beautiful and happy, and there was neither pose nor dogma in her. Nicholas had seen her wearing the same dress in a rather magnificent house in New York, but she accepted that environment quite as simply as she did this commonplace, rented one.

"And no banquet tops—they make me shudder," she finished.

"Which was not what I married you for," said Nicholas, "now that I come to think of it."

"What was your idea?"

It was still a delight to explain that to her. He let other matters go.

But they pressed for attention soon enough. Of course, he didn't blame the Greene Company. They knew their business and what they wanted to do. Either they would buy out the Thraves-Moore concern or else they would establish their own distributing unit and compete even more directly. They needed a branch house in that territory, which was peppered with stores which they owned or were buying. It would be to their advantage to consolidate with Nicholas and his company, but they could, if necessary, make other arrangements and they were not willing to wait for an answer indefinitely. Their proposition came to Nicholas before the next two weeks had passed.

It was rather better than he had hoped for. The Thraves heirs wouldn't be rich, but they wouldn't run the risk of having no estate to divide in the end. The new company would retain the old employes and offered Nicholas a position at an excellent salary.

Old Mr. Moore didn't know what he wanted to do. He first liked the idea and then he didn't. But it was clear to Nicholas that he could be persuaded either way. It was his mother who was firmly opposed.

He went to see her one afternoon and laid the offer before her with all its advantages.

"We don't have to sell, do we, Nick?" she asked.

He felt crowded. "No. But it's wise. We may be poorer in the end if we don't. We may even go on the rocks."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Thraves, "I was with your father in some very discouraging times. We saw two panics. He used to say that a storm could always be weathered by a sound concern."

"But things have changed so that the concern may not be sound."

He went into more explanations, but she was slightly impatient.

"Doesn't everyone say that these chains aren't good for a community?"

"There's a division of opinion. And anyway, you can't stop them."

"We should try. They bring in people with no roots in the community. I remember your father said so years ago. Surely, Nick, you can do something."

"Yes, I can. We can keep going for a while. But it's against the tide."

"Now, I never patronize chain stores myself," said Mrs. Thraves, "and I encourage my friends not to. I should hate to see my husband's business going into that outside control. And it would make you no more than an employe, Nick."

"But that's no disgrace."

"It certainly hasn't the same standing in the community. And Paddy——"

"Paddy doesn't like the business anyway."

"You should encourage him to take an interest."

Nick was annoyed with his mother and vaguely proud of her. There was something rather fine in her attitude, stubborn as it was.

"If times are hard," she told him, "no doubt we may have to cut down a little. I'd rather let this house go than the business."

"That's not necessary. The house is free from mortgages and you've almost enough income from father's insurance to run it, haven't you?"

"But I can do with less. I can easily manage with one maid. At least as soon as the garden party is over."

He was thinking of other things and the garden party didn't register. But his wife's name did.

"By the way," said Mrs. Thraves, "I've been meaning to tell you that you should speak to Nan."

"I often do. It's the most fun I have."

"I'm quite serious. I think she's a lovely girl and, as Mr. Moore says, she has a charming manner. But she doesn't seem to realize what her position as your wife is."

"It's not so much to brag about. But what do you mean?"

"Why, she refuses dinner invitations from people like the Gundersons with practically no excuse, and is constantly seen about with those Jaffrays. Mrs. Gunderson was really quite insulted. And Nan isn't at home when people call on her, even though she's in the house sometimes. She doesn't return calls at all."

"Nan doesn't bother with that sort of formality, mother."

"But she should. I wish you'd speak to her about it. You see she's going to meet a great many people at my garden party, and after that there'll be still more entertaining for her."

"You're having a garden party?"

"I always do when the gladioli are in their best bloom. This year it seemed so nice for Nan. Because though I did give the dinner for her, that only took care of the people she will know best."

"She likes a different sort of people, mother."

"But you want your wife to build up your position."

It seemed absurd to say what was in his mind—that he only wanted his wife to be happy. However, he did not say it. Nicholas never talked more than was necessary, and it made him a valuable man in an organization.

He went home and, passing a little drift of white cards on the table in the hall, smiled.

Nan was upstairs, still in riding clothes.

"I've just come in," she said. "I've been riding in Bellman Park on the most heavenly little trails among the pines. Nick, I never want to leave this town. It's delightful. And who do you suppose is here to play golf this week but Miles Evans?"

"Does he think he can give me any competition now?" asked Nick.

Nan never bothered with devious or provocative ways. "Nobody can, darling. But I liked him next best. You look worried. Where have you been?"

"I've been trying to persuade mother of a few things. And it's not possible. I hear she's having a garden party."

"She told me about that. I must remember to go."

"You'd better. I hear you aren't doing your social duty either. That they call on you in vain."

"Absolutely. By the way, Coop and Marjorie are coming for dinner."

"Good. I'm glad you like her."

"Ever so much."

(Continued on Page 89)

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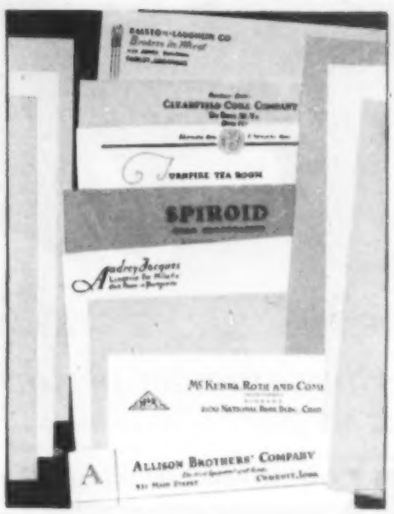

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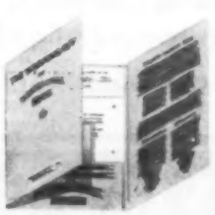

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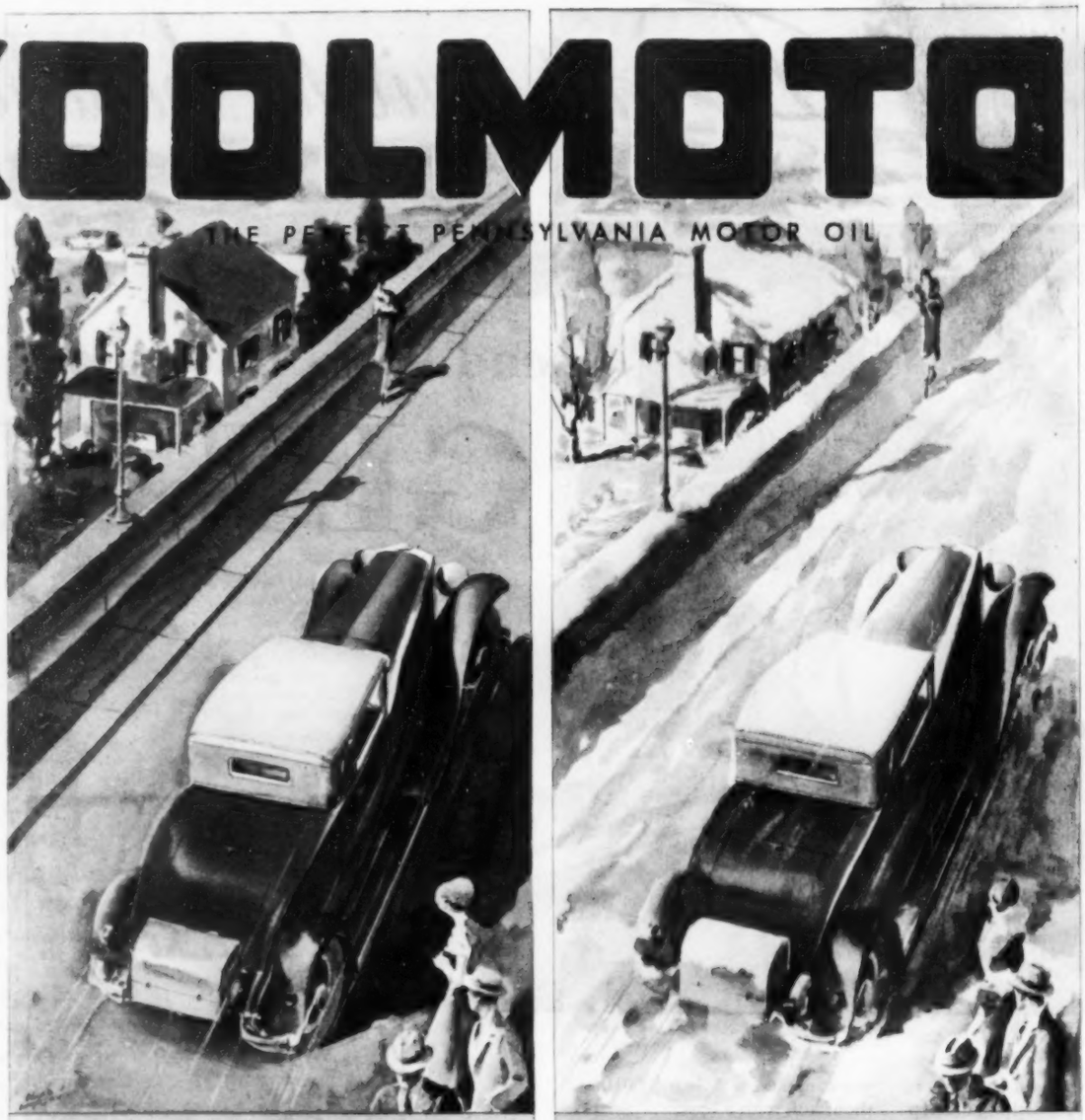

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 86)

There was a great deal of amusement at dinner. Even Cooper seemed less tangled by his sentences than usual. Marjorie described the garden party, when mention of it was made:

"It's stiffish and rather handsome. The gladioli are the perfect background. Quite a lot of people come and it might be confused if our mother-in-law, Nan, didn't have the best social discipline in the world. It's a formal summer event and quite a sight. The garden and lawns are flaring with color and the old black stone house makes a stunning background. The same people have come for years and will keep on coming until they die—or disgrace themselves. And they bring their daughters or their sons' wives. This year you'll have to receive, Nan."

"I'm no debutante."

"Well, you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Oh, I don't mind. When is it?"

"Heavens, don't you know it's next Thursday? The thirty-first."

Nicholas felt his mind jump at the mention of the date. Yes, Thursday was the thirty-first, and on Friday, the first of August, he had a meeting of the directors of Thraves-Moore, who were also the principal stockholders. He had promised to give the Greene Company a decision immediately after that meeting, and already he knew what it would have to be. The family would have to stand by his mother's wishes. Even if she were wrong, there was a certain rightness in her attitude. She owned the stock and it was his father's business which had been built up on the principles she was trying to defend.

The thirty-first began like a threatening day, but it did not get up enough courage to rain. By the afternoon it had cleared and was warmly sunny. But Nicholas hardly noticed the weather. He was too much disturbed by an announcement which had been made in the noon papers. The rumor had been going about for some time, but now it was fact. The Merchants Bank, of which Mr. Lenning was president, had been merged with a larger, out-of-town bank, and Nick knew what that might mean. If Mr. Lenning, with his friendly though cautious attitude, was no longer in full authority, it might very well be harder to get extended credit. Nick was worried and Paddy's visit did not make him more cheerful. For Paddy was on the warpath. He had wanted to make his mother change her mind about selling the business, and evidently the interview had not been a success. He said that he had talked to her at breakfast.

"And she won't listen to reason," he said hotly.

"Were you so reasonable?" asked Nick.

"I certainly was. I told her what progress was. And what I'm going to do. I'm not going to stay in this dying business. I'm going to have a job with the new bond department in this bank merger. I've been practically promised it."

"You told mother that?" inquired Nick, with a moment's pity for her.

"It's true."

"Well, why aren't you satisfied?"

"Because I want a little ready money. If we sold this concern I'd have enough to get married on. It would give me a stake."

"What did mother say to that?"

"She said that Joan was a sweet girl and that if she loved me she would wait for me. I told her girls didn't wait any more!"

"And she told you that she'd waited five years for father, until he'd saved up eight hundred dollars."

"Yes, we had a lot of history."

"Well," said Nick, "it's tough, Paddy. I might squeeze out a couple of hundred dollars for you, but that wouldn't get you very far."

"It's so unreasonable of mother——"

"But there's no use talking to her."

Nick was tired when he got home. He wanted to see Nan, just to know she was there, just to draw a quick refreshment from the sight of her. But she was not at home, though it was nearly dinnertime. He tried to remember what her plans for the day had been, and suddenly his mother's garden party came to his mind.

"Did Mrs. Thraves leave any message? Did she want me to call for her at my mother's house?" he asked the housemaid.

"Mrs. Thraves is at Mrs. Jaffray's," said the girl.

Nicholas repeated the name in surprise and question.

"Yes. Mrs. Jaffray called for her about lunchtime. Mrs. Thraves didn't say when she would be home. But I know she expects to have dinner here."

Nicholas went out and got into his car again. He was angry with his wife as he had never been before. It seemed such a rude thing to do, such an unnecessary slight to his mother, not to go to her party. He thought a moment and then decided to go to the Jaffray house and pick Nan up.

There were several cars spread about that broad driveway. Something informal was going on. Nicholas parked his own car, rang the bell and walked past the maid in the direction of the terrace. That was where they always congregated.

Everybody welcomed him.

"Hello, darling," said Nan. "Come here and take a look. Did you ever see such a rubber? . . . Miles, you know my husband."

A very spirited game was going on and had been going on, they explained, ever since they'd come back from the golf club. Miles Evans, looking very fit and handsome, shook hands cordially with Nicholas, and Nick recalled that this very rich, entirely pleasant man had wanted to marry Nan and for some incomprehensible reason she had wanted himself. He didn't understand it even now, but a sense of his luck rushed on him again. He glanced at the hand of cards Nan was holding. It was certainly a tricky one. The garden party seemed far away and not important after a quarter of an hour.

"Well," said Nan, thirty minutes later, "that's game and rubber at last. I meant to go home hours ago. I know there was something I should have done this afternoon. What was it, Nick?" He did not have to tell her. She remembered in dismay. "That garden party!" she exclaimed.

"Isn't this garden and party enough for you?" asked Miles Evans. "And don't you want to celebrate that victory of ours?"

"No, thanks. We have to go along."

She said nothing about it on the way home. Nor did Nick. He was thinking a little bitterly that, after all, he had no right to anger. He wasn't doing so much to supply her with happiness. It was certainly fair that she should choose her friends, and if she forgot his mother's party, it was because it meant nothing to her. Or because Miles Evans meant more than she knew.

They had a rather silent dinner. But when it was over, Nan called up Marjorie. Nick could not help hearing fragments of the talk.

"How was the party? Did they miss me, do you suppose? . . . No, I didn't get there at all. . . . What did you say! . . . You didn't either? That's not so good."

There was a pause and a further startled conversation. Then Nan put down the telephone and turned to her husband.

"Marjorie didn't go either. One of her children had a rash. It was only from something he'd eaten and it's fading now, but she didn't want to leave him. And Sylvia, she tells me, had some women's club meeting on and couldn't break away. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Oh, well," said Nick, "it's no matter. You'd have been bored to death."

"No doubt. But still I'm sorry. Well, I suppose there's only one thing for me to do."

"To forget it."

"No—to go to see your mother. Right now."

"You don't have to do that, dear. Call her up tomorrow."

"No, this must be done in person."

He swung her into his arms. "You are a darling, Nan."

"I'm a wretch."

It was just as they let each other go that Mrs. Cooper Thraves walked in. There was a second's embarrassment and then Nan brushed it away.

"I was just coming to tell you how utterly sorry I am about this afternoon. And I've not an excuse to cover myself with. I just got into a game of contract and forgot."

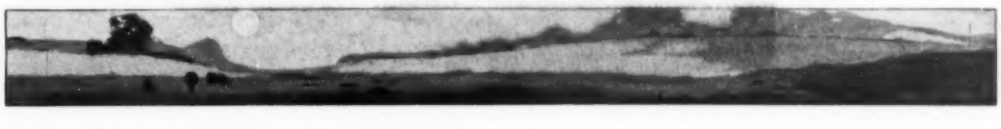
There was curiosity, but no antagonism in the way Mrs. Thraves regarded her daughter-in-law.

"I can't understand it," she said, "but I have been telling myself for several hours that there are a number of things I am probably never going to understand and may as well accept. Nick, I came to say that if you want to sell the business, I shall have no further objection."

"You're just upset, mother. You don't mean that."

"Yes. I'm quite in earnest. I think you must know what's best, Nicholas. There's not much use preserving something that nobody wants, or has interest in—whether it's an independent business or a garden party. I've thought it over and come to my decision. You and Paddy made it clear about the business, and the girls about the party. No, I'm not resenting anything. You must do it your own way, whether it's progress or blunder. At least I'm better off than poor Mrs. Lenning, who is about to see her husband become a figurehead. That never happened to me."

"It will never happen to me," answered Nan, and Nicholas knew that she had said the one thing that could comfort his mother and make him absolutely confident.



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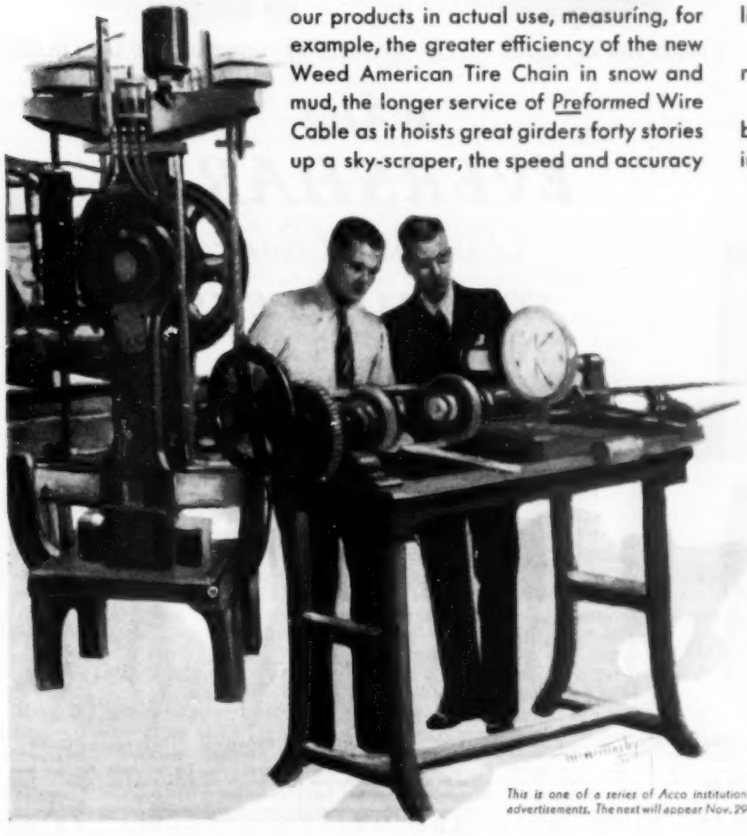

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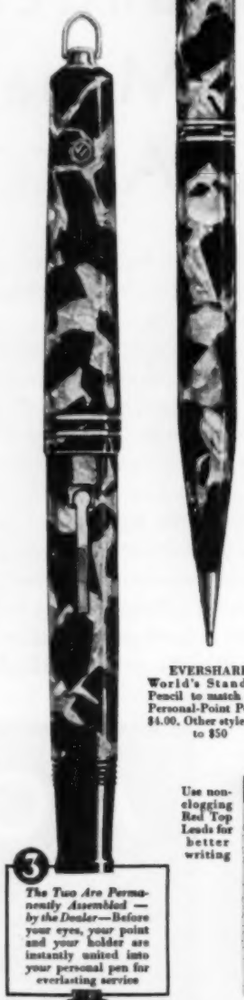

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ONLY EVERSHARP PERSONAL-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

THE POETRY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 5)

B: Then the Great War broke, and changed everybody's ideas about everything. By the autumn of 1915 there was only half a line left, and it was about something else.

E: I see.

B: But it was good. This, when it is finished, will be one of the few perfect sonnets in the language. I will not go through the years in detail, but by 1919 I had five lines completed. During the next three or four years progress was slow. Then I had a rush of inspiration—then came what I call my Golden Year. In 1923 I added four lines, all in one year.

E: But the price you ask ——

B: It's reasonable. If I had put in all the time, all the work, all the worry, all the intense thought, on the production of prose that I have put in on that sonnet, the prose would have netted me at least $60,000. But you are an old friend of mine, and you get it for only $40,000.

E: But ——

B: Hush! Don't let the sordid side of your nature come into this discussion. I am charging you $40,000 for things that can be roughly estimated in money. But I am charging you nothing at all for the most important things.

E: Yeah? Such as?

B: For the spiritual agonies, for the divine ecstasies, for the insight, the understanding, for the vital essence of life, it is impossible to charge you anything at all, for it would be impossible to charge you enough.

E: Can you itemize?

B: Yes. The secret of the universe, the wisdom of the ages, the problem of good and evil, the question of humanity's ultimate destiny, are all touched upon and elucidated in that sonnet. It is dew, fire, crystal, moonlight, rainbows, tears, laughter, sunshine, protoplasm, star dust and the stuff to feed the troops. Spill anything on it—anything at all—and it will not blister or tarnish. It is the cosmos drawn to one diamond point. What I wish you to appreciate is that I think highly of it. If you can understand it, you are at once in the fourth dimension. If you can explain it so anyone else can understand it, you have brought a new era to the world. And yet, for spirits properly attuned to the choric stars, it is all so plain and simple. It is what all poetry should be, but no other poem ever was. I like it. I keep it in a little gold-and-platinum case, and if you merely touch the case your youth is renewed. Could I put a price in money upon a thing like that? No. Not really, that is. But in your case I make a concession; you are my friend; you can have it for $40,000. Nothing could buy the understanding of life, death and the eternal mysteries that went into that sonnet, and I feel that the consideration of money in connection with it degrades us both. But, after all, my little ones need shoes.

E: I'll give you five dollars a line.

B: I can't take that, but I'll split the difference between your price and mine.

Keats' Cash Value

He said I was greedy, just because, for once, I was trying to be business-like. So I did not let him have the poem at all. In a year or two more it should be finished—and I will give it to some columnist for nothing.

That is the way with poetry. Either you ought to get immense sums for it, or nothing at all. There is no way to arrive at a fair price, because poetry is either worth more than anything else in the world, or it isn't worth anything.

The sonnet mentioned is really not quite so good as I told the editor it was. That was just a little sales talk of mine; it is probably not worth more than $30,000, instead of the $40,000 which was my asking price. If we assume it to be worth $30,000, then any one of Keats' odes should be worth eighty or ninety billions of dollars.

I think they are worth that much at least—what I am blundering toward is something like this: It would be a great deal better for the English-speaking world not to have had several thousands of billions of dollars than not to have had Keats. Or—to put it in the form of real estate instead of cash—it would be better for the British Empire never to have had, let us say, India and its African possessions than never to have had Keats.

Versatile Versifiers

Of course, those remarkable English have managed to have both—to say nothing of Canada, Shakspere, Australia, Shelley, Milton, New Zealand, and other points and persons east and west, up and down. It's a thing that always astonishes one afresh, when one thinks over the somewhat unpoetic surfaces of any given million of the English in mass. You look at them and listen to them, and you don't expect poetry. But there must have been imperial instincts and visions of poetic splendor moving in the occult intellectual innards of that people ever since they were a people, for you can't loaf through Westminster Abbey without stepping on dozens of poets and statesmen of the first rank. Stab the British Empire almost anywhere and it bleeds poetry.

But to repeat: There is no reasonable basis on which to compute what a poem is worth in money. Moreover, many poets do not care. I made that discovery fifteen or eighteen years ago. I also found out that the much-maligned American business man—at least the New York variety of him—is interested in poetry. Bankers, lawyers, Wall Street figures, merchants, manufacturers—that sort of people—frequently write it and try to write it and wish they could write it. Before I got wise to this hidden weakness I had been taught and trained to believe that most American business men were deaf, dumb and blind to the arts in general and to poetry in particular. For this reason I felt vaguely inimical toward them as a class, and definitely superior. Stevenson wrote a good deal of rhetorical hooey about the stupidity of "the common banker," and this became a sort of creed for aspiring young would-be artists of all sorts. H. L. Mencken has made the idea the chief item of his stock in trade, and by persistent variations designed to relieve the monotony of the theme, has achieved fame and fortune. But it seems to be the truth that the business man is just as apt to be perceptive of artistic values as any other kind of man; it is not a matter of the trade or profession; it is a question of the individual. The sweeping, all-inclusive indictment is nonsense; real people never fall neatly into the neat little categories prepared for them, but exhibit a thousand diversities of character. But in my callower years I used to fall for all that stuff 100 per cent, believe the indictment implicitly.

In 1913 I was running a column daily in the New York Evening Sun. It was supposed to be a humorous column. Often, I believe, it was. After six or eight arduous months of trying to be humorous every day, or at least to flaunt the manner and the air of humor, if not the substance, there came a day when the thing was simply not possible. Nevertheless, there was that column to be filled, and it was twenty-three inches long—a kind of grave in which one daily buried his soul, if not his body. In despair, I threw into this hateful abyss a serious poem. It was a thing I had been working on for weeks; I had planned to sell it to some magazine, not thinking it was column stuff. The columns about the country generally did not commonly go in for serious verse at that time. When it was published the poem got a wide and immediate response. I shot some more. The policy seemed to make a hit, and I kept it up.

Contributors by the dozen began to climb on my little lyric band wagon—no, by the hundred. In a short time I was getting anywhere from thirty to eighty letters and contributions a day. With a joyous whoop the entire poetic population of the five boroughs—and it is and was considerable—descended upon the Evening Sun. Some of this verse was from people who were not at all well known; a surprisingly large amount of it was from professional literary people, many of whom were celebrities. They didn't want money; they gave me stuff they could have sold across the counter because they liked to see it in print soon after it was written; they got more kick out of that than they would out of dollars. I let these contributors do most of the serious verse that was a feature of my columns for eight or ten years, and contented myself with trying to be amusing, for the most part.

Business Men as Poets

I knew this serious verse was making a hit, and I soon found out that a very large number of the fans were New York business men. The Evening Sun had a large circulation in the financial district. I began to discover that some of my contributors of good serious verse—some of it really poetry—were none other than these hitherto despised business men themselves. One was a manufacturer of pearl buttons, and he is a very good poet. Several were lawyers. There were insurance men, brokers; even one or two "common bankers." It taught me to be cautious about generalizations and classifications. Even some college professors in the English departments write pretty well and have a genuine sympathy for living stuff.

I benefited by something that was apparently sweeping the country—the poetic boom aforesaid was in full swing. Many others had preceded me in my two modest discoveries: that poets would rather be seen and heard and appreciated than be paid money, when it came right down to a choice; and that business men are not necessarily all washouts when it comes to artistic appreciation. The result was that a perfect rash of little magazines devoted exclusively to verse broke out all over the country, and that a good many of

believe it or not

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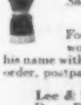

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them found an adequate financial backing. Also, there were more poetry societies, or clubs of various sorts that played the game along with the embattled bards, than you could shake a stick at. Also, it seemed as if everyone in the country were trying to write verse. The great free-verse movement came rushing to the front, and a lot of people got the idea that writing verse was easy—and a great deal of it must have been easy to write, although it was pretty tough to read. The management of *vers libre* is a more difficult technical stunt, in my opinion, than the handling of any other sort of verse. And as for its content, it must either be real poetry or else it is utter blah.

But, to return to trade jargon, the boom which began fifteen or eighteen years ago has never quite subsided. Vast quantities of good, bad and indifferent verse have been marketed, and the professional poet no longer has to act apologetic in this country when his vocation is mentioned, or feel that he is regarded as a freak. No doubt a great many of the professional and semiprofessional poets have benefited financially, too, by the increased interest, as they should do. I don't know what the magazine prices on the commodity are at present writing, for, as I have explained, I am out of the business permanently; but I should judge that they have advanced by considerably more than 100 per cent, for a fair average run-of-the-mine product, in the last quarter of a century. I believe that there are now quite a number of verse writers who live, and live very comfortably, off the verse and its by-products. Verse is, in fact, rather the thing nowadays; poets are in fashion. You will note that I am now speaking of mundane and material matters.

As far as the spiritual imponderables are concerned, the poets have turned the flank of the enemy; they have taken the militant initiative. They have been aggressive critics of national life in all its departments. They have affected the national culture, the national conscience, the national ideals generally. They are no longer a negligible element in the community. They are not to be brushed aside as mere tinklers of words. They have made themselves generally respected; in some cases what they think and say contributes to a salutary uneasiness akin to fear in their born foes. The essence of their activity has created something of a standard, spiritually speaking, which is not to be disregarded simply because it seems to be intangible. By the assertion of themselves they have encouraged multitudes who scarcely profess to be poets, but who, nevertheless, respond to poetry, to assert themselves. They are a powerful, active ferment in the social order. They have won, and are winning, a place for themselves which is impervious to the sneers of even the most worldly minded and inimical uncle. Like it or not, they are a part of the national consciousness.

To return, sordidly, to our more sordid mutton chops: If I were a young man who had a facility for producing verse, and—the divine urge to write it not being the predominant factor—wanted to use this knack to get ahead in the world, I think I could manage it. It would take a lot of work and trouble, but it could be done; it is calculable. I should begin by joining a society of some sort, a clique, a coterie, devoted to the grand old game of mutual boosting; I should take the bellwethers of this little, or larger, group very seriously, that I might be taken seriously myself. I should not only write verse but write a good deal about verse, and about people who are writing verse. I should not care at all whether I got any money at the start for the verse I contributed to newspaper columns or to little magazines; the main thing at the start is to get the name going, acquire something like a position, achieve what is known as importance, significance. I should talk a great deal and write a great deal about importance and significance. Before very long, having acquired the technic in my own little poetry society, where poems are read, debated, applauded, criticized, worshiped, derided, and frequently put on the spot, I should begin to give readings and lectures.

Making Poetry Pay

Get the name going, and the rest is easy; but take yourself seriously—oh, with unfailing seriousness—at all times, and take your leaders with an even greater seriousness; never let the facial muscles slip even for a moment. You'll be surprised in what a few years you will get yourself across and be in a position to compile and edit anthologies—full of the work of other men and women—on which you will get just as much royalty, for the sake of your name to the preface, as if you had written everything in the book yourself. Some anthologies sell pretty well. Having attained this position, you are a goof if you can't cash in on it one way or another, through what are sweetly known today as your contacts—for, I repeat, the poet not only goes everywhere today, he is actually sought after.

In this program I say nothing concerning what have been called The Higher Ministries of Song. I am addressing the ambitious young mediocrity who has an acceptable knack of verse and who knows his onions, not the chosen creature of the gods. No one has ever confessed to me that it is done just that way, but even if I am a little astigmatic in one eye, I have, intermittently, kept the other one peeled during the score of years wherein it has been my privilege to know many of the New York literati. I'm not condemning the method, either; it is a way of life as good as many another; it is about the sort of thing you'd do, with variations, if you were writing advertising, selling bonds, getting a start as a doctor. And, as I told my friend, the editor, the little ones must have shoes. The fine thing is that the national state of mind is in such a condition that not only the mediocrities may cash in to a certain extent but some practitioners with the real goods.

A lot of people try to graft off poets all the time—clubs, individuals. No one asks a painter to dinner and then wants him to dash off a portrait of Aunt Caroline as a part of the evening's entertainment, or requests a sculptor to model a bas-relief to go over a mantelpiece, or expects an architect to take a piece of charcoal and plan a new house to amuse the guests. But poets are imposed on almost as much as singers and musicians. Every club in the world seems to think they ought to be flattered to come to the annual dinner and spill something lyric in person. Well, they are flattered at the start, and some of them never get over it. But after a while it gets to be pretty hard work too. I used to do a lot of it at one period, because I was flattered, and then I discovered that I could get money for it, and stopped the free exhibitions. Then I stopped the paid exhibitions, because I decided that all the money in the world wasn't enough to pay for the depression of spirit that always overtook me. But the only way I could get it stopped was by publishing and circulating the following schedule of prices:

For reading small, blond romantic poems, $35 per poem. Blond, dove-colored or pink lyrics prominently featuring the soul, $35 each. Humorous poems, not really very funny, $25 each. Humorous poems with slightly sentimental flavor, $40 each. Humorous poems, really quite funny, $75 each.

Dialect poems mentioning persons called Bill, Jim, Si, and so on, Southern dialect, $50 each; Middle Western dialect, $55. Mother and old sweetheart poems, with dialect, $100 each, and up, according to quality of pathos desired.

Sonnets, $10 each; but not less than five sonnets will be served with any one order.

Pash poems, $100 each. These will be read only from the interior of a heavy-wire cage.

Serious poems, melancholy tone, $50 each. For $5 extra, persons not to exceed ten in number will be permitted to file by and feel the poet's heart beat after reading sad poems. Persons in excess of ten charged for at the rate of $1 each. Optimistic serious poems, $50 each.

Old-folks-at-home poems, sad, $50 each. Each reference to angels, $5 additional. Father killed, mother left living, $65; both killed, $75. With dialect, $100. Both parents killed on Christmas Eve, any dialect requested, angels, toys, and so on, $200. For $35 extra, poet will cry himself while reading this old reliable line of family poetry.

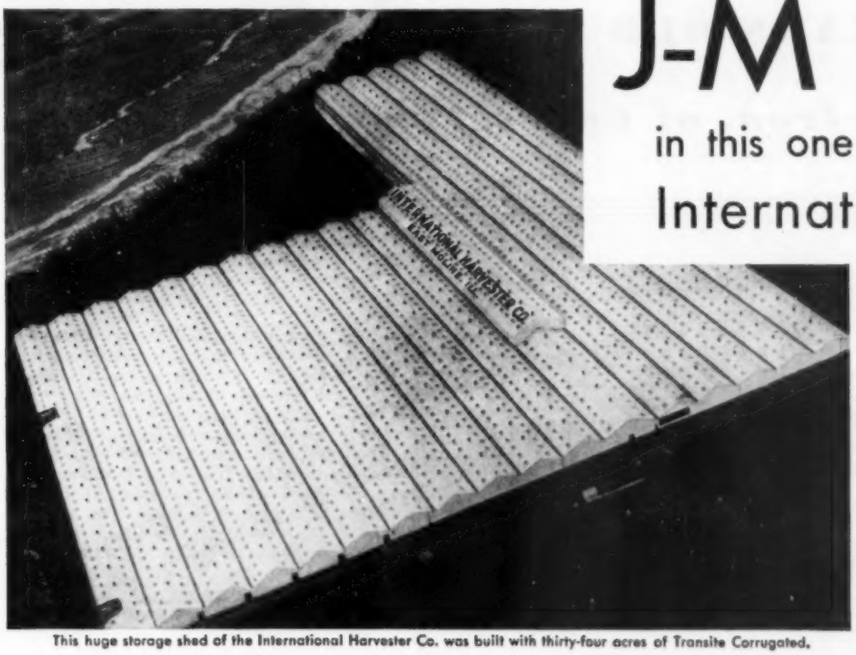
Write for special rates on Limericks. These come in three varieties: 1. Limericks where ladies are present; 2. Limericks where ladies are absent, but clergymen are present; 3. Limericks.

In the event that poet is expected to be nice and meet people, 20 per cent must be added to above rates. If expected to meet people, and being nice is left optional, only 5 per cent is to be added. Conversation on poetry charged for at rate of $200 per hour in addition to reading prices.

Conversation on translations from the Chinese: Listened to—$750 per hour; participated in—$1000 for the first hour and $500 for every ten minutes thereafter.

Poetry written by host, hostess or bright child listened to at the rate of $200 per quarter hour. Compliments on same to author, $20 per compliment. Compliments spoken so as to be overheard by more than ten people, $50 each. Compliments dashed off in little informal notes, initialed, $100 each; signed with full name, $200 each. No order filled amounting to less than $1000 for an hour's work. Prices quoted are f. o. b. Pennsylvania Station, New York City, and author expects a certified check upon arriving at the scene of the cultural orgy.

34 Acres of J-M TRANSITE* in this one great storage shed of the International Harvester Co.



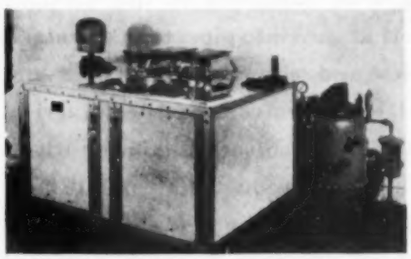
This huge storage shed of the International Harvester Co. was built with thirty-four acres of Transite Corrugated.

Transite—the Material that Serves a Thousand and One Uses

BESIDES its use for enclosing industrial structures Transite serves in a thousand and one diversified, money saving ways. Among these are fire barriers, fume hoods, cell structures and arc barriers for electric stations, laundry trays, louvres, machine hoods, tank housings, smoke jacks, boiler walls, dryer housings, dyeing vats. It also has earned an unusual place in the field of modern interior decoration.

In what might appear to be small or unimportant uses, Transite repeatedly shows astonishing savings. For example, the Standard Silk Dyeing Company of Paterson, N. J., by lining bleaching tanks with Transite, reduced the annual cost per tank 71%. The tanks lined with Transite have lasted more than five times as long as those not lined. The return on the investment in Transite is more than 238% per year. This is but one instance of many which illustrate how Transite is producing important cash savings for a wide variety of industries.

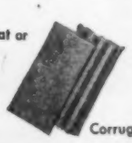
THE TRANSITE walls of this Western Maryland Railway Pier in Baltimore will never be damaged by their constant exposure to damp salt air. Transite is always weather-proof.



THIS HAT drying cabinet is made of Flat Transite which is particularly useful wherever heat and moisture are to be encountered in connection with any manufacturing process.

THE TRANSITE walls of this Southern Pacific automobile station will require no paint or other maintenance. Transite walls are safe. They will not burn nor permit the passage of fire.

THE CHICAGO warehouse illustrated here, of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., besides many other buildings at their Pittsburgh plant are safely enclosed with walls of fireproof Transite.



Johns-Manville

TRANSITE—Flat or Corrugated

A BUILDING MATERIAL THAT DEFIES TIME, FIRE AND WEATHER

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER has indeed paid a remarkable tribute to the qualities of Transite—the time, fire and weather defying building material. Yet this is but one of the thousands of places where Transite is performing unfailing service.

Some of Transite's hundreds of uses can save money for you. Transite is a building material—moderate in first cost, easily and swiftly erected and requiring no maintenance expense.

On through the years Transite will stand unharmed by damp salt air, by the dry heat of a desert, by rain, snow or sunlight. Transite is fireproof and is unaffected by the usual industrial fumes. In fact Transite continues for years to provide a sturdy barrier against the elements under conditions which would destroy ordinary materials within a few weeks. Yet Transite never requires paint or other finishes.

Transite is made of asbestos fibre and Portland Cement, united under great pressure into sheets of various sizes and thicknesses. Because of its exceptional workability Transite is often referred to as "stone lumber." Of course, Transite is not lumber, but the expression does suggest the simplicity with which Transite can be handled in connection with any of a thousand uses.

Wherever you have a building that you desire to roof or wall permanently, you will find that Transite offers the most practicable material. Its fire safety is obvious and, besides, it will not rot, corrode, buckle, warp or crumble. Whether you are building a hose shed or enclosing a structure covering many acres, Transite will provide permanent protection. Transite sheets are supplied either flat or corrugated and in a complete variety of thicknesses and sizes. Let us send you our free book, "J-M Transite."

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Address 159 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Canadian Address: Johns-Manville, Toronto, Canada

Please send me your free book, "J-M Transite." TR-1A

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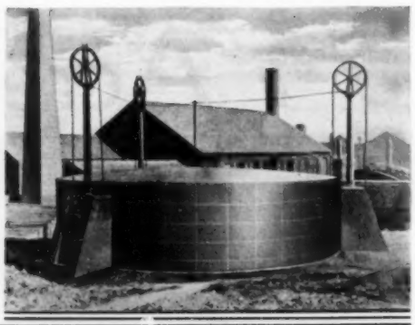
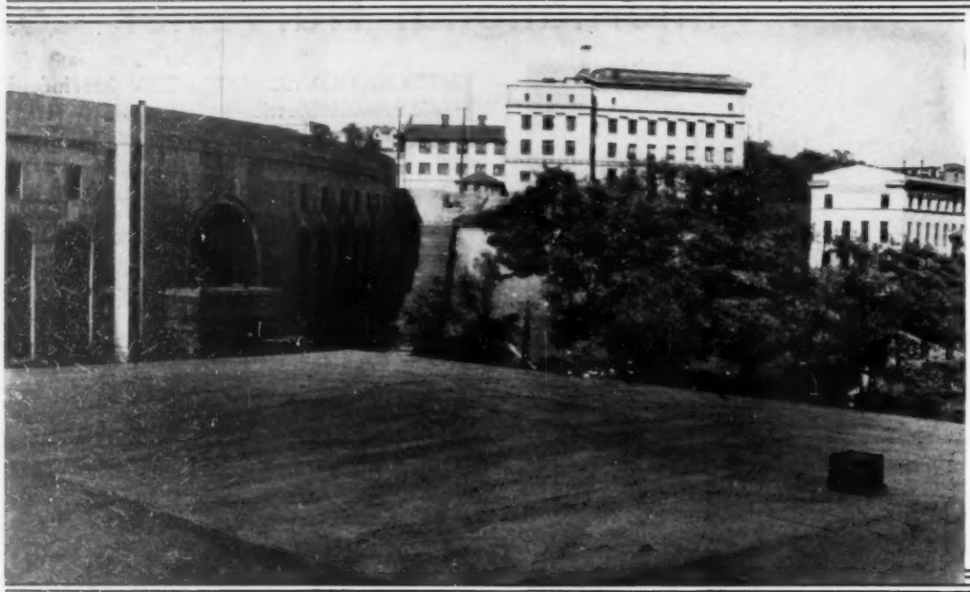
Address ..... 7—25—11

THIS ROOF IS 87 YEARS OLD

--Genuine Wrought Iron, of Course!



Murdoch's famous wrought iron gas holder, erected in 1792 at Birmingham, England. After 119 years, it was still serviceable.



For vital parts of locomotives and cars subject to corrosion, vibration, shock, and other repeated stresses, railroads have found wrought iron to be the most dependable material.

• • • •

New City Hall, Pasadena, California. Genuine wrought iron used in plumbing and heating pipes and ornamental balustrades for stairways. Architects: Bakewell and Brown, San Francisco.

IT is often found that a "sheet iron" roof has rusted out in a decade or less, while another roof, the original appearance of which was identical, has lasted for generations. The explanation usually is that one roof was covered with genuine wrought iron sheets and the other with ordinary sheet material. They look alike when new, but in their hidden qualities, what a vast difference the years reveal!

The 87-year-old roof on the Faculty Club of the University of Pittsburgh, shown in the foreground of the above photograph, is an example of the durability of genuine wrought iron. The sheets of which it is made up are typical in character of the wrought iron that goes into pipe, tanks, bridges, barges and ships, chains, wire and nails, fences, gates and grilles, and vital parts of railroad cars and locomotives.

Many new products have of late been made available in genuine wrought iron, in response to a reawakened appreciation of and demand for this time-tested, dependable old metal. Among them are fence and wire, window sash, strip and sheets.

Requests for specific or general information should be addressed to the Wrought Iron Research Assn., 1111 Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wrought Iron

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

EMPLOYMENT RACKETS

(Continued from Page 25)

to get a job, and, unless he is widely experienced in the various forms of sharpshooting often resorted to, he will sign almost anything after only a casual glance. The agent fulfills his end of the contract by mailing out a form which reads something like this:

YOUNG MAN, 28, high school, neat appearance, desires clerical position. Will fit in nicely with any business organization. Salary no object.

Or, in the case of a feminine applicant:

YOUNG WOMAN. Would fit in admirably in research department or as secretary to a physician or busy executive.

Sometimes these brief sentences are on regular letterheads. Sometimes they are printed, instead, on a sort of cheap yellow paper arranged to resemble a telegram. In some instances the names of the firms to which they are addressed may be culled frankly from a telephone book or business directory, and, when mailed, the letters go to the desks of men who have never heard of the particular agency involved, who would certainly be reluctant about taking on employes so vaguely and mysteriously recommended, and who consign the missive to the waste-paper basket along with other doubtful mail solicitation.

There are on record cases where five or six minor executives of one firm, none of whom had authority to hire men, received copies of the telegram. There are other instances where the forms were addressed to men who had died or left the employ of the firms addressed.

Such pseudo agents as employ this method will assert, when questioned, that the letters cost them from seven to nine cents apiece to prepare and mail. Investigators who have looked into the scheme and know the quantity in which the letters are produced estimate the cost, including postage, at from three to four cents, and say that in nearly all cases the results are negligible.

Adding to the Letter of the Law

The regrettable feature of it all lies, of course, in the facts that there are some cases where mail solicitation, carefully and conscientiously directed, may be of help to the job hunter and that, knowing the field, he might even mail letters out himself at much lower cost. I pointed this out to the salesman quoted earlier in the article. "Certainly," he replied. "I can see now that that is true. But the difference is that I have found myself a job in the meanwhile. At that time I was hunting work and ready to pay for anything that offered, even dimly, a chance to obtain it."

Today, in my own state, this particular racket has been halted. Because, in the particular case which investigators from the Bureau of Employment sought to prosecute, the letters had actually been mailed, no direct charge of breach of contract could be made. Realizing this, the investigators armed themselves with affidavits from a score or more of victims of both sexes, called the racketeers into conference and spoke to them much as follows:

"We'll admit that you haven't broken the letter of the law, and we can't get you on that. But if you continue this practice we'll protest when you apply for the license, which must be renewed annually before you can operate. If that fails we'll take it into the courts. Our protest will include not only these affidavits but the personal appearance and testimony of all the old men and young girls whom you have muleted of their last few dollars. If you get your license anyhow, we'll offer the same evidence and testimony year after year, see that it gets wide publicity, and, of course, press for legislation aimed directly at you."

The men under investigation not only promised to cease the practice but returned to every complainant who had come to our attention to that time the money accepted for this so-called service.

The Suitcase Racket

The combination of employment and commissary agent for big contract jobs in one man or firm offers opportunity for another common type of swindle, generally known as the suitcase racket. As commonly employed, the racket works in much the following way:

A laborer or skilled worker so urgently in need of a job that he must take whatever offers will apply at some such agency for employment on a big operation. Work will be promised him. Then comes the matter of the fee. If the job hunter hasn't the three or five dollars demanded, the agent, with a big-hearted gesture, agrees to take his suitcase as security and shoves out a contract to be signed. Like so many job hunters, the applicant doesn't read it carefully, or else becomes confused in the tangle of legal verbiage involved, and affixes his name. By so doing he has agreed, among other things, to permit deductions out of his pay for living expenses at the commissary, traveling expenses to the job, and the like. If the agency is reputable, as the great majority are, this system is fair enough. If it is crooked, there is almost no limit to the extent the worker can be swindled. Such an agent, instead of shipping men to the site of the job by rail, may load them on trucks and pocket the difference in cost. Meals en route will also be marked against them. By the time a worker enters the camp, spends the night there and finishes his breakfast, he may be in the red for from ten to fifteen dollars. If it happens to rain the first two or three days and work is suspended, he goes still deeper into debt. If the food happens to be impossible, and the bedding worse, and sanitary conditions wretched, there is nothing for him to do but bear it. If he leaves, his suitcase is withheld. If he endures conditions as they are and labors steadily, there is little left in his envelope at the end of the week. In either event nothing can be done about it. Preying on the lack of sales resistance that marks the man hunting a job, the agent has tied him up to an unfair contract that is within the law. Sometimes agents of this type go to jail. Sometimes they seek police protection from men goaded to the last limit of endurance.

Yet there are times when the greed of such agents acts as a boomerang. An effective curb on their activities is the type of laborer who, having once suffered at their hands, feels no hesitancy in reversing the process. Such men, wishing to travel from one city to another free of expense, apply at the agency for work near their objective and are signed on. Perhaps they pay the fee. Perhaps they put up suitcases, the value of whose contents is far less than the cost of transportation. Then they take the trip, only to disappear mysteriously just before the final destination is reached. This trick is worked more often on inexperienced recruiters of labor than on the wily professionals who make a habit of profiting from the straits of the jobless, but a shrewd workman, thoroughly familiar with the entire racket, can often fool even the most astute of employment-commissary sharks.

Employment agencies, like many business enterprises, are of two kinds—the good and the bad. Fortunately the former are in the great majority, due partly to the increase in regulatory legislation, partly to the fact that many responsible and conscientious firms are supplying a real need by conducting them. But swindling of the unemployed continues, sometimes by the black sheep among agencies, more often by individual adventurers and confidence men, tempted by the ready credulity that afflicts the man or woman who is out of work. Probably the most widespread of the swindles perpetrated by such free-lance employment buccaneers is that known as the salesman racket.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

This operates under a multitude of guises. Like many employment swindles, it starts with a help-wanted advertisement offering an income of from six to ten thousand dollars a year to the man possessing qualities of initiative and capacity to inspire those under him. The paragon thus sought is directed to write to a post-office box and, after complying, invariably gets an appointment with the president of the firm. Of course he also gets the job. Sometimes, if the employer's front is good enough, the applicant is asked to put up two or three hundred dollars of his own money as a personal bond. Sometimes this is magnanimously waived, and he is handed state rights on a new device of which he has never heard before. His job then is to sell the device from door to door or to storekeepers, meeting his own expenses meanwhile and receiving in compensation only commissions. On this proposition, of course, no employer can lose. By hiring every man who applies and sending him forth with inspiring words concerning the possibility of profit, he is obtaining, free of cost, a large amount of direct advertising and still has the chance of some profit from the sales. If the disappointed salesman quits after a week or two it really doesn't matter much. Others are answering the advertisement, and the petty method of obtaining free advertising and some few sales at the expense of men who really need employment and its consequent income continues. If the salesman is so inexperienced that he can be persuaded to buy the product at a greatly reduced cost and sell it himself in the hope of larger profits, the advantage to the employer is still more pronounced. The great pull in this swindle is the generous distribution of state rights to almost any applicant. It makes the opportunity seem to the applicant an excellent one and, when operated cleverly enough, can cause only temporary embarrassment to the distributor when two state-rights holders meet and compare notes.

FOR HOSPITALS

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IN the hospital and institution—wherever there is metal furniture—this new Faultless Expanding Socket holds the casters securely, regardless of the jar, strain or wear. Simple to adjust—they just can't come out. This socket is furnished either pivot bearing or ball bearing—ideal for all metal furniture whether made of welded or lock joint tubing. Your hospital or institution will run smoothly, easily, with safety and security on Faultless Casters with the new Expanding Socket.

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The new Catalog I.C contains valuable information on the new expanding socket for hospitals and institutions—mail the coupon below for your copy today.

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Gentlemen: Please send me the catalog checked below:
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43 stories of luxury...an investment of more than 22 million dollars in hospitality. 2500 rooms, every one with the convenience of Stromberg-Carlson radio; both tub and shower; Servidor; circulating ice water; floor secretary service. And your room is only 4 minutes from your train by our tunnel to the Pennsylvania station—B. and O. coaches stop at our door.

Only the Hotel New Yorker can give you so much—and we give it to you for as little as $3.50 a day. For it's our policy to give you full value—the most for the money.

Our restaurant prices are equally economical. In The Coffee Shop, for instance, there's a club breakfast for 40c, a luncheon for 60c and dinner is 90c.

Next time you come to New York stop at The New Yorker—enjoy this marvelous new luxury and service that have made this hotel the greatest first-year success in hotel history.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send $2 to Dept. 6-S for a 1-lb package of New Yorker Bonbonettes, the famous new candies. Add 15c for points outside U. S. and west of Rockies.

HOTEL NEW YORKER

MANHATTAN'S LARGEST HOTEL

34th St. at 8th Ave., New York

RALPH HITZ, Managing Director

It is by this feature that it can best be distinguished from the many reputable methods of utilizing salesmen to sell really useful and salable articles by direct calls on householders and others. The service offered and the success achieved by salesmen representing firms of undoubted integrity have had much to do with attracting certain types of pseudo employers into the field.

A slight variant of this game has even been played by astute managers of big retail stores. I recall one occasion when, shortly after the Christmas holidays, as stocks were being cleared from the shelves, an alluring help-wanted advertisement appeared in a number of newspapers in a large city. It told of openings not only for salesmen and saleswomen but for bright young men desirous of breaking in as junior executives. The following morning enough applicants appeared at the store doors to block traffic. Investigation disclosed no proof of one being hired. What was the purpose? Obviously, the crowd at the entrance advertised the store, which was at the same time announcing drastic post-season reductions. Probably some of the job hunters, in wandering through the store, made purchases, and every little helped in a depression period. Of course, it is impossible to estimate how many of those who were lured by the advertisement passed up other opportunities of finding employment that might otherwise have been theirs that day, or spent on car fare or small purchases money that was badly needed to tide them over their period of joblessness.

Hotel help is a prolific source of income to employment racketeers who know the game. Recently, in my own city, there appeared in one of the smaller employment agencies a man of personable appearance who offered to pay five dollars a head for competent workers to go to a Florida hotel. He specified that the applicants must pay their own train fare, which would be later refunded. Thirty workers were quickly recruited and notified to meet their guide at the railroad station. At the train-shed gate he asked for the money. "My assistant and I," he explained, "can get you cheaper fares by buying strip tickets."

Gullible, as are many job hunters, the victims individually handed over to him their fare, and he departed, ostensibly for the ticket office. But for the police who finally dispersed them after hours of waiting, the victims would still be standing in line at the train shed.

Unwitting Contributors

Another racketeer of the same stripe fell into the hands of state investigators through a still more subtle scheme. His method was disclosed when police were called upon to save him from annihilation at the hands of a group of disappointed job hunters. Dressed as a clergyman, he had established himself in a Negro district, announcing his intentions to relieve distress there by finding employment for all who would apply. His method was to collect a fee of one dollar and hand the applicant a receipt therefor. After about two hundred persons had made the payment, one finally read the receipt. It acknowledged with thanks a contribution to a church to be erected. When the racketeer was unable to show his connection with any church, or the plans or location for the edifice mentioned, he was placed under arrest.

Sometimes the lone wolf who operates such rackets goes to almost inconceivable trouble for the smallest gain. There is, for example, the prosperous-looking man who will approach an applicant on the outskirts of the crowd at a public or private employment office and offer him a job as chauffeur or as secretary. Wages are good, the work easy, and travel is assured. The two go to a fashionable restaurant to discuss things more thoroughly at lunch. Just before dessert the racketeer steps from the room for a minute, leaving the job hunter holding the bag and the check.

Sometimes, if the crook is smooth enough, this method is varied by having the youth meet him at a hotel room with his baggage, prepared to leave for another city. The bags are left in the room while the two go down to the restaurant for lunch. This time the swindler, after excusing himself plausibly, disappears with both the baggage and the hopes of his victim. Sometimes he does still better by collecting in advance twenty or thirty dollars from the victim for a uniform, which he assures him he can buy at reduced rates.

Victimizing Women

Probably the ugliest variation of this swindle is the bond racket, worked preferably on women. The victim will respond to an ad which reads much as follows:

YOUNG LADY wanted by well-known New York company in the capacity of manager, salary $75 a week, Box X-279.

From the avalanche of replies the swindler selects a woman obviously incapable of holding so well paid a position, since this type is most eager to grasp the opportunity. They meet by appointment at a fashionable hotel. After assuring her of her fitness for the place, the swindler announces that a bond of from three hundred to five hundred dollars is required. If the applicant is unsophisticated she will produce the money, either from her own savings or by borrowing from friends. Then, by one of the devious methods familiar to such men, the employer disappears, leaving no trace other than fictitious names of himself and of the firm he pretended to represent.

Women and girls appear to be preferred victims also in a rather recent variation of the salesman racket, which involves door-to-door solicitation with a fairly expensive specialty. The scheme, as successfully operated in several instances which have come to the attention of investigators, required the applicant to buy the article herself, ostensibly thoroughly to understand it. Then she is asked to sign a contract which, to the casual reader, appears unusually generous. It guarantees her not only a commission but a salary if certain conditions are fulfilled. These conditions require the applicant to complete a short course of study given by the employer in methods of selling the specialty, and to make a definite number of calls and complete a definite number of sales at the expiration of thirty days. The joker lies in the fact that it is virtually impossible to make all the calls required; but few inexperienced girls or women can anticipate this. If, at the end of the month, with these conditions unfilled, she demands at least a part of the salary promised, she is shown a clause which the majority overlook—namely, that a fee is due the employer for the instruction offered. Many of the girls interviewed by investigators had quit the game after a month's hard labor, still owing their employer money.

These are but a few of the newer methods employed in the exploitation of the jobless, but they are typical and operate successfully, with ingenious variations, in many parts of the country. Fortunately many safeguards designed to protect the man or woman hunting employment have gone into effect in recent years. Of these the most effective is the law. Many sections of the country now boast some form of legislation, either state or local, regulating fee-charging employment agencies. Some are, of course, more complete and effective than others. Some students of the situation are now urging the enactment in every state of a standard employment-agency bill, drafted with the idea of assuring nation-wide protection of employe, employer and fee-charging agent. According to officials of the National Employment Board—an organization of private bureaus engaged in the negotiation of employment for educational, technical, commercial and general office personnel—there are now in the United States approximately three thousand licensed employment agencies of all classifications.

About 50 per cent of this number are located in Massachusetts and New York, where the laws are administered and the agencies supervised by local authorities. Elsewhere, except in cases where there are no state laws other than those vesting in the municipalities authority to supervise and regulate employment, the agencies are supervised and regulated by state authorities. It is, however, comparatively seldom the licensed agent, but rather the racketeer masquerading as one, who garners the last few fiercely cherished dollars of the job hunter, then disappears before the victim can set the law on him.

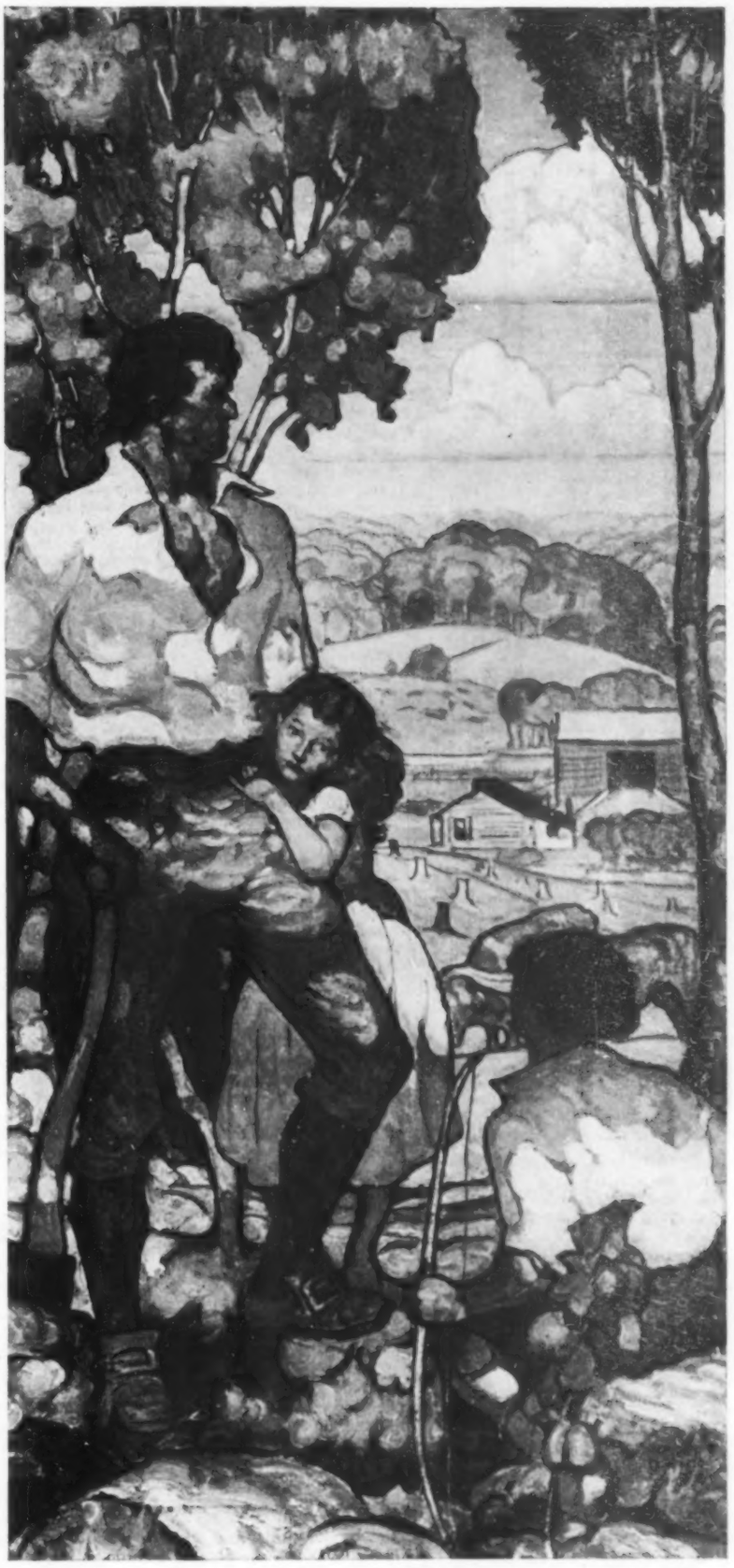
The Biters Bitten

Although different conditions in different states account for variations in legislation affecting the fee-charging employment agency, there are certain provisions which many such laws now contain and which all, in the opinion of most students, should include. They demand that agents shall refer applicants only to positions for which they hold an order from the employer; that officials who issue licenses shall have power to revoke them if necessary; that registration fees shall be prohibited; that in case of misrepresentation the job hunter's fee and cost of transportation shall be refunded, and that both applicant and employer shall have at least a week's time to determine the permanence of the job before the full fee is paid. Such laws either do or should demand also the furnishing of a reasonably heavy bond by agents.

In addition to regulatory legislation, the agency which attempts to profit by sharp practices is held in check by the growing sophistication of many of the job hunters themselves. Sometimes, despite the agent's reputed cleverness, he is even victimized by experienced clients. Probably the most successful of the types which manage now and then to trick the agent are the so-called tourists—those men who sign up for contract labor at a camp many miles distant, then disappear before the site of the job is reached. But many others, among both employers and employes, work their minor form of graft with occasional success. Nor are these petty schemers always of the laboring class.

(Continued on Page 100)

MINE!



MAN has always measured his well-being in terms of what he owns. Through every age has run unbroken his aggressive determination to protect possessions at any cost—weapons, skins, herds, lands, crops, factories, stocks and bonds. Our own history, from the earliest Colonist to the business man of today, is a continuous story of human efforts directed at the preservation of property.

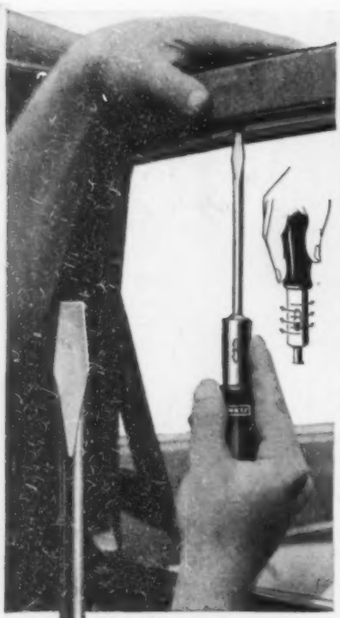
Today we aim to amass and protect an estate. In this we are assisted by the accepted laws and the ethics of modern business. And in addition to these bulwarks of protection, the individual, through the modern institution of insurance, may call upon the united strength of many and *maintain* the value of his property against almost every hazard.

This is the aim of all insurance—the preservation of values. Property insurance is universally believed in. Though most of our buildings may never burn, we insure the home, factory, warehouse against fire. Marine insurance is an essential part of commerce—though catastrophe may strike only a small percentage of the goods in transport. Through these and other forms of insurance, material wealth is unaffected by loss when it does occur.

Individually each one of us owns something of far greater value than property—our value as a wage-earner. This is the source of all property value. As law and economics protect the values of our property, so life insurance protects the worth of our life. Through its proper application, we are able to provide against loss as the result of any decrease in our ability to earn.

With virtually unlimited resources, with more than 25,000 representatives in every section of the country, Ætna will be glad to consider your individual program of protection—a scientifically sound protection of your property values and of your life values.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY, AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY, STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



"Yankee" works on a ratchet —easy . . . quick

Grasp handle. Hold your first good grip. Turn to and fro. Handle, working on ratchet, turns back with your hand. No letting go and gripping again. No relaxation of pressure on bit in screwhead. No friction—no turning screw back. One hand does the trick! And not a moment or motion lost.

There is no substitute for "Yankee" efficiency, durability and economy!

No. 10.—For husky screws. Eight blade lengths, 2" to 12". Ratchet Shifter moves lengthwise. 65¢ up.

No. 11.—Same as No. 10—except Ratchet Shifter moves across tool.

No. 15.—Thumb-turn starts wobbly screws. Blade, 3/16" diameter. Six lengths, 2" to 8" blades. Priced from 70¢ up.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

USE COUPON to get Free "Yankee" Tool Book: Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier. Two-speed (11-inch) Hand Drills, Automatic Push Drills, Bit Braces with famous "Yankee" Ratchet, Ratchet Breast, Hand and Chain Drills, Vises, Etc.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
You may send "Yankee" Tool Book, Free.

Name .....

Address ..... (sep)

(Continued from Page 98)

Women in comfortable financial circumstances have been known to work what is called the madam racket for the sake of saving the fee which employers usually pay agencies for domestic help. The method is much as follows:

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith are neighbors. Each is in the market for an efficient maid. If they advertise, it will mean the annoyance of receiving a flood of applicants at their homes. Yet they dislike to pay the commission which an agency exacts. Finally they come to an understanding that Mrs. Jones shall telephone an agency to send her a maid. When the applicant arrives with a letter, Mrs. Jones tells her that she isn't needed. The former maid, it appears, is coming back. But Mrs. Smith next door is looking for a maid. Why not apply there? The girl accepts the suggestion and is hired. Mrs. Smith then returns the courtesy by acquiring a maid for Mrs. Jones through another agency by the same method. Of course neither pays a fee, because payment is not exacted until the domestic actually starts work, and each householder can say that she did not accept the applicant sent by the agency.

The Way of a Maid

Sometimes the domestics themselves work the same racket. A maid will go to the house where the agent directs her, refuse the job and send a friend or sister to it the next day. The successful applicant, on her first day off, will then work a similar trick for her friend or relative. Again the agencies cannot collect their fees, because the girls have not taken the positions to which they were sent.

But some agencies are not above a bit of sharp practice in the domestic employment game themselves. One trick that has been worked successfully consists in keeping permanently among apparent applicants a maid of outstanding ability and prepossessing appearance. When a housekeeper applies in person for help, she is always glad to take this woman at the moderate salary asked. After a few days' employment this paragon of maids finds a plausible reason for quitting, but volunteers to send a friend or sister in her place. The girl who succeeds her is invariably one of the less capable and experienced applicants on the agency's list. By using the one efficient maid over and over in this game, an agency can succeed in collecting fees from many incapable domestics for whom it would be otherwise difficult to find places.

The office man who attempts to utilize the agency as a lever in having his salary increased is another thorn in the flesh to the employment firm which is attempting to conduct an honorable and profitable business. His method is to apply to the agency and announce that he wants a job with a higher salary, but because he is at present employed he must keep the fact confidential. A few days later, since the applicant is really capable and efficient, the agent finds a place for him at the salary asked. The applicant then returns to his old employer, tells him he has been offered an advance in salary to go to a rival firm, and asks that the increase be met. Frequently the employer does this. In this event the agent either collects no fee, because the man has not accepted the job found for him, or, if the fee has been paid in advance, faces the annoyance of combating the applicant's attempts to regain it through legal processes.

Despite such isolated examples, it is, however, nearly always the job hunter rather than the real or pseudo job giver who is victimized. To those familiar with employment methods, the unfortunate feature of all these modern rackets—letter telegram, suitcase, salesman, bond, and others—is that they are so easily guarded against. If the applicant finds himself unable to exercise sales resistance against the smooth talk of an employment racketeer, he can, I am convinced, guard himself against exploitation by observing, in addition to those already suggested, the following precautions:

When an opportunity for employment is offered by an agency which demands an appreciable down payment of money, as in the case of the letter-telegram racket, inquire whether the agent is under state or municipal regulation and bond. This can be readily learned, if not from the agency itself, then from some public employment office or from a civic organization such as the chamber of commerce, board of trade or better-business bureau.

No matter what the status of the agent or prospective employer, read carefully any written contract offered for signing, comparing it line by line with verbal promises. The job hunter should remember that in any legal effort to regain money which he feels has been taken from him as a result of false promises, both he and the agent are bound by the actual words of the contract signed and not by casual promises which can be readily denied.

Before making any payment, obtain assurance that the agent is sending you to a prospect whose demands for service are along lines with which you are familiar. Observation of this rule would eliminate the practice, once common in states lacking regulatory legislation, whereby labor agents collected fees over and over again by the process of sending one unqualified man after another to a position he was obviously unable to hold and collecting a new fee from each as the job was obtained. This will also avoid the sleigh ride, that useless practice of wasting an applicant's time and strength by sending him to prospect after prospect when there is little or no hope of actual employment.

Stop, Look and Listen

Regard the demand for a cash bond as a flashing danger signal. In the case of virtually any position important enough to demand such precautions, a surety company will issue a fidelity bond at a nominal cost. Caution is doubly necessary when applying for clerical jobs demanding personal bonds in a city other than the one where the help-wanted advertisement appears, for the simple reason that the majority of such positions can easily be filled from among applicants in a firm's own community. If the applicant for an easy, high-salaried, out-of-town position demanding a personal bond will only stop to ask: "Why is this employer so anxious to have me instead of someone in his home town?" the answer will probably suggest itself.

Finally, when negotiating for a job, exercise the same intelligent consideration that an employer has the right to expect after you are on the pay roll. For the time being your business is that of obtaining employment. Conduct it as a business man should, with a critical study of all the factors involved and the value of the commodity offered for sale. In other words, stiffen your sales resistance until you are convinced that the proposition is genuine and worth the price demanded. No employment racket, however conscienceless, however adroit, can long withstand the assaults of sound common sense.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

She had again the air as of wringing her hands. "Can't you see," she asked, "that what he thinks about you and offending him are two different things? If he's angry at us, there's no telling what he'll do the next time we order meat from him. We might all die of ptomaine poisoning."

John yielded, "Oh, all right," he said. "I'll do it the way you want me to. When is it I stroke my chin and look undecided?"

"Just before he starts to wrap up your round steak. And when you tell him to grind it up, you do it all of a sudden, as if you'd just made up your mind."

"I'll try to put it across, dear."

We swung around in the roadster and drove back to the village. John went into the butcher's shop, walking mechanically, and with the preoccupied air of a man trying to remember his lines. I went along as chief prompter. John marched up to the counter.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "Gimme a pound and a half of Hamburg steak. An' it's gotta be right off the cow."

Bill cut off the round steak and reduced it to Hamburg.

"Hang this play acting to save people's feelings," said John as we were on our way home once more. "Women don't understand how to get things done." Then he shifted uneasily in his seat as we turned into his drive. "But don't forget to tell Mary how convincing I was with my chin-stroking scene."

—EDWARD L. GORDY.

The Village Smith

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With cup grease on his hands;
He deals out chewing gum and tea
And gumdrops and brake bands.

The village maidens loiter by
And hang about the shoppe
To give the brawny smith the eye;
He does not even stoppe,
But goes on selling apple pie,
Hotte dogges and sody poppe.

Oh, once his cheerful anvil rang;
And passing by his door,
We paused to listen, while he sang
And made his bellows roar;
The red sparks from his hammer sprang
And showered on the floor.

No more we hear his hammer ring;
No sparks fly as we pass;
No anvil song, nor anything—
Those days are gone, alas!
The smith, he hasn't time to sing—
He's busy selling gas.

—Lowell Otus Reese.

BEFORE CELOTEX . . . *Someone should preserve a few of these old-fashioned attics for us to show our grandchildren. Of course, they have practically no value—too cold in winter and too hot in summer for anything but store-rooms.*

* * *

AFTER CELOTEX . . . *Here is the attic of today and tomorrow—transformed by Celotex. The pleasing buff color of Celotex and its fibrous texture make a most attractive interior finish. Or it can be painted in colors that harmonize with your decorative scheme.*

Believe it or not . . . it's the *same room!*

THE OLD PRE-WAR ATTIC WITH ITS DUST AND DARKNESS, IS COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED WITH $46.00 WORTH OF CELOTEX . . . AND PAYS FOR ITSELF IN FUEL SAVED

OLD-FASHIONED attics take their temperature from the weather outdoors. In winter the heat leaks out so fast you can always see your breath. And the summer sun keeps them hotter than ovens.

So the first step in modernizing is to shut out the two extremes of temperature. Celotex does both jobs well! Attics lined with Celotex insulation hold the costly warmth inside where it belongs—protect the upper rooms of the house from the raw cold—save you hundreds of dollars in future fuel bills. And in summer Celotex stops the scorching sun's rays.

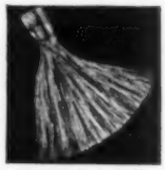
Now all this waste space becomes promptly available for pleasant useful rooms—easy to keep comfortable through every season of the year. You can have the playroom the youngsters need so badly—where you'll never have to worry about drafts. Or a delightful new bedroom for guests that stay overnight—or a maid's room so attractive that it's a real help in solving the servant problem.

Celotex *builds* as well as insulates—makes strong, enduring walls and ceilings for new rooms. And for plastered surfaces there is Celotex Lath, especially designed to protect against plaster cracks and eliminate all ugly lath marks.

Your Celotex dealer will gladly tell you how to insulate your new home or to transform an old-fashioned attic into the new variety. He knows how to insulate basements, garages, sun-parlors, or sleeping porches with Celotex. He'll plan the work so that it can be done quickly, easily, and inexpensively. He'll furnish the facts and figures you need—and recommend capable architects, builders or contractors. Get in touch with him, now. And ask him for your copy of our interesting new booklet "Celotex Cane Fibre Insulation."

And remember, when you buy a new home look for the Celotex sign. It is your assurance of greater home comfort.

The Celotex Company, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. Member of the National Building Industries Bureau. Sales distributors throughout the World.



Extra Strength From Cane Fibre

Celotex is made from the tough, wiry fibres of cane—adds lasting structural strength. Its all-around excellence has made it the preferred insulation. More than 300,000 homes are now insulated with Celotex.

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

The word Celotex (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is the trademark of and indicates manufacture by The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois

This is Demuth Milano No. 1643. If you prefer a smooth finish, ask for No. 1545.

ONE FINE BRIAR THAT **MUST** SMOKE SWEET!

A BRIAR as mellow as Indian summer, as fresh as a breeze from the brook. You can have pipe joys greater than ever before because every Demuth Milano is equipped with the Hesson Guard.* The shank stays bone dry and clean. The guard keeps Milanos sweet. An extension of the stem, it screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl. Condensation of the moisture in the smoke is prevented. None of the full-bodied fragrance is lost. Milanos are already broken-in for you, mechanically smoked with real tobacco. Wm. Demuth & Co., New York, London, Chicago, San Francisco.

The Hesson Guard makes it
THE PIPE THAT STAYS SWEET!

DEMUTH MILANO
WITH THE HESSON GUARD
$3.50

*Patented 12-22-25

CUSTOMERS' MAN

(Continued from Page 7)

used to wear with his frock coat. It was Charlotte's father. I did not have to be introduced. I'd seen photographs of him.

He did not speak at first; just cleared his throat savagely, while Charlotte and I let our arms drop limply. I certainly felt foolish, but I was kind of mad too.

"Good night, Charlotte," barked the old man, and it was a little startling to me the way she beat it past him. I heard her little heels clicking on the bare spaces between the rugs in the living room, heard a door close with a bang. Then the old man spoke to me.

"Come in here." He turned and went into the living room. I followed as meekly as if he had a gun in each hand instead of just a newspaper. He was trying to light a cigar when I stopped behind him, and his hands were shaking so the match went out. Finally he got it lighted and turned on me.

"You're Loomis, of course."

"Yes, sir," I replied; "Robert Loomis."

"Sit down." He did not add, "Before I knock you down," but you can bet I dropped in a chair as if someone had shoved my knees from behind. Then he went right to the point.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I sing."

He grunted.

"I sing pretty well."

He glared at me then and puffed at his cigar. Then he asked me how much I earned. I gaped and stammered and he repeated his question.

"What are your earnings?"

I rattled off a list of my recent engagements, beginning with the church's sixty dollars a month. I dwelt on the vaudeville engagement and the money I had earned singing at meetings of the Wisconsin Society. It was not very impressive. I wound up by quoting my music teacher's opinion of my prospects, if I should study faithfully.

"Why don't you get a job?" challenged Mr. Page.

For nearly a minute I stared at the curled white tab of his stiff shirt bosom. Then I gave him my reason. "I want to do creative work," I said, my voice sounding stubborn. I knew I wasn't making a very good impression.

"Creative work? Huh! When young people get married they generally find themselves involved in creative work. They create children. Had you thought of that?"

I did not say anything.

"Maybe you were thinking I'd be glad to support your family."

"I never thought anything of the sort."

"Then you have even less sense than I supposed."

He made me mad, but at the same time I felt sorry for him. I could see from the way his fingers were weaving that he was about as miserable as I. Then he spoke again.

"When you get a job you will be welcome to call here again. From all I have heard I gather the impression that you are a pretty decent person. I don't want to have that impression changed. My daughter—— Well, do I make myself clear to you? When you get a job come around again. In the meantime you leave my Charlotte alone. Understand?"

I floated out of the apartment. I remember the elevator seemed awfully slow and he had shut the door behind me without waiting until it came. I continued to hear his final words after I was on the street. He had not said good night. What he said was "good-by," and from the inflection of his voice you might have supposed he was in earnest.

I tried to call Charlotte on the telephone the next morning, but a maid informed me that she was out. I tried several times more, and then on the third day I got a letter from her. It had been written on the Century and mailed in Chicago. She said her father and mother were taking her to California for the rest of the winter. She signed it, "With all my love, Charlotte." Then there was a postscript.

"Please try to find some congenial, lucrative work."

That was a hot one. Congenial, lucrative work! What about my career? Not one measly word.

II

THE first job I got came to me through Fred. It was in a second-rate opera company that played the subway circuit and then toured New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania billed as "Direct from a sensational New York engagement." Our prima donna, a coloratura soprano, was a pretty hard baby some ways, and shrewd. She liked me, but treated me as a kid. It was through her I met John Henderson, the heart specialist. He was crazy about music, he told me. Maybe that was true, but he was certainly nuts about our soprano. He had a curiously wizened face, like a withered lemon.

She liked to have flowers handed to her across the footlights even in places like Newark and Atlantic City. I expect he must have spent a big bank roll on roses alone. No matter how much he spent, though, she was given to sulky fits in which she would not speak to him. At such times he used to loll around my dressing room waiting for the storm to blow over. That way we became good friends. I told him about Charlotte.

"What you got to do is to make some money," he told me. "Maybe you can make it singing, but you can make it faster other ways. You look to me like a natural-born salesman. You think I'm just a heart specialist? Say, I'm as good a salesman as you'll ever meet. I'm a showman, too. Know what my overhead is? Forty thousand a year. I had the best interior decorator fix up my offices that money could hire. I spent twelve thousand dollars for electrical machines I figured would put my patients in the right frame of mind to be philosophical about my bills. No one ever sees me without a blood test that costs 'em twenty-five bucks. Don't misunderstand me, now. I'm not a quack, but I saw my dad spend his life driving around treating farmers and farmers' wives and kids. I determined to go after rich patients, and, believe me, I got rich patients. When I play I play with millionaires, and when I work, I work on millionaires."

(Continued on Page 107)

For About a Quarter of a Mile I Couldn't Think of a Jane Word to Utter, and if She Had Not Spoken I Guess I'd Have Been Mute All the Way

Ethyl users don't worry

about "WINTER GASOLINE"

IF ALL THIS TALK *about "winter gasoline," "quick starting," and "anti-knock" quality confuses you, read these facts*

"QUICK-STARTING GAS" means gasoline of low boiling point, simply that. Low-boiling gasoline vaporizes more easily and therefore gives quick starting in cold weather.

Because quick starting is a real winter help, the leading oil refining companies mixing Ethyl Gasoline use a more volatile base gasoline in cold weather. Stop at the pump with the Ethyl emblem, and you are sure of gasoline that gives quick starting. But remember also, please, when you see the Ethyl emblem; it stands for *more* than a cold-weather gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline is different from all other gasoline because it contains Ethyl fluid, the ingredient developed by seven years of research to make gasoline a more perfect motor fuel.

Ethyl fluid entirely changes the engine action of gasoline. It *controls* combustion. Where ordinary gasoline burns with sharp, irregular explosions, Ethyl Gasoline burns smoothly, with increasing pressure that sends pistons down in powerful thrusts.

That's why Ethyl gives greater power, quicker get-away, and smoother, more efficient engine performance. That's why any car runs better on Ethyl, summer or winter. Look for the emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Whatever oil company's name or brand is associated with it, the Ethyl emblem always stands for tested-quality Ethyl Gasoline. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country makes sure this standard is maintained.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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GLYCER

PERMANENT ANTI-FREEZE

RISKY
He took a risk and he's worried. He's not sure his car is sufficiently protected against freezing. He wishes he could be certain of his protection.

"One-shot" anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 *cars*

WE submit to you a business proposition in anti-freeze protection for your car—a proposition that 1,600,000 motorists were glad to accept last year.

Make glycerine your anti-freeze this winter. Put *one filling* in your car now and get an entire winter's protection without worry or refilling—without odor—and without fear of damage to your cooling system or car finish.

Glycerine is the *one-shot* anti-freeze. It won't evaporate, so you don't have to keep adding more all winter or guessing about it. It gives off no odors and is safe as water for your car and for the car finish.

One filling of G.P.A. Radiator Glycerine protects your car for the entire winter. Just make sure that the cooling system is clean and tight and the same solution that you put in your car today will be protecting it next April.

Now is the time to get protection. Put G.P.A. Radiator Glycerine in your car today.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

INE PROTECTION

SURE

He's always SURE of his protection because one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine protects his car for the entire winter. It won't evaporate — so he always knows he's safe.

One filling lasts *all* WINTER

OCTOBER
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MARCH
APRIL

WINTER COMING! — *put it in your car Now*

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers. It is a standard solution of a well-known product without the addition of other anti-freeze chemicals.

Where it's 15° above or colder use Quaker State Cold Test

Whatever your winter weather ...get that Extra Quart!

Where it's warmer than 15° above use Quaker State Medium or Quaker State Medium Heavy

QUAKER STATE Motor Oil—Cold Test for cold climates, Medium or Medium Heavy for milder climates—will keep your motor purring its prettiest and pulling its peppiest all winter long.

For there's an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil—a full quart more of heat-fighting, friction-soothing lubrication than you'll find in any gallon of ordinary oil.

Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of ordinary oil one quart or more of material that is of little or no value in the lubrication of an automobile motor—a quart of waste.

But Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined, carried a step further by an exclusive process that removes the quart of waste. In its place you get a quart of the finest lubricant—four full quarts of lubricant to every gallon. So you really get an *extra* quart.

And every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—beyond question the finest crude oil the world produces.

Quaker State Motor Oil increases your engine power because it gives a better piston seal. It stands up far longer under punishing engine heat. It retains its protective oiliness longer. It means more miles from spark plugs, more miles from piston rings, more miles from every working part of your motor.

Drive up to the nearest green and white service station sign. Get Quaker State Cold Test if your winter is usually colder than 15° above. But if it's usually warmer than that, get Quaker State Medium or Medium Heavy. Whatever Quaker State Motor Oil you get, you'll have an extra quart in every gallon—and the finest lubrication that ever bathed a bearing!

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The Original Certified Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil . . .

35¢ PER QUART

Higher in West, Southwest and Canada

Buy your oil where you see this sign

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE MEDIUM HEAVY
QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL
QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS
QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

Get that Extra Quart in every gallon

(Continued from Page 102)

It was Doc Henderson who sold me the idea of going to the best tailor in New York.

"Wear clothes like these I have on," he said, "and you can be as assertive as you like. In fact, you can keep your mouth shut in any company and still be comfortable. What do you spend for a suit?"

"Oh, about seventy-five dollars as a rule."

"Well, that shows you. This suit I got on cost me one hundred and sixty dollars, and J. P. Morgan does not wear a better one, unless he puts on a bullet-proof vest. See what I mean? Spend twice as much for your clothes and you'll be dressed as well as multi-millionaires. They may have more clothes than you, but they can only wear one suit at a time."

When the opera company disbanded and I came back to New York, I took Doc Henderson's advice and went to his tailor. I went in there one spring day wearing the best clothing I possessed, but feeling gawky and uncertain. I did not know whether they would throw me out or just sneer. Instead I was received as cordially as if I had been a brother of the Prince of Wales. The manager of the establishment entered the large chamber where fabrics were displayed while I was fumbling around bewilderedly, trying to make a selection. He offered his assistance, and in one of my smarter moments I confessed all, mentioning Doc Henderson's name. I said I wanted to appear correct and would appreciate his guidance.

"That's simple enough," he said. "We'll start you off with a blue serge, and if you feel self-conscious in it what you need is a psychiatrist and not a tailor."

I did not ask the price. He told me. It was one hundred and fifty dollars. In my relief I said I'd like to select two and he picked out a gray herringbone. Then he escorted me to the rear of the premises and sent for a cutter who supervised the measurements that were taken for my coat and waistcoat. When he had finished, another crisply mannered artisan entered. He was a pants expert. I do him an injustice. He was an artist.

He looked at the wall where my old suit hung on pegs.

"A belt?" he said, and raised black eyebrows.

There the manager intervened, explaining to me that Arthur felt he could not do credit to clients whose trousers were not supported by suspenders. I did not know whether Arthur would walk out on me if I clung to the belt, and so, as one who agrees for the first time to jump in a parachute, I said, "I'll wear suspenders." After that the cordiality and respect increased in warmth. I was not even asked to pay a deposit, and in two weeks' time I was wearing my new clothes.

This change was important. Any lingering traces of uneasiness in company had vanished now. I had never been shy, but somehow there had been times when I was meeting Charlotte Page's friends when I was uncomfortably aware of a difference in my appearance.

Whether such a difference had been erased by my new clothes I don't know; the important thing is that I felt that it had. Anyway, I found myself scurrying around town renewing acquaintanceships begun at the lake and afterwards. I was quite pleased with myself.

Then one day Doc Henderson invited me to attend a smoker at one of his clubs. He said he hoped I would sing. Well, I did sing. I sang The Road to Mandalay and Invictus. I sang Masefield's Tomorrow, and they loved it. They were older men, for the most part. Some were bankers, the patrons-of-the-arts kind, who stood around smiling genially at one another. I was the life of the party. I made it my business to be, at the same time trying carefully not to overdo it. Doc Henderson gave me a two weeks' card to the club that night, and a few days later when I went there to meet him he asked if I would like to have him propose me for membership. I jumped at the chance.

About two months later I sang at another club smoker. This time I was a member. Everyone was calling me Bob. I did not kid myself. I was there on terms of surface intimacy with them because I could sing, because I could entertain men who did not know very well how to entertain themselves. Doc Henderson behaved as if he were proud of me. The other men seemed to have a great deal of respect for him. He said he was going to land me a good job somehow.

That same night he introduced me to Jim Dayton, who as Flicker Dayton had been a famous Princeton back more than twenty years before. We talked music and football and Flicker pumped me thoroughly. I did not then realize that there was any purpose behind his questions, but a few days later Doc Henderson invited me to his bachelor apartment for dinner. I had been there often, but this time there was a party of about ten, and one of the men was Flicker Dayton's partner, MeGregor Hamilton. I guess everybody that knows anything about football remembers the kind of quarterback Frog Hamilton was at Princeton in 1906 or thereabouts. I was surprised to see what a frail person he was. You sort of expect football players to become fat as they grow older. Frog was as stringy as a piece of dried beef. His blue eyeballs protruded a little and he was as nervous as a race horse. I don't mean that he twitched, or anything like that. It was the intensity of the man. I had the feeling, watching him, that each one of his nerves had been tightened with a piano tuner's wrench.

He flattered me a bit by speaking of my own football playing, and spoke of the way Wisconsin had cleaned up Alonzo Stagg's Maroons my last year at college. I had a suspicion at the time that Flicker Dayton had coached him about my record; it was not likely he would have remembered otherwise. Even so, I felt chesty; and who would not if the great Frog Hamilton flattered him about the way he had played football? It did not occur to me, though, that Frog was trying to sell me anything.

"What do you do for a living?" he asked me finally.

I told him, and when I did I had the feeling that he already knew. Those jaw muscles of his that rippled across his temples each time he clamped his teeth made you feel as if you were dealing with a man who never let go of a fact once he had seized it. I was wearing a suit of dress clothes for which I had paid the tailor two hundred dollars, so it was no effort for me to admit to Frog that I was not much of a money-maker.

"Of course not," he said quickly. "You can't hope to make much money in your line. You belong in Wall Street. Why don't you come down and see me? You know, Flicker and I are partners."

Wall Street! I had been hearing a good deal about it for over a year. Everybody talked about the Street and stocks. I had never owned a share of stock in my life. I did not know one single thing about them, yet when Frog told me I belonged down there in that mysterious region where money was made I accepted the statement without question. Anyway, I had always supposed it was largely a matter of belonging. Rich men introduced their sons down there, I supposed, and immediately they began to get rich. I did not know how. Neither did Sindbad know how riches got into those places where they were revealed to him. He just lifted a stone with an iron ring, descended a flight of stairs into a subterranean chamber, and there was wealth.

"When'll I come?" I asked Frog.

"Come day after tomorrow," he said. "Make it about 3:30. That will give me time to get back to the office from the Exchange. I'm the floor member of the firm." Then he handed me a card bearing the firm name, Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell.

The offices of Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell were in an old building in Broadway above Wall Street, on the ninth floor. An antiquated elevator that rattled in its shaft carried me up to a corridor paved with worn mosaic tiles. The shabbiness was a little disappointing. I did not then understand that even shabby office space in the region of Wall Street is fabulously expensive; nor did I understand how that expense is borne; nor why so many people wish to occupy those crowded areas that mushroom to the sky.

I opened a glass door bearing the legend Customers' Room, looked uncertainly at a few clerks, stenographers and men who idled there in a long, narrow chamber.

One wall was covered by a green board on which were painted a confusing lot of abbreviations. I knew each crisp combination of letters was the symbol of a stock, but there was not one that had any meaning for me. It was quiet there at that time of day. The tickers were silent and no one paid the slightest attention to me until Flicker Dayton kicked open a low gate and came with outstretched hand.

"Heigh-ho, there," he said. "Frog's in there waiting for you eagerly."

I learned to love old Flicker in the months to come. He was a lovable, warm, soft-hearted friend. Frog sometimes said of him that he had no guts. I know better. His only trouble was his innate decency.

We found Frog Hamilton in a small office hardly big enough to house all the activity it contained. Frog's wiry body had been infolded with half a sheet of linen, and a barber who stood behind his swivel chair was beginning to scrape snowy lather from his heavily muscled jaws. At his feet a bootblack was popping a rag against his glossy shoes. A stenographer sat across on the other side of Frog's golden-oak desk scratching in a notebook hen tracks that for her bore some relation to the mumbled syllables that fell from Frog's lathered lips. In one hand he held a rye-bread sandwich of salmon and lettuce; in the other was a mug of coffee. Piled on the corner of his desk were some gray cardboard boxes that appeared to contain stationery.

"Sit down; be with you in a minute," he said to me.

(Continued on Page 109)

Water on your hair breeds BALDNESS *and* COLDS

SLOSHING water on your hair in summer isn't so bad—it is only apt to make you bald! But in cool weather it is one of the easiest ways to acquire a chronic cold in the head. If you doubt the effect of water on your *scalp*, just go out every morning with wet hands—and see how they chap!

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To protect your hair, and your health, use Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water for that morning slick-up. You'll quickly discover that you have a healthier head of hair—no dandruff, no itching, no unnatural dryness—and a lot less sniffling and sneezing!

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If your scalp is inclined to be very dry, use a little Wildroot Hair Dress several times a week. Massage Wildroot Hair Tonic well into the scalp, then smooth on a little Wildroot Hair Dress and brush your hair as usual. Daily kneading and massaging of the scalp is very important. Don't neglect it. Loosen up the scalp so that you can feel it move. Get Wildroot products at any druggist, department store, barber shop or hair-dresser.

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SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

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Surprisingly Easy to Make Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Way

One of 15 "All-Star" Recipes—By Betty Crocker and 12 Other Stars of American Cookery—Now Given in Every Sack of "Gold Medal"

THIS is, we believe, altogether the most remarkable set of recipes ever offered women.

12 of America's most famous cooking stars, working with the noted Gold Medal expert, Betty Crocker, have collaborated in preparing an All-Star set of 15 "*Kitchen-tested*" recipes to simplify home baking.

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It, and 14 other greatly simplified recipes are being distributed in every sack of Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. *You'll find them in any sack of this flour you buy.* (And the recipes are changed every 3 months.)

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By the development of a new-type of flour—Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour—baking has been remarkably simplified for the housewife. *And the cause of most baking disappointments banished*—lack of uniformity in the flour used; the chance of two sacks of the same brand varying greatly in results.

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The best bakers today are using Gold Medal Flour and other well-known high-grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious cookies. Have you tried them? Many of these bakers are making the cookies shown in this advertisement.

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LISTEN IN . . . Every Wednesday and Friday morning at 10:30 Eastern Time—9:30 Central Time—9:30 Pacific Time—to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Co. ***Gold Medal Fast Freight***—Every Wednesday Night at 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard—8:00 P. M. Central Standard—7:00 P. M. Mountain and 6:00 P. M. Pacific Time. The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System.

TRY THESE WHEAT PRODUCTS MADE BY THE MILLERS OF GOLD MEDAL "KITCHEN-TESTED" FLOUR

(Continued from Page 107)

For a few minutes he continued his dictation to the stenographer and then she vanished. The barber, having finished his scraping, produced from a covered bucket on the floor a steaming towel, pulled Frog's head into a horizontal position and slapped it to his cheeks. Then he saturated another towel with ice water from a cooler in the corner of the room and completed his treatment.

The bootblack picked up a dime and a nickel that had been laid on the desk for him, and disappeared. The barber left, carrying his bucket of towels and a satchel.

"Now then," said Frog, gulping the last of his sandwich, "let's get down to cases. You don't know anything about this business?"

"Not a thing."

"Fine. We'll teach you. You're going to be a customers' man. You'll be doing just what Dayton and Maxwell, my two partners, are doing. You'll be getting business for the firm. We make our money on commissions. Every time anyone buys or sells stock through our firm we get a commission. Those commissions are fixed by the Stock Exchange. They vary from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars for each hundred shares, depending on the price of the stock. The more stock we buy or sell, the more money we make."

Then he grunted. Before long I learned that Frog's grunt was the vestigial remains of what had once been a word. That word was an interrogative "See?" I told him I grasped what he was saying.

"All right," he said. "There are about five hundred stock-exchange commission houses. Understand, I want to simplify this business for you. Suppose the total business of the Exchange for a day is a million shares. Suppose the average commission on each hundred shares is fifteen dollars, how much would that be?"

I figured with a paper and pencil and then recited the answer, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Wrong," he said, and grinned wickedly. "When you buy a hundred shares you pay a commission, but the fellow that sells 'em has to pay a commission too. Double your hundred and fifty thousand. Make it three hundred thousand dollars. It's low, but let it stand. An average commission house ought to gross about six hundred dollars a day on that basis. This is a new firm and we don't intend to remain an average house. There is going to be more business to divide, and we're going to have a bigger share of it. I'm going to see that we get a bigger share. Now that's where you come in. You are one of those people who make friends readily and gracefully. You have personality."

After five years of exploiting that for which it stands how I detest that word, personality! On this occasion, though, I endeavored to accept Frog's compliment with becoming modesty.

"Down here in Wall Street," he went on, "we are all selling the same service at a fixed price. Remember that, now. In this business there isn't any competition in price. What you sell is service—and personality. Ninety-five per cent of all our business is done with friends. Therefore we got to have a lot of friends. In the past of Wall Street most of its people grew up in the business or else were brought in to succeed their fathers. That stuff is old-fashioned, the way I see it. The country is too big. Nowadays we got to reach out, and the means of reaching out is fellows like yourself. That's why you'll find golf champions, blue-blooded society boys, smart bridge players, pretty girls, ex-football stars, outstanding war heroes and other kinds of attractive people being hired by commission houses. We need people who can make friends with the rich. That's you, boy! Now," he continued, "I'll tell you what we'll do for you. We will pay you a hundred dollars a week. You'll need it running around the way you'll have to do."

I did not speak, but he lifted his hand as if to compel my silence. McGregor Hamilton was a driving type.

"That isn't all you'll make. It's really just expense money. At the end of the year we will give you a bonus. You've read about the Christmas bonus that Wall Street employes get each year? Big hearted, eh? Well, wait till I tell you. It's this way. They got a rule on the Exchange that no employe of a stock-exchange commission house shall be paid other than a fixed salary, not varying with the business. They got another one now that says an employe's bonus shall not be larger than his salary. I know the rules by heart and I know how to beat 'em. We all do. How do you suppose we get around this interference?"

I shook my head from side to side, and Frog Hamilton hitched himself forward in his chair to tap a bony finger on my knees.

"Here's the trick. As soon as we get a line on the amount of business you are bringing in we raise your salary to a sum that allows us to adjust your bonus without violating the rules. Pretty cute, eh? What you will get will be 25 per cent of the commissions you bring in. Why, man alive, you ought to clean up big. Twenty, thirty thousand and, in a year or so"—Frog paused to point a finger at me—"a partnership."

I was silent, and a little impatiently Frog asked, "Doesn't that appeal to you?"

"Sure it appeals to me," I said warmly. "I was just thinking." Of course I did not tell him I was thinking of Charlotte Page. As a matter of fact, I was pretty nearly delirious with joy. "You just bet it appeals to me. When do I start?"

Instead of answering me Frog lifted the cover from one of the gray cardboard boxes on his desk and took from it a stiff white correspondence card, engraved on one of its surfaces. This he handed to me with the air of one who presents a precious gift.

I read it with amazement. The card had my name engraved on it. At the top was the name of the firm in script and just below it the magic phrase, Members New York Stock Exchange. Then came the words that left me gasping for breath:

We take pleasure in announcing that
MR. ROBERT LOOMIS
has today become associated with this firm

Frog was watching me sharply. For half a minute I hardly knew whether to be pleased or angry. They had taken a lot for granted when they ordered those cards engraved. But quickly a strong feeling of pride took possession of me. There was the proof that I was a Wall Street man.

"How about it?" asked Frog. "Fast work, eh? That's the way I believe in doing things."

"I'm proud," I told him. "But how did you know I'd take the job?"

"Oh," he said, and I suspected he was a trifle embarrassed, "Doc Henderson was sure you would jump at the chance. He said it would be safe to go ahead. That's why I ordered a rush job on these cards. The first of the month is only two days away and we will want to mail out these announcements tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Surely. First thing you want to do now is to make up a list of all your friends; those around New York with dough, I mean. You'll be surprised how much business an announcement like this will bring in for you."

I mailed a few of those cards myself that night, but not with an idea of getting business. I sent one to my folks, but the very first one I addressed was sent to Miss Charlotte Page.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Football Coach's Lot in the Hereafter

Just as inadequate

--as the "Kitchen Bath"

The mop and pail will be recognized some day as just as antiquated and inefficient for cleaning floors as the washtub in the kitchen is for the Saturday night bath.

The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine does for floor cleanliness what the modern bathroom has done for personal cleanliness. It has made cleaning easy . . and quick . . and thorough. In scrubbing, it uses clean water for every square inch. A new combination FINNELL now combines scrubbing with mopping. It scrubs the floor perfectly clean in half the time it would take to mop it partly clean. Saves money . . time . . and labor.

On polished floors the FINNELL applies a hard, slip-proof, dust-proof coating that is easily kept lustrous and clean.

A range of nine models makes it easy to fit your needs, whatever the area or type of floor.

Write for booklet. State whether interested in business or home use. FINNELL SYSTEM, INC., 111 East Street, Elkhart, Indiana, or 130 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Canada. Branches in London and Stockholm.

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ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE
WAXES · POLISHES · SCRUBS

Household Model, too. Refinishes, waxes, polishes, and scrubs—wet or dry.

This machine scrubs faster than one can mop! Enables big savings in labor. Write for details.

NEW!

The MONGOL Thin Colored Pencil almost unbreakable!

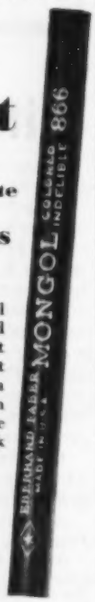
Try it yourself. You'll be amazed. Sharpen a Mongol Colored Indelible Pencil—punch it through stiff cardboard. It will not break!

"Fills a long-felt want" wrote

THOMAS HASTINGS famous architect

"The Mongol Colored Pencil which you have at last found a way to produce, fills, it seems to me, a long-felt want—a pencil in color with a thin lead and one which can be used in almost the same way as the ordinary black lead pencil."

A colored pencil with a thin lead. Takes a needle point. Wears away slowly. And the point will not snap! Extra tough. *Guaranteed not to break in ordinary use!*



MONGOL Colored Indelible Pencil

Water colors, too, from the tip of this pencil

Take any one of the 12 Mongol Colored Pencils. Shade in the colors with the pencil. Run over the marks with a wet brush. There's a smooth, even wash, hard to distinguish from fine water-color work.

Eberhard Faber Pencil-Selection Chart specifies the right pencils for every purpose. Free. Mail coupon.

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TALES OF THE KANSAS COW TOWNS

(Continued from Page 19)

stoop to ignominious play. Wherefore, it was axiomatic with the marshals of the frontier to whom any distinction was accorded that no malefactor, no matter what his crime, was to be shot down without his chance to surrender or to make his fight.

"Throw 'em up," was the warning to a potential prisoner. Then a pause for that fraction of a second in which the challenged one decided which way to move his hands. If they went skyward, he was disarmed and led to the nearest calaboose; if they went to his belt or his armpits, one or more of the combatants usually was carried to the nearest Boot Hill.

In the days when Wyatt first stepped into prominence upon the Western scene, gambling occupied about the same avocative position in the life of the cow camps as later was accorded to golf, and the owner of a faro bank quite possibly enjoyed more respect as a citizen than the proprietor of a commercial bank across the street. The gambling business was generally conducted on a different basis from that which later brought it into disrepute, and was as legitimate and as ethical an enterprise as the merchandising of groceries, and so recognized by law—for that matter, still is in a few Western towns.

In one of these frontier communities, for example, a man destined to prove a powerful force in the development of the West and who was to accumulate a large fortune, was the owner of a faro bank doing a thriving business in one shack and the proprietor of a commercial bank not doing nearly so well next door. This man often declared that only the prosperity of the faro bank enabled him to keep the commercial bank open. Wyatt's first acquaintance with another individual who was later to serve several terms as governor of a Western state was made while the governor-to-be was dealing faro in an establishment where Wyatt sometimes played. The list of prominent citizens who, at one time or another in the Old West, were gamblers and saloon keepers is well-nigh endless. They are not mentioned thus generally in an effort to palliate any possible offense against the moral niceties; the point is that such men were the leaders of the communities in which they lived by virtue of the qualities which they showed, and that as long as they dealt honestly and fairly with their fellows, no one thought the less of them for their calling. These men set up a government that necessarily functioned almost entirely on the executive side, and a realization that their communities respected them as the courageous sponsors and active supporters of the only government there was may help to a fuller appreciation of their era.

Wild and Woolly Ellsworth

For several months in the summer of '73 Wyatt Earp roamed from one cow camp to another on the Kansas plains, renewing old acquaintances, forming new ones, playing a little poker, bucking the faro and monte games, winning or losing a little money, and picking up what information he might concerning the opportunities in the cattle trade. After visits to a number of camps, he returned to Abilene, where an acquaintance advised him that the leaders of the beef industry were to be found in Ellsworth, a village some sixty-five miles west. Ellsworth was advertising herself as the coming town of the frontier, and the extent to which she had succeeded in attracting the cattlemen may be gleaned from the observation of the editor of a weekly journal in a rival camp, who printed under the heading, State News:

"As we go to press, hell is still in session at Ellsworth."

When Earp reached Ellsworth, in August, 1873, no more typical trail-drivers' rendezvous existed on the plains than that settlement of possibly 300 resident population. More important cattle-shipping centers were to develop as the size of the Texas trail herds increased, but, geographically, architecturally and culturally, Ellsworth was all that the wooliest cow town of the Wild West ever was reputed to be.

The Cowboy Capital

The village lay depressingly flat on the bank of the Smoky Hill River, surrounded by 1000 square miles of what old cowmen still maintain was the finest range at any northern terminal of the Texas Trail. To the sight-seer the country roundabout may have been a vast, slightly rolling and most uninteresting prairie, with endless miles of grass-brown monotony, practically unrelieved by trees or patches of living green. To the cattleman's eye that great expanse was a perennial carpet of grama grass, an apparently inexhaustible source of fat-producing fodder for his longhorns, on which it was easy to hold the herds.

Life in Ellsworth centered on a treeless plaza always fetlock deep with dust or mud, across one side of which ran the new railroad with its board-shack ticket office and freight house. Between the railroad and the town establishments, and parallel to the tracks, was the community's single boast in the way of a business street. Within the confines of the plaza this roadway widened to provide hitching space for cow ponies and wagon teams on either edge of the thoroughfare, and about the crude rectangle were grouped the hastily erected frame structures which housed commercial enterprises. Back toward the prairie were the residence shacks—one-story, two-room sod houses—while across the plaza, between the railroad and the river, were freight warehouses, horse corrals, dance halls, saloons and one or two hotels frequented by Texas cowmen. Out beyond the village limits were acres of whitewashed shipping pens into which cattle were herded for railway loading. All told, there were five hotels—the Anderson House and the Grand Central were the best known—a bank, a newspaper shop, a half dozen stores, and some twenty or thirty saloons and gambling houses opening on to the square.

George W. Saunders, president of The Old-Time Trail-Drivers' Association, of San Antonio, Texas, and co-author of The Trail Drivers of Texas, has estimated that more than 500,000 Texas cattle, driven by 5000 cowboys, reached Kansas in 1872 over the Chisholm Trail. In August, 150,000 head were grazing the prairies around Ellsworth, awaiting shipment to the East. With them were 1500 cowboys, with money in their clothes and with long months of arduous ranch labor, the hardships of the round-up and the trail drive and the lonesomeness of their workaday lives to be lived down in a rush. In Ellsworth, the cowmen had little responsibility save that of holding their charges on a range which made such a job mere routine.

Climatic conditions had brought about an off-year around the trail terminals competing with Ellsworth, had lowered the quality and quantity of range grass farther east in Kansas, but had not impaired the Ellsworth grazing area. The countrywide financial panic of '73 had also affected the early cattle market, so that in holding their steers for better prices the owners of the larger herds deemed it advisable to drive to the one remaining shipping point where their cattle might fatten on free grass while awaiting sale. This combination of circumstances and events gave Ellsworth six months of fleeting fame as the wildest cow town of the West.

Day and night the sweltering plaza was lined on either side by unbroken rows of cow ponies tethered to the hitching rails. Horse corrals were filled to overflowing. Flimsy hotels were sleeping six and eight cattlemen to the room. Along the plank walks or sun-baked dirt paths from saloon to gambling house, to dance hall, to the stores, and back to the saloons again, roamed hundreds of Texas men, in sombreros, chaps and high-heeled boots, with cartridge belts and six-guns at their hips—picturesque swashbucklers, most of them—pursuing recreation and excitement.

If, with the enormous herds at her gates and the crowds of cattle drivers within them, Ellsworth needed a final touch to establish beyond the carping of Wichita, Hays and Abilene her supremacy as the cowboy capital of the West, she got it with the arrival at her Grand Central Hotel of Ben Thompson and his brother, Bill. Wyatt Earp had encountered the Thompsons before, in a casual way; he knew them, their reputations and their history.

Two Texas Terrors

Ben and Bill were Texas men who had deserted the cattle trail to deal a peripatetic faro game, which they shifted from town to town as changing conditions of cattle shipping warranted. In each cow capital where they opened their bank, the Thompsons arrogated to themselves the right to rule life in that favored community. In as much as this arrogance was predicated upon their frontier-wide reputations as man-killers and backed by extreme proficiency in the art of gun throwing it was seldom resented openly by local authorities. Furthermore, as Texas men, the Thompsons could count upon the active assistance of nearly every cowman in a camp in repelling any enforcement upon them of Northern ideas of law and order. Life in the cow town where Ben and Bill did business was to be lived, as long as they remained there, in thoroughly untrammeled fashion.

Ben Thompson, the elder of the pair, dominated the brotherly partnership. The two were born in England, but their parents had emigrated to Austin, Texas, just in time for Ben to enlist in a Texas regiment at the age of eighteen, at the outbreak of the Civil War. He had served under Kirby Smith and was promoted to a captaincy, according to report. At the close of the Civil War he

(Continued on Page 112)

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Performance is smoother, more thrilling than ever

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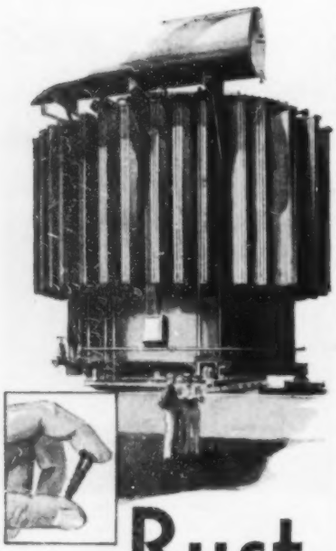

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PARKERIZING
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RUST-PROOFING

(Continued from Page 110)

went with Shelby to Old Mexico and fought for Maximilian until the collapse of the Empire, when he returned to Texas. By the early 70's he and his brother had gambled and shot their way through almost every frontier town between the Rio Grande and the Canadian line.

Both Thompsons were remarkably courageous men. Bill was the quicker to start an argument, possibly, and Ben the better stayer. Ben could be counted on to finish any quarrel in which either of them took part. Bill was particularly pugnacious when drinking, and as he always had some liquor in him, he managed to keep his brother's love for a finish fight reasonably well satiated.

Hays, Ogallala, Baxter Springs, Abilene and other prairie settlements saw the Thompson faro game come and go between 1870 and 1873, and lived their hectic weeks under the high, wide and handsome splurge of Thompson rule. In Abilene the brothers operated the Bull's Head Tavern & Gambling Saloon, where Brother Ben added to his reputation by backing the redoubtable Hickok into his hole and suggesting that he pull the hole in after him, when Wild Bill, as marshal, offered certain opinions as to Bull's Head goings-on. No history has been more garbled than that of the exploits attributed to noted Western gunmen, and the Thompson careers have been no exception—the brothers have been held responsible for as many as fifty killings—but it has been definitely established that by the time they moved from Abilene down to Ellsworth they had, by their various gun fights, planted at least twenty-seven denizens of various frontier Boot Hills.

Cowing a Cow Town

Wyatt Earp learned, almost immediately upon his arrival in Ellsworth, that Ben Thompson, in the parlance of the place, had the cow capital treed. Earlier in the year, when it became evident that the village was to boom as a cattle center and, as such, would be the recreational rendezvous for some 2000 cowboys who preferred their pleasures raw and red, the Ellsworth councilmen had endeavored to fend off trouble through precautionary moves. To this end they had engaged J. W.—Brocky Jack—Norton, a famous gun fighter, as marshal, and had appointed as Norton's first deputy John—Happy Jack—Morco, who had a record as an Indian fighter and was authentically credited with an even dozen six-gun killings against white men. Two additional deputy marshals, Charlie Brown and Ed Crawford, were also gun fighters of repute. As a contribution to the hope for a fairly peaceful summer, the county offered its sheriff, C. B. Whitney—a merchant rather than a peace officer, but noted for his courage—and the deputy sheriff, John Hogue, who had more than a local reputation for fearless proficiency with his .45's.

With such an array of six-shooter talent on the side of law and order, the mayor, Jim Miller, trusted that the business of the visiting cattle owners could be encouraged while the pleasures of their roistering retinues could be held within reasonable bounds. All during the months of May, June and July, the editor of The Ellsworth Reporter, the cow camp's weekly newspaper, gave the mayor his moral support by printing each Thursday at the head of his local column:

"All is quiet in Ellsworth."

Other records of a more specific nature, and even the news items below the editorial dictum, show that fist fights, gun fights and general mêlées were of hourly occurrence, day and night.

For two months of the summer of '73, Ben Thompson, from his headquarters at the Grand Central Hotel, where he had opened his faro bank, defied the vaunted Ellsworth marshals with impunity, and the hundreds of cowboys who were daily in the town did likewise. Citizenry, mayor, councilmen and imported peace officers had been treed together, and apparently did not intend to come down until the last Texas man had started south. Such was the status of Ellsworth's hope for law and order when Wyatt Earp reached town in August; thus it remained until he took a hand.

Storm Warnings

From experienced cattlemen, Wyatt soon learned that the cow business had been too thoroughly upset by the money panic and bad range conditions to make his proposed investment advisable, so he decided to hunt buffalo another season. The decision gave him a month of leisure, which he chose to spend in Ellsworth. To a man with no particular liking for liquor, the principal means open for recreation was gambling, and Wyatt spent much of his time at the poker tables or in bucking the various faro banks, including the Thompson game. He witnessed numerous gun fights in the streets and saloons, and observed with some contempt the manner in which the local constabulary took cover before the threats of the Texas men. But he studiously avoided participation in matters which were not his concern.

Early in the afternoon of August 18, 1873, Wyatt had the sun-scorched Ellsworth plaza almost to himself as he lounged in the shade of a wooden awning which sheltered jointly the front of Beebe's General Store and Brennan's Saloon, next door. At intervals someone passed on the walk, a group of cowboys came out of one saloon to enter another, or a sweating horseman rode in from the prairie, hitched his cayuse and sought relief from the blazing heat at a favorable bar. For the most part, the dusty cow-town square was devoid of all life except the drooping horses tethered to the rails at either side of the roadway and the attendant swarms of flies. Sweltering, wild and woolly Ellsworth appeared as peaceful as some cool, green-and-white New England village.

In a saloon three or four doors beyond Brennan's, Wyatt knew, an open poker game was in progress, with stakes of unusual size and with several herd owners and cattle buyers at the table. Play had been under way for some hours and had become so high that when word of it reached the Grand Central, the Thompsons placed their faro bank in charge of an assistant and hastened over to sit in. When informed of a table rule forbidding players to wear guns, Ben and Bill were still sufficiently intrigued by the size of the pots to send their weapons back to the Grand Central and draw cards. Wyatt had heard that after the Thompsons joined the game they took to forcing the play, that Bill was drinking steadily and getting mean. Whereupon he was well satisfied that he had declined an earlier invitation to sit in. Wyatt had small fancy for the Thompsons in any case, least of all for Bill in a poker game for high stakes, and drunk.

From the saloon in which the Thompsons were gambling the sudden uproar of a violent quarrel was followed by the appearance of the brothers on the plaza. They came out of the door on the run, Bill cursing loudly and shouting threats over his shoulder as the pair made for the Grand Central. A moment later they came out of the hotel and headed back toward the saloon, Ben carrying a double-barreled shotgun and Bill a rifle. At the rail in front of the saloon stood a pair of horses hitched to a hay wagon, and behind this rack the Thompsons took their stand; Bill still shouting threats and imprecations and Ben now adding his profanely insulting invitations to those inside the saloon to "Come out and make your fight."

Wyatt stepped from the walk into Beebe's doorway, where he would have cover from stray lead while he kept an eye on proceedings. By this time the racket made by the belligerent brothers had drawn several hundred persons from the various establishments bordering the plaza, as hopefully interested spectators of the impending fight. From his store, Sheriff Whitney hurried to the scene, stopping at Beebe's doorway to ask Wyatt if he knew what had started the row. The question was answered by another onlooker, who had been a bystander at the poker game and who had sensed that its immediate vicinity was not the safest place in Ellsworth. He had left the saloon by a rear door, and so around to the plaza to view forthcoming activities.

"John Sterling slapped Bill Thompson's face," this person volunteered. "Bill got nasty and John gave him the flat of his hand across the mouth. Then Bill invited John to get a gun and meet him outside. John hit him again, and knocked him out of his seat. Then Bill and Ben ran after their guns."

Calming the Fire Eaters

Sheriff Whitney was in his shirt sleeves and palpably unarmed, yet without further hesitation he walked over to the hay wagon where the Thompsons stood with cocked weapons, waiting for someone to come out of the saloon.

"You keep out of this, sheriff," Ben warned. "We don't want to hurt you."

"Don't be foolish, Ben," Whitney replied.

Thompson's rejoinder was a torrent of profanity directed at Sterling and his friends, whereupon the sheriff went into the saloon. He returned to the walk a few minutes later with word that Sterling had been forcibly prevented from coming out to fight and had been taken by friends to his camp outside the town by way of the saloon's rear door.

Whitney knew that the Thompsons would not attack the Sterling camp, where the cattleman would have the support of a score of cowboys, but he did fear that Sterling might be shot on sight by one of the Thompsons when he again came into Ellsworth. As this was to be avoided if possible, the sheriff tried to smooth over the quarrel. He invited the Thompsons into Brennan's saloon for a drink and a talk. The cowpunchers and merchants who had flocked out to see a fight returned to their pursuits indoors, and as Wyatt moved back to his lounging place between Brennan's doorway and Beebe's entrance, he again had the plaza to himself. Fifteen minutes later Whitney came out of the saloon alone, and stopped to talk.

(Continued on Page 117)

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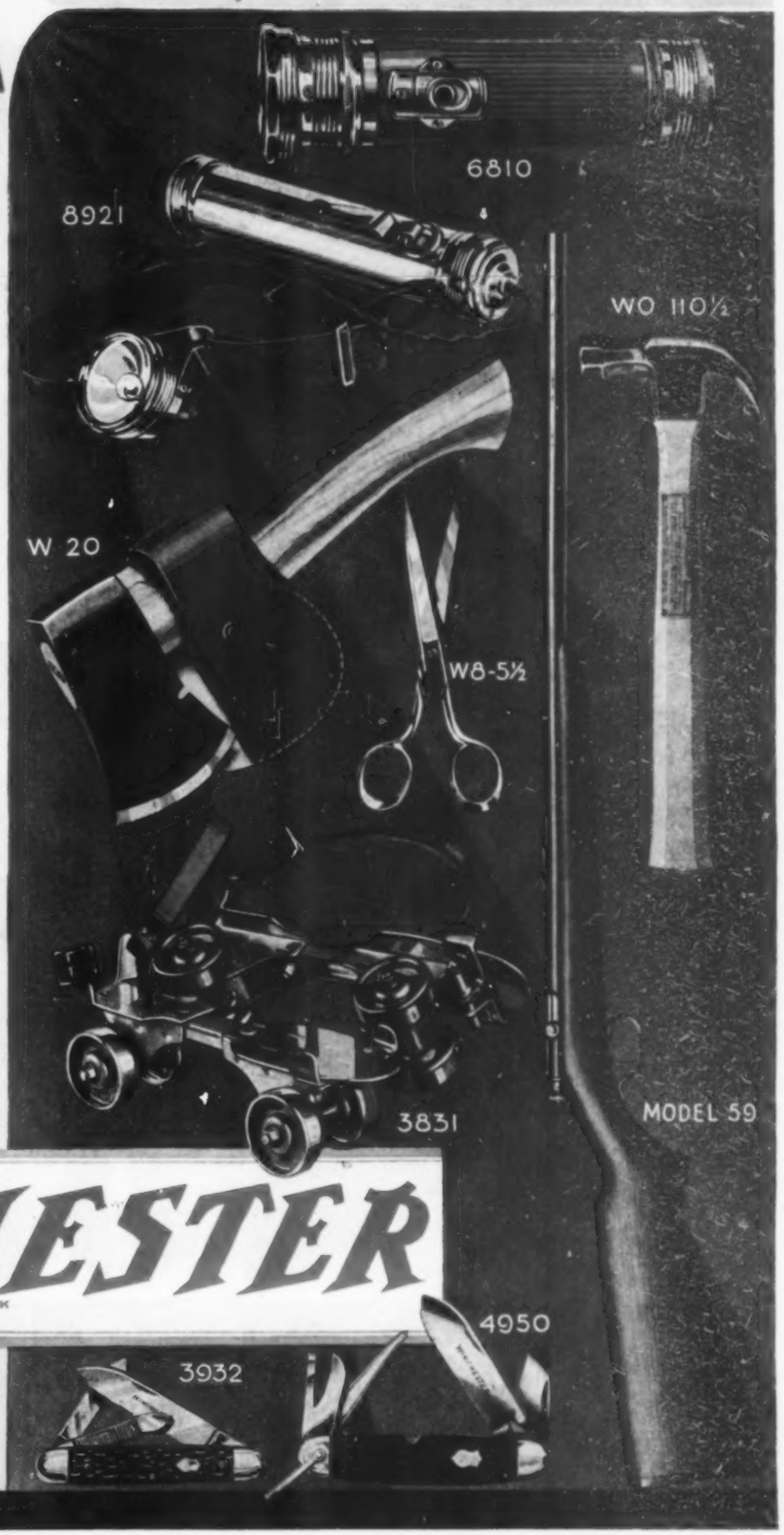

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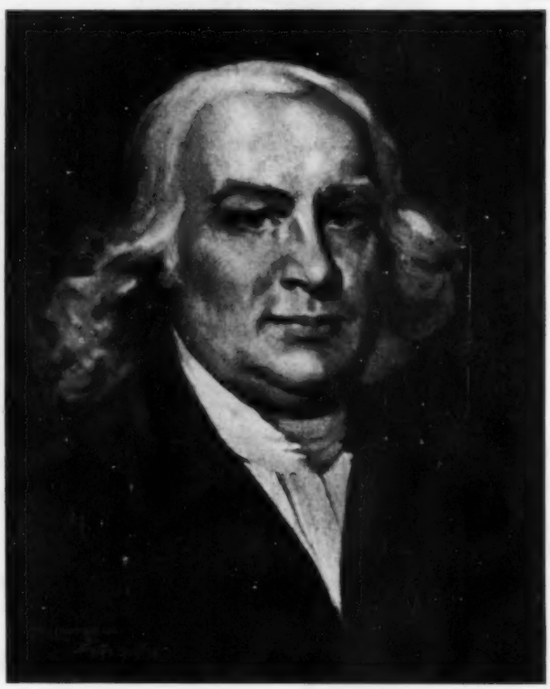

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THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 112)

"They've calmed down a bit," the sheriff reported, "and they've promised they won't go gunning for Sterling. They're inside with a bunch of Texas men."

"Did you take their guns away from them?" Wyatt asked.

"No," Whitney replied; "they wouldn't have stood for that."

Before Wyatt had time to comment on this matter, Bill Thompson appeared in Brennan's doorway with Ben's shotgun.

"I'll get a sheriff if I don't get anybody else," he declared. As Wyatt and Whitney turned to face him, Bill fired both barrels of the gun—eighteen buckshot—point-blank into the sheriff's breast and ran back into the saloon.

Wyatt caught Whitney in his arms as he reeled under the impact of the shotgun charge.

"I'm done," the sheriff gasped. "Get me home."

At the roar of gunfire, saloon, hotels and stores spouted 500 men into the plaza, nine-tenths of them Texas gun toters, the unarmed minority Ellsworth citizens. As Wyatt carried Whitney to a wagon standing in the roadway, Ben and Billy Thompson walked out of Brennan's to the string of saddled cow ponies hitched at the nearest rail, Ben covering one flank of their course with the rifle, Bill the other with the shotgun. In front of the Grand Central, the Thompson following was collecting under the leadership of George Peshaur, Cad Pierce, Neil Kane and John Good. The brothers were protected from attack in that quarter. Ben and Bill swung their gun muzzles back and forth to hold in check any move against them as they argued over ensuing procedure. The account of what followed as given in that week's issue of The Ellsworth Reporter confirms Wyatt Earp's recollection.

Friends of Sheriff Whitney volunteered to take the dying man home, and Wyatt turned his attention to the Thompsons, still arguing at the horse rail. In anticipation of shooting that might become promiscuous, he stepped again into the protection of Beebe's entrance and peered from the cover of the door casing around the plaza for a sight of the Ellsworth peace officers. None were within view. Wyatt turned as Beebe's door opened at his shoulder, and there was Happy Jack Morco, Indian fighter and six-gun expert, with two belts of ammunition around his waist and a .45 at either hip. Happy Jack had approached by way of Beebe's rear entrance. Wyatt gave way to let Morco reconnoiter.

The Battle of Ellsworth

Happy Jack peeped cautiously around the door casing. Without pausing in his argument with his brother or troubling to sight his rifle, Ben took a pot shot. The bullet splintered the woodwork half an inch above the deputy marshal's head, and he ducked for cover.

"Too high," Ben informed Bill with an oath of regret. "Get on that horse and get out of here before Whitney's friends get organized. Take this rifle and give me my shotgun. I'll cover your get-away."

As Bill Thompson rode out of shooting range, Ben, still covering the assembled citizens with his shotgun, backed over to the Grand Central. A Texas man brought out his six-guns and their ammunition belts, which he buckled into place. With his favorites at his hips and the shotgun in the crook of his arm, he paraded up and down in front of the hotel, shouting taunts and threats at the town of Ellsworth in general and its peace officers in profane particular. At his back were 100 Texas men, at least half of them man-killers of record and the rest more than willing to be. Peshaur, Pierce, Good and Kane were in line, slightly in advance of the crowd. In groups, at other points around the plaza, possibly 300 or 400 more of the Texas element were distributed. Every man-jack of them had six-guns at his hips and a gun hand itching for play. As Ben Thompson halted his tirade for a moment, Cad Pierce stepped into the limelight.

"I'll give $1000 to anybody who'll knock off another marshal!" he shouted.

As the cowboys yelled their appreciation of this offer, Deputy Marshal Brown appeared for an instant at the far end of one of the railroad buildings. A hundred .45 slugs whined across the plaza, and Brown took cover.

The Innocent Bystander

Wyatt and Happy Jack were still in Beebe's doorway, and Ben Thompson was still strutting up and down before his six-gun satellites, when Mayor Miller edged around the corner and joined the two in the store entrance. Brocky Jack Norton, the marshal, came through Beebe's from the rear; he, too, wore a pair of .45-caliber guns. Deputy Marshal Brown, armed with a rifle and revolvers, was somewhere behind the railroad shacks. Deputy Marshal Crawford had not made the gesture of plaza appearance. While Wyatt and several others who were in the store behind him listened, the mayor wasted ten minutes of time and breath in issuing orders to his marshal and deputy for Ben Thompson's capture. Neither Brocky Jack nor Happy Jack relished the risk involved by obedience, and said so.

Mayor Miller tried another tack. He called across the plaza to Thompson, ordering the gunman to lay down his arms and submit to arrest. Ben answered with raucous profanity, at which his followers whooped their glee. Ellsworth was treed at the tip of the topmost limb.

"Nice police force you've got," Wyatt said to Miller. The mayor apparently noticed him for the first time.

"Who are you?" Miller demanded.

"Just a looker-on," Wyatt replied.

"Well, don't talk so much," Miller snapped. "You haven't even got a gun."

As Wyatt was in shirt sleeves, it was evident that he was unarmed. He seldom carried weapons in the settlements, and those he owned were in his hotel room.

"It's none of my business," Wyatt admitted, "but if it was, I'd soon get me a gun, and I'd either arrest Ben Thompson or kill him."

Brocky Jack erred, as far as his job was concerned.

"Don't pay any attention to that kid, Jim," he advised.

But Miller was desperate. "You're fired, Norton," he said. "You too, Morco." As he spoke, the mayor snatched the marshal's star from Brocky Jack's shirt front. "As soon as I can find Brown and Crawford, I'll fire them." He turned to Wyatt Earp. "I'll make this your business. You're marshal of Ellsworth. Here's your star. Go into Beebe's and get yourself some guns. I order you to arrest Ben Thompson."

To the best of Wyatt Earp's recollection, he voiced no formal acceptance of his impromptu appointment as an Ellsworth peace officer. Without a word to the mayor or the chagrined marshals, he turned and walked to Beebe's firearms counter and asked for a pair of secondhand .45's, with holsters, cartridge belts and ammunition.

"New guns," he explained in after years, "would have been stiff and might have slowed me down. The same would have held true with new holsters. So I asked for equipment that had been used."

Selecting two six-shooters with trigger dogs that some former gunwise owner had filed to split-second smoothness, and a pair of well-worn holsters, Wyatt tested the weapons thoroughly, loaded five cylinders in each, spun them, filled the cartridge loops of the belts, settled his weapons to the preferred positions at his hips and walked out to the plaza. He said nothing to Mayor Miller or the two Jacks as he passed them. Not one of the three offered him either company or advice. Beebe's clerk was but one of several Ellsworth citizens who always asserted that the trio remained huddled in the doorway while the youthful marshal pro tem walked out to face the deadliest gunman then living.

Wyatt Earp's short journey across the Ellsworth plaza under the muzzle of Ben Thompson's shotgun has been described a thousand times in all its detail in the reminiscent yarns of old-timers, with whom, as the most competent judges of its significance, it established for all time his preëminence among gun fighters of the West, but for some reason the episode has been ignored in written tales of later years. The fact that Ellsworth never attained in the popular mind the fame of Wichita and Dodge as a topnotch cow town, that its glory was but a season long, may have been responsible for this oversight; at any rate, not more than a handful of the narrators of Earp history seem to have been aware that Wyatt was marshal of Ellsworth for one illustrious hour.

His appointment, it is true, was not entered in the municipal records and he was never paid for the time he served, yet the amazing single exploit of his brief incumbency was the word-of-mouth sensation of '73 from the Platte to the Rio Grande.

Over the Top

As the young man stepped from the shelter of Beebe's door he pulled once at the brim of his black sombrero as if to set it more firmly in place, and started diagonally across the plaza toward the Grand Central. Thompson and his Texas men, of course, saw him coming, and Ben squared around, shifting his shotgun before him to hold the weapon across his stomach, with his left hand under the barrels and his right on the grip and triggers. From that position a single motion would bring it into play.

Ben Thompson was a squarely built, stocky fellow, about five feet eight inches in height and weighing probably 170 pounds. The pudginess of his face was emphasized by bushy brows above his wide blue eyes and a sweeping mustache which drooped underneath his fat cheeks. Although only thirty years old, he had the appearance of greater maturity, and this, as well as his bulkiness, was accentuated as he squatted slightly in readiness for the most effective handling of his gun.

Wyatt Earp, as he walked across the plaza, looked like a mere boy, the onlookers always said. Despite his six feet of height and his exceptional

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strength, he gave the impression of youth and slenderness. As he walked, his hands swung easily at his sides, conveniently close to his holsters, but making no overt moves.

As Earp reached a point possibly fifty yards from Thompson, Cad Pierce said something, to which Ben snarled over his shoulder in reply. Pierce subsided and, with the rest of the Texas men, waited for his leader to call the turn.

Wyatt Earp had a definite course of action firmly fixed in his mind as he advanced toward the 100 or more half-drunken cowboys, any and all of whom were keyed to cutting loose at him with twice that many guns for the mere satisfaction of seeing him die. He knew that to half the men in the crowd he was probably an utter stranger, and that the rest knew him only casually by sight or by name; that he had no fear-inspiring record as a killer, and, so far as anyone in Ellsworth might know, he had never gone for his guns against a human adversary in all his life. He realized that he was a target that not one man in the 100 could well miss at fifty yards. That he was heeled with a pair of guns was evident to all; one false or hesitant gesture with either of his hands and he was fair game for the first man to draw.

"I knew what I would do before the mayor pinned Brocky Jack's badge on my shirt," Wyatt said in recounting the affair. "I based my action on my certain knowledge of Ben Thompson's vanity and of the Texas men in his crowd. In the first place, I knew better than to walk out of Beebe's with a gun in my hand. If I had, I would have been filled with lead before I reached the road. But I also knew that as long as I did not draw, the Texas men would leave it to Ben to make the play; he would have turned and shot any one of them who dared to cut loose before he opened the ball. Whatever happened would first be between him and me."

A Duel of Wills

"So all I had to do was keep my eye on Ben's shotgun—not on the muzzle, but on the point where his right hand grasped the grip and trigger guard. That, at the same time, held my eye on the target I had selected—his stomach just back of his hand. I figured that he'd wait for me to get within thirty or forty yards of him to make his weapon most effective, and that he could not get his shotgun into action without telegraphing the move, as a boxer might put it, through his wrist. When I saw his wrist move to put his arm muscles into play, I'd go for my guns, and I had enough confidence in myself to be certain that I could put at least one slug into his belly before he could pull a trigger.

"I realized that after I'd plugged Ben some of his crowd might get me, and I had some idea, I suppose, of taking as many of them with me as I could. Beyond having figured to get Cad Pierce after I got Ben, if that was possible, I don't recall thinking much about that. The Whitney shooting had incensed me to a point, I imagine, where all I really cared about was heading Ben Thompson into his hole. The mayor had told me to arrest him, and I intended to do that if I could. But it was a moral certainty that he'd try to shoot. If he did, I knew that I'd kill him. I could hit a target the size of his stomach ten times out of ten shots with a .45 at any range up to 100 yards, and I had perfect confidence in my speed."

When Wyatt Earp was about forty yards distant, Ben Thompson called to him.

"What do you want, Wyatt?"

"I want you, Ben," Wyatt replied, walking steadily forward.

Neither Ben Thompson nor any onlooker, and least of all Wyatt Earp, has offered a completely satisfactory explanation for what followed. Thompson made no move with his gun and did not speak again until Wyatt was less than thirty yards away.

"I'd rather talk than fight," the killer suggested.

"I'll get you either way, Ben," Wyatt assured him, without halting in his stride.

"Wait a minute," said Thompson. "What do you want me to do?"

The Trial and the Verdict

"Throw your shotgun into the road, put up your hands and tell your friends to stay out of this play," Wyatt answered. Less than fifteen yards now separated the men.

"Will you stop where you are and let me talk to you?" Ben asked.

Wyatt halted for the first time since leaving Beebe's. He now knew positively that he could take Thompson, alive or dead, whichever way the gunman chose to turn events. He had Ben talking, which is the gravest error possible to a gun thrower who has serious business at hand.

"What are you going to do with me?" Thompson asked.

"Kill you or take you to jail," Wyatt informed him.

"Brown's over there by the depot with a rifle," Ben objected. "The minute I give up my guns he'll cut loose at me."

"If he does," Wyatt promised, "I'll give you back your guns and we'll shoot it out with him. You'll be my prisoner, and as long as you're in my custody, the man that gets you will have to get me."

Thompson hesitated.

"Come on," Wyatt ordered; "throw down your gun or go to fighting. Which is it?"

Ben Thompson grinned. "You win," he said, tossed his shotgun into the road and shoved both hands above his head.

Wyatt Earp's guns were still in their holsters. Now, for the first time, he moved his hand to the butt at his right hip.

"You fellows get back," he ordered the Texas men. "Move."

As they obeyed, Wyatt stepped up to Thompson and unbuckled his prisoner's gun belts.

"Come on, Ben," he said. "We'll go down to the calaboose."

With the famous Thompson six-guns dangling from the belts which he carried looped in his left hand, Wyatt marched his prisoner across the plaza to the court of Judge V. B. Osborne. Until he reached the entrance to the judge's office, no one of the 100 onlookers spoke to him or moved to follow. Once Wyatt and Ben were inside, the mayor and his erstwhile officers hurried after them. A moment later 500 milling men stormed at the narrow doorway, with Thompson's friends in the forefront of the mob.

Deputy Sheriff Hogue, who had just ridden into town, forced a way through the crowd, and as Wyatt was explaining the situation to him, a messenger from the Whitney home arrived outside with the shouted news that the sheriff was dead. The announcement was premature—Whitney actually lived for several hours after the Thompson hearing—but to the mob it was final, and they disposed themselves accordingly.

There was some talk of lynching, but Wyatt anticipated no trouble of that nature which he could not handle; real danger, he knew, would come with any attempt on the part of the Texas men to rescue Ben from the toils of the law. The Thompson element in the crowd dictated his next move. Peshaur, Pierce, Kane and Good shouldered into the front rank of spectators, each of the quartet with his .45's belted to his waist, and Pierce carrying the shotgun with which Whitney had been assassinated and which Ben had thrown into the road. Wyatt spoke to Hogue in an undertone, then turned on the gunmen.

"Get out of here," he ordered. "Pierce, take your crowd outside and keep 'em there. There'll be no lynching and no rescue."

Pierce looked to Thompson for some signal.

"Better go, Cad," Ben suggested. "Wyatt means what he says."

With the court room cleared, Hogue was stationed at the door to hold back the crowd, and Thompson's arraignment proceeded.

"What's the charge?" asked Judge Osborne.

As no one else volunteered a reply, Wyatt suggested that Ben was probably an accessory to murder. The judge turned to Mayor Miller as the proper person to indicate the enormity of Thompson's offense against the Ellsworth citizenry. The mayor hesitated, possibly in embarrassment under the keen blue eye of his hastily selected peace officer, considered the economic importance of the Texas men to the community, then offered as an amendment his opinion that maybe Ben had disturbed the peace.

"Guilty," said the judge. "Twenty-five dollars fine."

The Low Cost of Sheriffs

Thompson grinned as he peeled the assessment from a roll of greenbacks.

"Do I get my guns?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said the judge. "You have paid your fine and the marshal will restore any property he may have taken from you."

As Thompson reached for his gun belts, Wyatt issued his last order as an Ellsworth peace officer.

"Ben," he said, "court or no court, don't you put those on here. You carry them straight to the Grand Central. Don't stop to talk with anyone on the way. Don't so much as hesitate. I'll be watching you from the doorway. Keep moving until you're out of my sight. After that, what you do will be none of my business."

Wyatt stood at the entrance to the judge's office with his eye on Thompson until the gunman disappeared through the doors of the Grand Central. Then he turned to Mayor Miller, who stood beside him.

"Here," he said, "is your badge, and here are the guns I got at Beebe's. I don't need 'em any longer."

"Don't you want to be marshal of Ellsworth?" Miller asked.

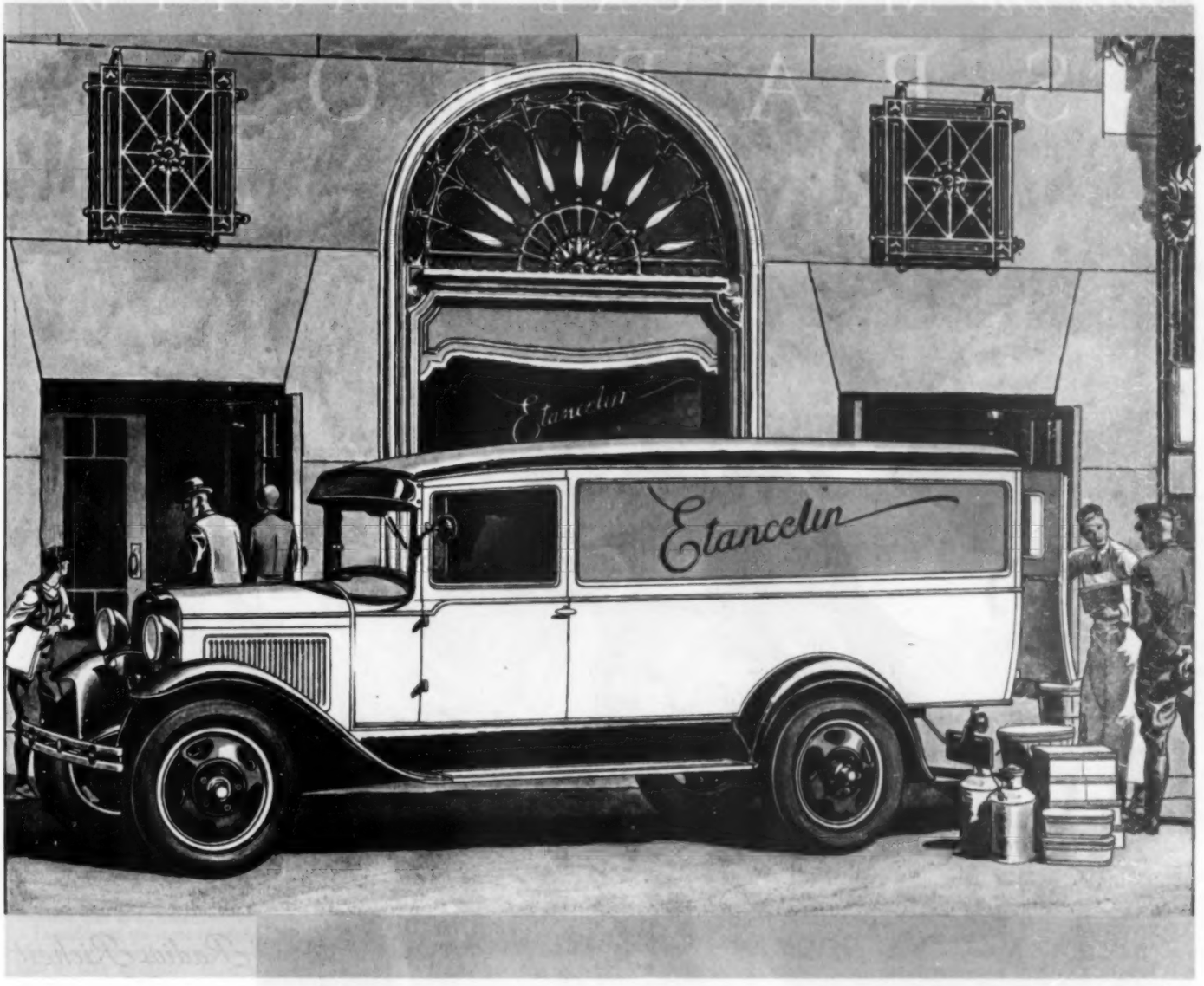
"I do not," Wyatt replied.

"We'll pay you $125 a month if you'll keep the job," the mayor offered.

"Ellsworth," Wyatt answered sententiously, "figures sheriffs at twenty-five dollars a head. I don't figure the town's my size."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lake. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

Swiftly and surely, The Ford Truck makes its rounds



FOR the business of quick service, where the trips are short and many, the Ford 1½-ton truck is well suited because of its sturdy design and careful construction. The quick starts, the sudden stops of hauling through heavy traffic serve to emphasize the value of the excellent materials built into the truck.

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SWELLING THE PURPLE FLOOD

(Continued from Page 35)

which has since made a lot of trouble for credulous persons like myself. But Napoleon and I were at one on this important principle, up to the day when I met Oscar—Ivory—Ivorson.

"Mr. Ivorson," I said at our first session, "what do you remember about European history?"

"Ask me anything, coach—anything a-tall."

"All right. Can you say a word or two about the Renaissance?"

Ivory scratched his head before speaking. "Well, he cert'ly could paint pitchers all right."

"Who could?"

"Renaissance. He was German or Belgium, or sump'n, and he painted colored pitchers."

"Now, Mr. Ivorson, you certainly know better than that."

His brow furrowed. "Aw, sure, now I remember. It was the French Renaissance. They put Looey Fourteenth on the gelatine and cut off his head."

Worst of all, there seemed no way of interesting him in Europe's story. Associating dates with five-yard lines on a football field; introducing names of battles into versions of college songs and yells; trying these and all the standard maneuvers resulted in absolutely nothing. I even got a traveling hypnotist to take a hand, but, after glaring himself into a state of pop-eyed profanity, he admitted he couldn't help Ivory.

While I wondered what poor old Mike would say when he discovered the horrid truth, Ivory at each practice ran through all the best scrubs and regulars Williota could furnish. And with a childlike faith that their triple threat would be available against Indio, the squad proceeded to show themselves worthy of their star. They swarmed over Dorfus College 108 to 0, and, a week later, in their first league game, slapped down tough old Balazan U. 46 to 3. After the latter historic occasion the president of the W. A. H. H. A. dropped around to speak his mind: "I got a friend, coach, in the grain business. Indio man. He bet me ten grand to five on this year's game, because he dunno we got anybody like Ivorson. So what I'm reelly doin' is bettin' five thou that you can qualify Ivorson. Go to it, coach."

I considered the state of affairs. The idea of qualifying Ivory was too ridiculous to take seriously. Indio had an aggregation even better than her championship team of the year before. With Williota's one real star on the sidelines, Williota couldn't possibly win.

Because of my unfortunate boasting, Mike and the undergraduates and the alumni were expecting the boy to show against Indio, and when he didn't and when Williota got licked, the blame would fall on me. The W. A. H. H. A. president would certainly squawk. I was already *sans* contract; the end of the season would find me *sans* job.

After reaching this point in my cerebrations, I took the family nest egg from the bank and, without consulting the little woman, bought M. & V. on margin. Just one week afterward that nest egg had gone where all careless nest eggs go. Also, during the same seven-day period, our garage had burned with an uninsured car inside and my wife had announced a prospective addition to the family. It was then, and then only, that I decided to break with past ideas and ideals, and make a personal appeal for Ivory to Cadmic himself.

The professor kept bachelor's hall in an expensive stone house on the top of what was known as Big Bug Hill. From his father he had inherited not only a pair of first-class cerebral lobes but also an independent fortune. He had worked hard and was recognized as an authority in his specialty. For an avocation he led a movement to abolish intercollegiate athletics, thus publicly proclaiming himself as being against muscles and all for brain fiber.

It was 7:30 one Monday evening when the butler led me into the study. Cadmic stood up, looking extremely frail and slight. Something plaintive about him; a sense of aspirations crushed in the bud. Who's Who said he was thirty-seven, but he seemed ten years younger. Plainly, he was ill at ease and wanted the interview over as soon as possible.

Introducing myself as an old friend of the Ivorson family, I spoke of their passionate interest in the boy's scholastic career. Ivorson Senior I shifted from the top deck of his truck to an invalid's bed and imaginatively described him plucking at the coverlet as he waited to hear how Oscar had worked off that condition in European history. I still feel I drew a touching picture, but though it sobered Cadmic, it didn't affect him to the degree I had hoped.

"I always try to be scrupulously just," he said, "and if I must lean one way or the other, I essay to temper justice with mercy, if I may so express it. But I am not inclined to favor anyone who develops the body at the expense of the brain, and this, I understand, is what Mr. Ivorson is still doing. If he is really sincere in his efforts to get an education, let him begin by giving up competitive sports. He will find me delighted to meet him more than halfway. I assure you, America's cult of muscle worship is a most significant symptom of national disease. Perhaps you might care to read an article on the subject I recently contributed to the Pedagogical Transcript. I call it The Menace of the Muscle Myth: A Study of the Futility of the Modern Troglodyte."

I walked home feeling bluer than I had for weeks.

"Someone to see you," my wife said as I opened the front door. "Miss Kelcey, let me present my husband."

Miss Gertrude Kelcey was a pleasant-looking, athletic, young person still on the sunny side of twenty-five. Behind her she had a B.A. from Smith, an M.A. from Columbia, and two years split between Berlin and the Sorbonne. At the moment her pocketbook was empty and a teaching job she had didn't begin until midwinter. She'd heard somehow of my work and thought I might be able to hand her an individual student or two. It struck me as a providential encounter, and in a few words I explained Ivory.

"Now, Miss Kelcey, maybe what I'm going to say next won't meet your ideas, but at least let me explain. Mr. Ivorson hasn't had any sentimental attachments since a year ago, when his home-town girl married the new butcher. You flash across his orbit. By this time he's beginning to have some respect for learning, so you show him how much you know. Then you explain that, after all, in spite of degrees and medals, your greatest admiration has always gone to the athlete; that your one and unique desire is to see him, Oscar—Ivory—Ivorson, play against Indio ——"

She interrupted. "And you think that would give the poor boy an interest in history? Why, those tactics couldn't possibly appeal to a man such as you describe Mr. Ivorson to be, and it would be just as useless for a girl to give him the roly-boly eyes; though, of course, that might help a little. There's only one thing that's really sure with a man like that."

"I'm listening, Miss Kelcey."

"I'd rather demonstrate than explain—that is, if ——"

At this appropriate moment the doorbell rang.

"It's Ivory," I whispered. "He's come for his lesson. Demonstrate, Miss Kelcey—demonstrate. And if it works, I'll not only give you my blessing but I'll see that you get a regular pay check from the W. A. H. H. A." And I went to the door.

As soon as the introductions were finished, Miss Kelcey started gushing: "Oh, I've heard about you, Mr. Ivorson. Someone was telling me"—she looked archly in my direction—"that you were your coach's favorite pupil."

Ivory studied his right shoe. "Yeah, hist'ry. That's what I study here—European hist'ry."

She clasped her hands. "Oh, don't tell me you're specializing in European history, Mr. Ivorson. It's a subject that's always fascinated me; though, with my wretched memory, I can't keep it straight—I simply can't. I wanted your coach to give me private lessons, but he says he hasn't the time. I've tried to study it by myself, but with my simply terrible mental apparatus, I can't seem to keep dates and things from jumbling. For instance, when someone says, 'Renaissance ——'"

"Renaissance," Ivory interrupted—"that's a easy one. Don't you know what a renaissance is? . . . Listen, coach, lemme tell her."

"Please do, Mr. Ivorson. I can't seem to remember anything these days."

"Why, a renaissance—a renaissance"—he scratched his head—"it's big, with tusks."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Ivorson. It does seem to me I place it now."

"Sure, big, and with tusks. And it lives in caves. It's sump'n like a rhinoceros, but bigger. It's a cave-man animal." He beamed at Miss Kelcey triumphantly.

"How stupid of me! And you know, Mr. Ivorson, I'd never have thought of that by myself in a hundred years. You must come and tell me more of these wonderful things you've learned. You explain it all so clearly that I know I'd remember. Can't you come and see me? Won't you, Mr. Ivorson?" She wrote out her address and telephone number.

When Miss Kelcey had gone, there was a worried look about Ivory, a suggestion of mental effort hitherto unexampled.

"Coach, that little girl's all right, ain't she? Listen, coach, what I said about the ren—ren ——"

"Renaissance?"

"That's it. Well, thinkin' it over, I ain't so sure that what I said about it was exactly ace'rit."

"It wasn't."

"No use talking; I gotta get them history facts down a little better. What

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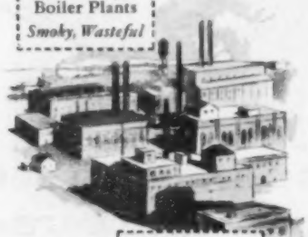

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was you telling me yesterday about Heinie the Great?"

"You mean Frederick the Great?"

"That's the bird. Well, I wanta get those facts down better than I got 'em now, because that little girl looks like she'd be interested in Frederick the Great. How about it, coach? And if a little girl wants a education, she ought to have the right to get it. Ain't I right, coach?"

That night, for the first time in our mutual acquaintance, Oscar—Ivory—Ivorson showed signs of a little renaissance on his own hook. He walked into the night with two dates and four miscellaneous facts tucked away somewhere behind his forehead.

Forty-eight hours later I'd maneuvered Miss Gertrude Kelcey onto the W. A. H. H. A. pay roll. And when Mike asked me if Ivory was coming along according to advance guaranties, my affirmative was not only emphatic, it was sincere.

IV

TIME was limited, but prospects weren't so dark as they might have been. A study of Cadmic's past showed that, though prejudiced against muscular activities, he was, as he had said, eminently just. Ivory's paper would be marked fairly. But there was something even more encouraging—Cadmic liked facts.

A precisionist himself, he demanded the same thing in his first-year students. And when it came to facts, Ivory was there; especially with facts that could be put into short, simple sentences. Vague, shadowy things of three syllables or more, such as the Renaissance, Ivory never got at all. But he ate up history's chicken feed. With incredulous amazement, I discovered that, under the stimulus of instructing Miss Kelcey later, Ivory could assimilate better than a dozen of these jolts; and once they got into his head, there they stayed.

"He learns 'em and he hangs onto 'em," said Miss Kelcey, "and afterwards he teaches 'em to me. It's pretty hard for a girl who's a Phi Bete herself, and whose papa edited a couple of encyclopedias, to bat her eyes with pleasure on learning that in 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue. But I do it. Little Trudy is a glutton for punishment, and also, she needs the money. Incidentally, you might wire the League of Nations and all others interested that Ivory is going to pass that exam."

By this time, the idea of Ivory's passing had become practically unanimous. Encouraged by the idea of a super fullback getting ready to help them against Indio, Williota celebrated their fourth game by running rings around the fairly strong U. of Dover. The final score was 72 to 0.

It was in writing up this victory that a reporter referred to the team as "the Purple Flood." Immediately the student council changed Williota's colors from a chaste lilac and white to royal purple.

The season went on, each week showing more and better Williota football. The Saturday before the big game of the season, it could have held Indio down to a fairly close score. Then came the first bad break.

Ivory was in shape to take his examination in European history. I supposed it would be arranged for the Wednesday or Thursday before the game with Indio. Unexpectedly, Professor Cadmic was called out of town on some lecturing dates, thus postponing the ordeal to Saturday morning at eleven. Cadmic was coming back on the 10:45.

Since the game was to be called at two, this was cutting corners too close for comfort, but nothing could be done about it. Mike growled, but accepted the inevitable. I spit on my hands and spent the week reviewing Ivory in the things he had already learned. It was an encouraging five days, because, though Ivory's knowledge wasn't extensive, what he did know he had down pat. Of course he'd learned it all for the privilege of showing his superiority to Miss Kelcey, but as long as he had the stuff by heart, the reason why didn't matter particularly.

"He'll pass," I told Miss Kelcey on Friday, "and it will be mostly your fault. You're a wonder."

"It's love that makes the wheels go round," she said thoughtfully. "About seven times a week Ivory starts sentimentalizing—object, matrimony or what have you. But I generally sidetrack him into giving me the dates of the Crusades or something like that. By the way, maybe tomorrow, when he meets football's foe, I ought to be as near present as possible."

"Why not, Miss Kelcey? I can't stand the strain or I'd hang around outside the torture chamber myself. The inquisition will sit in 106 Birkett Hall, ground floor, low windows."

She looked thoughtful. "I might pass by just outside the windows and look at him. You know—give him the roly-bolies; a silent, but fervent, 'For my sake, Reginald!' Something like this." She illustrated.

"If that doesn't make him think, Miss Kelcey, nothing will. Don't forget, though, that the advocate of brain as opposed to brawn may be looking out of those windows at the same time."

"I won't," she said simply.

I remembered something. "Would I be asking too much if I should call on you to keep me posted by phone? I'm going to stay home and try to read mystery novels till quarter of two. After that—in case there is any after that—call the field house and have them send for me. I'll be out in front with Mike and the subs. Let me know at regular intervals whether Ivory's writing the answers to those questions or just scratching his head."

"I'll keep the wires hot, coach."

The parlor clock was broadcasting midnight before I got to bed after checking and counterchecking all the details of the next day's operations. The waiting car to take Ivory from examination to gridiron; the registrar's stenographer and the representative of the faculty eligibility committee to record his successful mental effort and to certify—*Deo volente*—to his scholastic health; his football togs in case the examination lasted so long that he had to change en route; a lunch, with an assistant trainer to tell him whether or not he could eat it; and a half dozen other incidentals.

After six hours of nightmarish sleep, I decided to pass up the mystery stories, and, taking the saw from the cellar, I slipped out to the woodpile. From 6:30 on, in spite of wild appeals to come in and eat breakfast, I kept my nose to the sawbuck.

The minutes became hours. I was beginning to be afraid I'd finish the entire winter's chore in one morning when, at 12:15, Miss Kelcey called me to say that Professor Cadmic, whose train had been delayed by a wreck at Centerville, was there at last.

At 12:20 the examination had begun; though, as Cadmic had pulled down the window shades to keep the sun out, it was impossible for Miss Kelcey to report on the questions. But she could see Ivory industriously scribbling in the blue book, his tongue following the motions of the pen. Though she continued calling at fairly regular intervals, there seemed, for the time at least, nothing more of importance to report. At 1:45, with cramps in both arms and all up and down my back, I abandoned saw and sawbuck to hurry to the field.

It was almost time for the game to begin; both teams were on the gridiron, running through practice formations.

"Where is he?" Mike demanded as I appeared on the sidelines.

"Doing his best to get here," I answered diplomatically.

Mike spotted the evasion. "You says Ivory'll get into the game today. 'He'll play against Indio,' you says."

"Just wait and see, Mike; just wait and see."

"Wait! And for how long? I been promising the team the same as you been promising me. They're banking on him the same as I am. They know that with Ivory they got the jump on Indio and without him they might as well throw up their hands and quit before they start."

"He's coming, Mike," I said, with as much conviction as I could muster. "He's coming. This afternoon the crowd here is going to see a real player."

"The crowd is gonna see about fifteen of 'em," Mike said bitterly, "and every last one wearing an Indio jersey."

The bowl was a wonderful sight, with not an empty seat from top to bottom. Even Indio had condescended to show a bit of active interest in a game where, for the first time in fifteen years, Williota was conceded something more than a Mongolian's chance. Seated in their cheering section, they flaunted their red-and-gold banners against Williota's purple and sang the famous "Lettergo, Indio, Lettergo!" while their one-hundred-and-twelve-piece band and drum corps hammered out the rhythm. More than forty-five thousand spectators. And as the whistle signaled the kick-off, the bowl seemed to boil over.

An Indio end caught the ball and ran it back a dozen yards. But Williota stopped the first three plays, forcing Indio to become air-conscious. Then, to the surprise of everybody, Williota made four first downs in rapid succession.

I felt this ought to have had some effect on Mike, squatting there sour as a crab apple.

"You see, Mike, it's not as bad as you thought. Even without Ivory, we're walking 'em down the field."

Mike looked at me. I never before saw such bleakness on a man's face. "Don't you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"Man, I've told 'em Ivory was coming. I've promised 'em Ivory. 'I'm keeping Ivory out of sight, so even their scouts will think he's out of it. Play ten minutes and then I'll put Ivory in.' That's what I've told 'em and that's what they believe."

"But, Mike, if we can win without Ivory ——"

He turned his back as though what I had to say wasn't worth a man's serious attention. Williota made another first down.

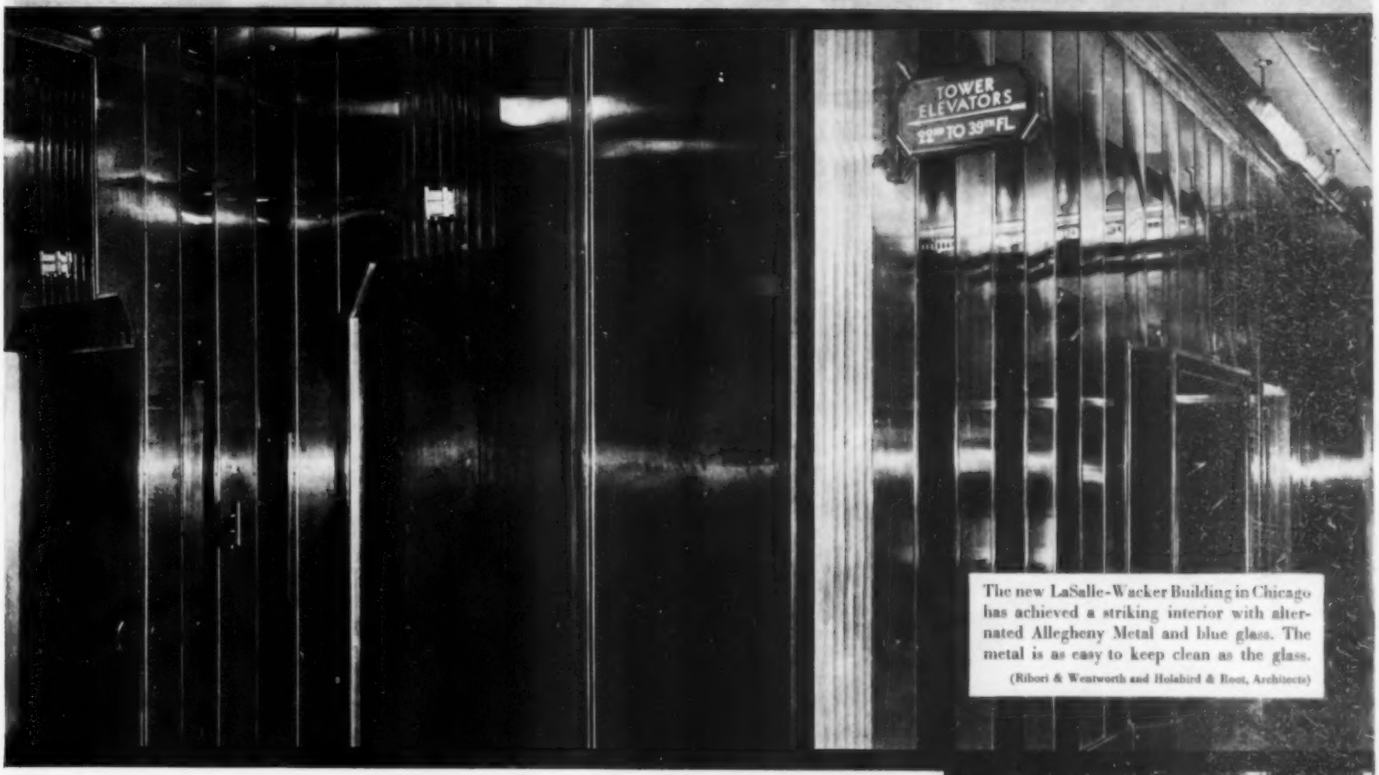
"Mike, we've got the jump on 'em."

He grunted.

By smash and dash Williota advanced the pigskin. The Indio eleven had been forced back to their own fifteen-yard line, and the Williota team

(Continued on Page 125)

MOST MIRACULOUS OF MAN-MADE METALS



The new LaSalle-Wacker Building in Chicago has achieved a striking interior with alternated Allegheny Metal and blue glass. The metal is as easy to keep clean as the glass.
(Ribori & Wentworth and Holabird & Root, Architects)

NEVER RUSTS—NEVER NEEDS POLISHING

ALREADY put to a thousand important tasks, Allegheny Metal daily extends its field of usefulness.

It is used for soda fountains, milk trucks and containers, cooking utensils, kitchen equipment, and in many other uses where its smooth, unrusting surface and its brightness make it the ideal metal for the protection of food.

And this unrusting, unstaining alloy, though far stronger than mild steel, can be worked into almost any mechanical shape or form, from a casting of a valve to a gracefully spun automobile headlamp.

Allegheny Metal may be polished in a wide variety of finishes, from a dull, smooth, non-reflecting surface to mirror brightness. It is ideal for decorative use either inside or outside of buildings. Painted surfaces adjoining Allegheny Metal are not destroyed by cleaning, as Allegheny Metal requires no polishing or cleaning with abrasive compounds. The same cleaning that you give glass keeps it continuously bright.

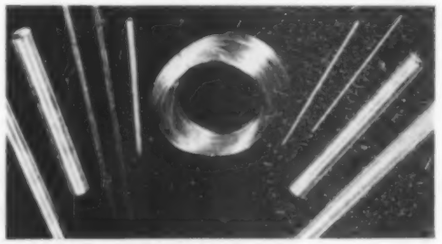
IMPORTANT FACTS

1. Unrusting . . . unstaining . . . untarnishing. 2. Immune to all but a few acid reactions. 3. Considerably stronger than mild steel. 4. Greater resistance to abrasion and denting than steel. 5. Will take a variety of permanent, beautiful finishes. 6. Maintains bright surface with same cleaning treatment as glass. 7. May be drawn, stamped, spun, machined and cast. 8. Immune to chemical reactions resulting from cooking and preparation of food . . . does not affect flavor, color, or purity of any food.

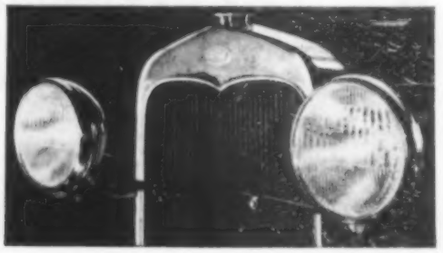
ALLEGHENY STEEL COMPANY

Brackenridge, Pa. . . . *Offices:* New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles. *Warehouse Stocks:* Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc.—Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia. . . . In Canada: Samuel & Benjamin, Ltd., Toronto.

Above – Gimbels in New York City has installed a spacious soda fountain. Allegheny Metal was used because of its permanent beauty. *Below* – Allegheny Metal can be made into very small tubing, and even spun into fine wire.



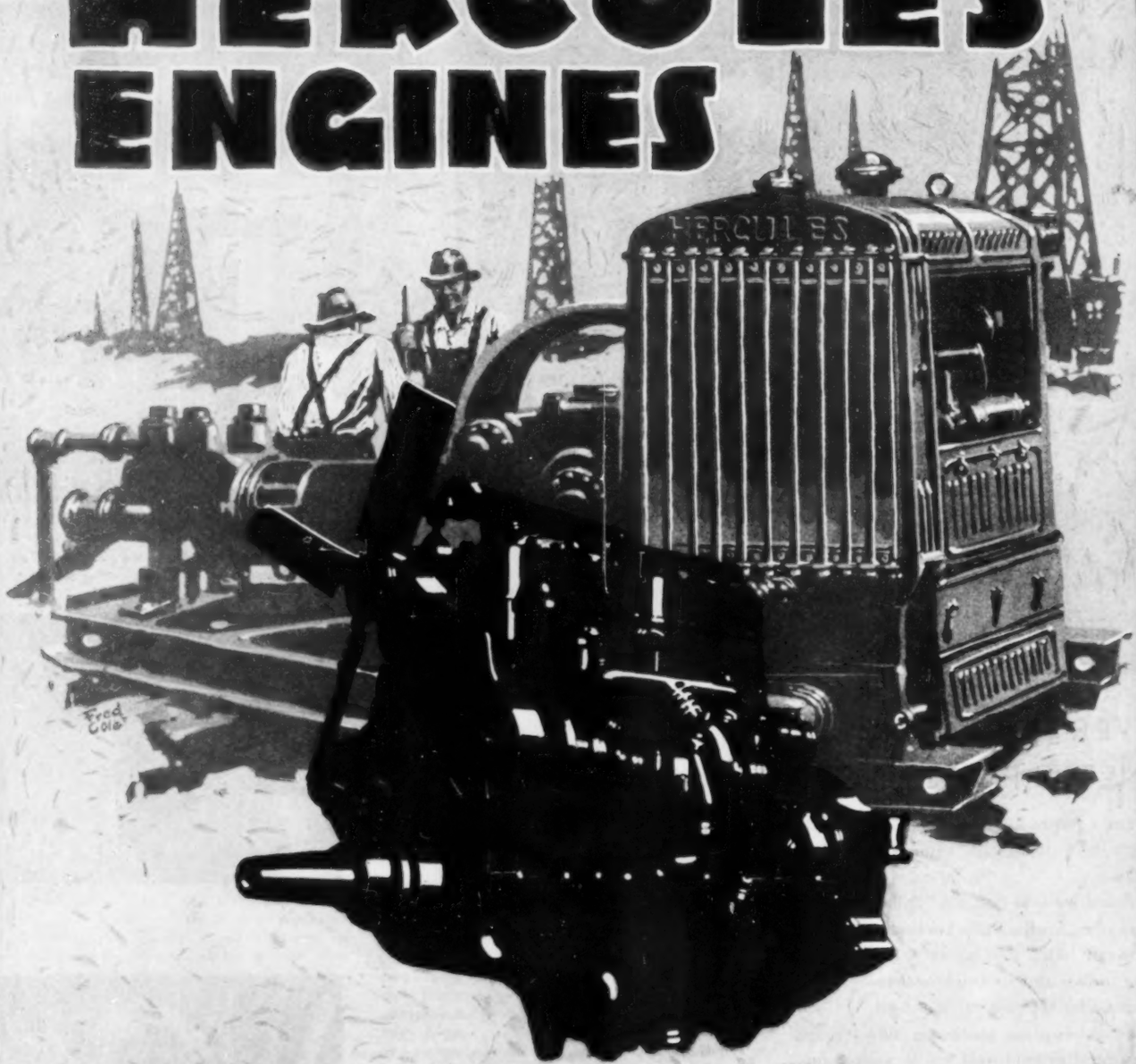
Look at any year-old Model A Ford you see, and notice that the bright parts are still like new. Allegheny Metal doesn't rust, chip or tarnish.



ALLEGHENY METAL

Allegheny METAL Allegheny METAL

HERCULES ENGINES



HERCULES ENGINES IN THE OIL FIELDS POWER WATER PUMPS AND SLUSH PUMPS, CABLE AND ROTARY DRILLING RIGS, COMPRESSORS, ARC WELDERS AND WINCHES. LEADING MANUFACTURERS OF OIL-PRODUCING EQUIPMENT, INDUSTRIAL APPARATUS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ROAD-BUILDING MACHINERY AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES HAVE STANDARDIZED ON HERCULES ENGINES — HAVE ESTABLISHED HERCULES' LEADERSHIP IN THE FIELD OF HEAVY-DUTY POWER.

HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 122)

was still playing championship ball when I was called to the field-house telephone.

"What's the news, Miss Kelcey?"

"Believe it or not, coach, he's still on the job. Cadmic has pulled up the shades."

"Has Ivory seen you?"

"Too busy writing. Cadmic saw me once."

"What's Cadmic's expression?"

"If you must know, he looks like a dyspeptic reed swaying in the wind. Frail but vicious. Listen, coach, and brace up. I've got a parcel of bad news for you."

"It can't be any worse than I've been getting all season. Spill the haricots."

"Well, the question is written on the board."

"What question?"

"The examination question. There's just one."

"Just one!"

"That's all, coach, but it's plenty."

"What do you mean, plenty? What is it? What's the question?"

"It's not my fault. I didn't have anything to do with it."

"What's the question?"

"Well, coach, if you must know, it's this: 'Write two thousand words discussing the Renaissance.'"

V

"GREAT Giotto!" I said, when my throat moistened a little. "Why, the big megatherium doesn't even know what the word means."

"Take it or leave it, he's writing his two thousand words. Maybe, though, it's just a letter to Santa Claus."

"We're sunk."

"Not till the paper's marked. Coach, I'm going to try once more to give him the roly-bolies. Send a fresh supply of red blood to those suffering brain cells. 'By."

She hung up just as a climaxing yell outside proved that something had happened. The tunnel was blocked by an excited crowd, so it took patience and a lot of elbowing before I could work my way to the field.

The two teams were lining up for another kick-off.

"You see?" Mike said between his teeth. "The beginning of the end, that's all. The boys think I let 'em down, and they're right. They've gone to pieces and they're playing worse than if I'd never promised 'em Ivory. Look at the scoreboard: Indio, 7; Williota, one nice fat goose egg." He turned to me fiercely. "Where is he now? Is he coming or not?"

"He's coming, Mike."

"I'll believe it when I see him. . . . Look at that! Suffering crossbucks!"

The Williota fullback who had caught the ball, after changing his mind at least three separate times as to what to do with it, was dropped in his tracks. Three futile attempts to gain, a punt, and then Indio began a steady march toward a second score. It was heartbreaking for anybody interested in the team.

"And if it had just been Ivory that got that punt," Mike muttered reproachfully as I left him to answer the phone a second time. "If it had just been Ivory! And you promised me I was gonna have Ivory!"

There was a different note in Miss Kelcey's voice. It suggested hope. In fact, it was almost buoyant.

"What's the situation now?"

"You ask your favorite fortune teller, coach, and I'll ask mine. All I can say is that the boy is still pushing the old fountain pen down one page and up the next. Yes, sir, he's been renaissancing for more than two hours now. Stops, and for a minute plays he's Rodin's w. k. statue, and then he starts again. On-again, off-again stuff."

"Has he seen you?"

"Never lifted his eyes off his blue book while I've been visible."

"Then why all the good cheer?"

"Coach, little Trudy is happy because she has an idea."

"What is it?"

"Wait till I see if it works."

"Wait how long? Days? Weeks? Months?"

"It may be for years or it may be forever, but it will be worth waiting for. It came to me just like that. Listen, coach; in spite of hail and high water, Ivory's going to play this afternoon."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah and double yeah. Say, what was the name of that boy a few years ago with all those muscles?"

"Sandow?"

"That's the baby."

"What's Sandow got to do with the history of Europe?"

"I'll discuss that in my next lecture." And she hung up just as Indio yelled again.

There'd been another touchdown, followed by another kicked goal. Suppressing a strong yen to go home and pull the comforters over my head, I avoided Mike and, climbing to the back and top of the bleachers, stood there till the half had ended with Indio totaling 26 points to Williota's nothing at all.

I didn't go to the dressing room between halves. It was partly because I didn't want to be present with Mike breaking his heart, and partly because I felt guilty, and rightfully so. Accordingly, I watched the Indio collegiates as they snake-danced around the field, and between times I regarded the two-hundred-and-fifty-pound president of the Williota Alumni Helping Hand Association while he sunk himself farther and farther into his fur coat, till he seemed to be melting like a cake of ice in the sun.

The teams trotted out for the second half. It was the sight of Mike trudging along with all the sorrows of all humanity bowing his shoulders that pulled me down from the bleachers to the sidelines.

"Mike."

"Say it." His voice was flat and lifeless.

"Mike, I think he'll be here yet."

"Ha-ha! Always springing wise cracks. Now I'll tell one."

"Mike, I keep getting good reports by phone."

"I had good reports all season. You gave 'em to me."

"I'm practically certain, Mike."

"And Williota's got the game in a bag, practically."

At the kick-off a Williota tackle fumbled the ball and Indio fell on it. But the yelling had hardly died down when a weak cheer started from the Williota rooters near the players' tunnel.

The cheer became a great glad shout that, gathering strength and power, ran along the stands like fire. And the farther it went the louder it got, till the air vibrated with it.

"Ivorson! Ivorson! Ivorson!"

Mike straightened up in a slow, puzzled way; while, for the first time since I'd met him, I saw him smile. It wasn't a merry smile or anything like that; it was just one of those expressions the movies show on the face of a man who's been beaned by a brick. Surprise rather than pleasure.

There in uniform was Ivory, and galloping along by his side was the chairman of the faculty eligibility committee.

"It's all right!" yelled the chairman as he came within fifty yards. "Ivorson's worked off his condition. He's passed the examination. He can play."

Mike had to try two or three times before his words became what might be called articulate.

"Go on in!" he gasped finally. "Go on in! Tell the referee to send out No. 16. Just go on in and stop the next three plays, and then tell the quarter to let you have it."

As for the details of the next fifty-odd minutes, I'm not sure myself. When I came to, after the pistol shot had announced the close of the game, my hat, collar and necktie were gone; my coat was ripped up the back; I'd accumulated two Indio pennants; and I couldn't speak above a whisper. The president of the W. A. H. H. A. was trying to stand on his head; Williota and Indio rooters were still mixing it on the gridiron; the police reserves had just come; and a triumphal procession was carrying Ivory and Mike on its shoulders.

Final score: Williota 48; Indio 26, in the greatest game ever played west of the Alleghanies.

I didn't try to break through and see Ivory; it would have been effort wasted. But as soon as I was in reasonable shape I made a bee line for Miss Kelcey's rooming house.

"You'll have to hurry, coach," she said. "I've got a heavy date tonight and I'm giving myself the works."

"I'm just after a few details. What happened? How did our young hero get by? Did you see the paper? Where did he find two thousand words about the Renaissance?"

"He didn't, coach. The Renaissance is a subject that has always seemed to elude him. The last time he mentioned it, if memory serves, he was strongly under the impression that it was bombarded by the Germans in the late war."

"Then what happened? Have you any idea?"

"I have the best possible idea, coach, because I saw that examination paper. He wrote, 'The following events happened before or during or after the Renaissance.' Then he jotted down everything he'd learned."

"And Cadmic read his paper over and passed the boy on that?"

She smiled mysteriously. "Coach, I cannot tell a lie. I introduced myself to Professor Cadmic, told him of Ivory's toil and travail, and begged him, in recognition of honest effort, to give the boy a break. So he did."

I pulled out a handkerchief and wiped my brow. "Miss Kelcey," I said, "you're among friends. How did you do it? Tell me all."

"Coach, there are more funny things about psychology than the way it's spelled. Just as Ivory finished I fixed it up so that Cadmic would be called to his office. Emergency stuff. Blue books in hand, he started upstairs just as I started down. Midway, little Trudy turned her ankle and fell into his arms. 'Oh, you're so strong,' I said. Then I let him carry me all the way up to his office, where I did a neat faint. By the time my violet eyes wavered open he'd have made Ivory a doctor of laws if I'd just asked him. 'A woman never realizes her limitations,' I said, 'till she has to rely on some big strong man. You—you make me think of Sandow.' Then I fainted again. After he got me out of it, he marked Ivory's paper."

"Lucky Fellow.. you have one of those Hamley Kits"

This solid leather hand-made box is fast changing the toilet kit habits of the nation . . .

NO TRICK LOOPS or gadgets! More compact. More convenient. More quickly packed. *More* room for "pet" toilet articles . . . yet takes less room in a crowded Pullman washroom.

And *good-looking!* The genuine Hamley Kit is made of superb quality solid leather—oak-bark tanned—a long, slow process that ripens the leather fibres and makes them improve with age.* The same quality leather which made Hamley Cowboy Saddles famous. Only such leather will stand up under hard usage and hold its shape without crushing in. Natural russet color, which takes on a rich dark glow with the passing years.

As a gift, the Hamley Kit is most inherently appealing in its price class!

Inside Measurements

$ 6.00 size	8⅜ x 3⅞ x 1⅞
7.50 size	9½ x 4½ x 2¼
10.00 size	10½ x 5⅜ x 2¼

Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.

Mail orders filled direct if your dealer hasn't Hamley Kits

You will find Hamley Kits at the smartest shops. However, should you have difficulty locating them, we shall be glad to fill your order direct, mailing the Kits postpaid. HAMLEY & COMPANY, *Saddlemakers since 1883*, 341 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon.

*Be sure you get the genuine Hamley, with this trade-mark tooled on bottom.

HAMLEY KIT

MADE LIKE A FINE COWBOY SADDLE OF GENUINE

Solid Leather

CRY-BABY *Language*

IT is night . . . and the stillness is broken by the wail of a sick baby.

Mothers instinctively start at these baby cries. There is the cry of a healthy baby . . . the cries which are signals of acute pain, hunger or impending illness. *A cry is the Language of Babyhood and needs to be understood.*

The modern mother does not rely on instinct to tell her which is the cry of illness or which is the cry of temper. She consults her physician. He knows babies.

He can tell when its cry is only the lusty yell of a well baby, letting its mother know it wants attention; or the cry may tell the doctor's trained ear a story of unsatisfied hunger . . . of infection in ear, nose or throat . . . or of intestinal disorders. These cries justify an examination in order that he can diagnose accurately, and help the baby whose piteous wail or fretful whimper is a real warning.

Your physician should share your responsibility in those all-important first cry-baby months . . . his wealth of experience . . . his expert knowledge are at your command. Under his intelligent supervision (and with your cooperation) your baby has every chance to keep his rightful heritage of HEALTH.

* * *

This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.

It is the third advertisement of a series.

"THE NATION MARCHES FORWARD ON THE FEET OF LITTLE CHILDREN"

COPYRIGHT 1930 M. J. & CO.

This space is devoted to the interest of better babies by MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, *Evansville, Ind.*

"You'd better not tell Ivory what happened."

"No chance. I don't expect to see Ivory again."

"I thought you said you have a date with him tonight."

"With Ivory? Listen, coach, the football season's over. Up in my room I've got about twenty dollars' worth of orchids and a five-pound box of chocolate creations. Also, in about forty-five minutes I have an engagement with the party who sent them—a gentleman who spells his last name Cadmic. Our acquaintance is limited, but he strikes me as being better than advertised. All he needs is to have his better nature brought out a bit, and little Trudy is the girl to do it. Tonight, after letting him choose my dinner for me at the local Ritz, I'm going to let him inveigle me to a movie and a night club. If there's the right opportunity and also a few strong-arm boys ready to stop the battle, I'm liable to get myself insulted just so that the prof can protect me from some great hulking brute. I'm a little prairie flower that nobody ever cultivated until this afternoon, but from now on everything will be done as in the etiquette books. Come and see us when we get our villa at Cannes."

It all seemed a trifle hard on poor Ivory, but his suffering wasn't too protracted. Long before Christmas he'd been dropped from Williota. Coincidentally, Wordsworth College in the Peewee Conference gave him a scholarship in philosophy and mathematics. As Wordsworth never had a first-year rule or any of those other rules that hamper athletic records, Ivory brought 'em four straight football championships, to say nothing of successful seasons in basket ball and baseball.

And he might be playing at Wordsworth today if, at the end of his last year, he hadn't married a nice little girl who didn't look on competitive sports as a real business. At present it's generally admitted that Ivory has about the best-run filling station in Milwaukee.

DEVILS OF DIN

(Continued from Page 17)

operators and customers, ultimately wearing down the fine edge of morale. Individual noises, no more malicious than the drumming of fingers on a desk, are in their cumulative effects a real source of injury. To busy people working under great strain, it often happens that the most innocent passer-by becomes a sort of active enemy and each telephone bell becomes an imp of Satan.

Recent research concerning the high cost of noise has brought forth an array of facts that are most impressive. One case is that of a commercial art studio which lost a valuable contract because the roar of noise from a building under construction delayed the preparation of plans for an advertising campaign. Most typical is the case of a large corporation that had 300 clerks working in a room where 175 adding machines were being operated all day long. People speaking in this room found it necessary actually to shout to make themselves understood. The records showed an average of twenty-five visits a day on the part of the company's girls to the medical department. Acoustical treatment was applied with great benefit to the entire business. The visits of the girls to the infirmary dropped to only seven a day.

Good Noises and Bad Ones

Experiments in many places carried on to determine the efficiency of employes under alternating conditions of noise and quiet have disclosed that an excess of din reduces materially the work of the average typist. The energy consumption of a typist working under noisy conditions is more than 25 per cent greater than when the same work is performed in an atmosphere of quiet. Young women working in a noisy room exert far more pressure on the keys. One study showed that by reducing the office racket 15 per cent, the production of typists was increased 6 per cent.

Some idea of the seriousness of distraction is obtained from results of tests showing that the speed of mental multiplication can be increased as much as 30 per cent by quieting ordinary office noises with some variety of sound-absorbing material. The girls working in one big room of average office noise slowed up after two hours of continuous work, while this same group in a quieted workroom gained materially in speed, due to the well-known warming-up phenomenon.

The early solution of the noise problem depends on the immediate development of a wide public understanding of the fundamentals of sound and hearing. Mr. Citizen must get certain facts clearly fixed in his mind. He must know that there are good noises and bad ones, and that some stimulate while others are nerve-wearing. Some of the sounds that act as a stimulant when walking through the streets may become harrowing in the office, even though they are reduced in volume. The continuous murmur of a fan is not likely to cause nervous reaction, but the periodic beats of a large engine exhaust or the thump of an air-compressor intake is sure to excite the normal nervous system.

Sounds That Do Not Disturb

The annoyance from noise comes almost as much from the pitch of a sound as from its intensity. High pitches are more disturbing than low or medium ones. Given the right pitches, a room can be relatively quiet, but still annoying. Certain tones on a piano are equally loud when measured in physical units, but vary greatly in their effects upon the human ear.

An engineer took the noise out of a well-known make of automobile engine simply by lowering the average pitch of the tones which the machine was singing. After this operation, the total amount of sound emitted remained the same as before, but the tones were lower pitched and were not so audible to the ear. This is a fairly good example of a noise that is not noisy.

Investigations have proved that complete silence is not always desirable. A continuous noise is not disturbing until it reaches a certain sensation level. From this point on up the annoyance increases rapidly. Tests in one university showed that a noise, if not too loud or too long continued, has a small average advantage over quiet in the case of students doing mental work. The noise keeps the student more alert and causes the brain to act faster, but the result, of course, is an increased consumption of bodily energy. To some

(Continued on Page 129)

"Higher, Father, higher! You won't let me fall!"

Health! The glorious ability to laugh and be happy even when the world throws you further than Dad used to!

What is the easiest and safest way to gain it?

Clean inside - well outside!

and they look it!

THIS business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness and lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as the doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping well—and therefore happy—all the time.

Nujol

health

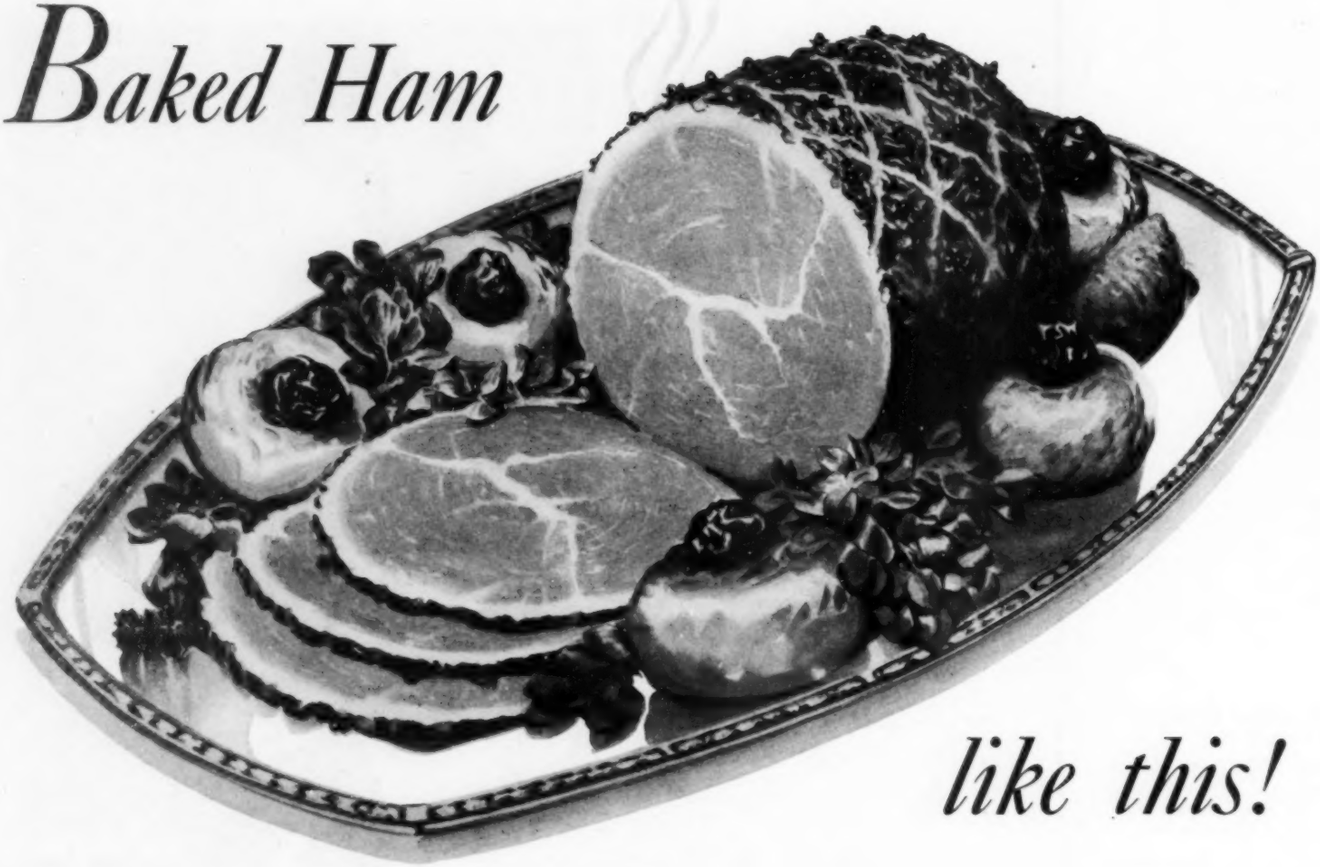
Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked "Nujol" to protect you.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs you know are bad for you. It may make all the difference in your life between success and failure, between happiness and unhappiness. Why don't you try Nujol, and begin tonight?

Baked Ham



like this!

30 Minutes from Package to Platter

POSSIBLE now with Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham—because it is already cooked! All you do is heat and brown it.

That takes but 30 minutes, 1/5 the usual time. No boiling, simmering or preliminary cooking. Grilled ham takes but 3 minutes. Serve cold ham instantly. Hours of kitchen work saved!

You find new flavor in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham. For each ham is cooked in its own sealed container. That saves all the natural juices and flavors that ordinary cooking loses to the open air. The flavors are cooked *in*, not *out*.

Flavor-Sealed is without bone, skin or surplus fat—while ordinary ham is about 1/4 such waste. And there is almost no cooking shrinkage in Hormel Ham, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/4 the weight in home cooked ham. Every morsel of Hormel Ham is usable and delicious. The juices are marvelous flavoring for soups, sauces and vegetables.

Please try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham at our risk. All leading food stores have it. If you are not satisfied just mail your purchase slip to us, tell us why and we will refund you what you paid for it.

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Distributors for British Isles, Marples Jones & Co., Ltd., Liverpool, England

★ ALSO FLAVOR-SEALED CHICKEN (WHOLE AND HALF), BONELESS CHICKEN AND CHICKEN A LA KING, SPICED HAM, PORK TONGUE, LUNCHEON MEAT, are cooked like the Hormel Ham—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

HORMEL★ Flavor Sealed HAM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 126)

people that are naturally slow and unambitious, a considerable amount of city noise may serve very much as would a heart stimulant to one having sluggish circulation. To the individual already alert and nervous, however, the presence of uncontrolled din is likely to result in overstimulation.

The ear seems to behave differently from most other organs of special sense. The skin, when immersed in warm water, soon behaves as if the water and it were about equally warm. The organs of smell undergo a reaction in the presence of odor that very soon renders them unable to detect it. The senses of taste and vision are subject to similar effects. Our eyes speedily adapt themselves to a change in the degree of illumination that may be multiplied by as much as 200. But the sense of hearing is very little affected by adaptation. No matter how long the noise may be continued, we still hear it if only we lend it our ears.

In order to make practical application of the principles of sound quieting, the modern acoustical engineer must not only keep in mind the composition of noise and the established laws of wave motion but must have a good working understanding of human physiology and psychology. He must know that frequently it is not the intensity of a noise that counts but its significance to the individual, and this significance can generally be defined in terms of the individual's everyday habits. If we live in a house with a leaky roof, we may be sure that the noise of rain upon the roof is a significant stimulus that leads us to run for pails to catch the water when it rains. As soon as the roof is mended, the sound of rain has no further significance.

There is a proverb that the sleeping doctor hears the telephone and his wife hears the stirring of the baby. Students in a business school, dictating to one another at the tops of their voices, soon learned to lend their ears to nothing but the voices of their partners. A worker surrounded by people can train himself to be intent on his own work without hearing a word of the conversation about him. But the moment someone begins to whistle softly or whisper, the worker's attention would instantly be taken away from his study. People who read or study at night with a radio in operation are seldom able to recall a single phrase of the selection that has just been played.

Measuring Sounds

Nature has given us power to protect ourselves to a considerable extent from the evil effects of noise. For instance, two boiler makers hammering away inside a huge steel shell may readily converse in conversational tones if only they will first learn to talk in a different key from that of the clanging shell.

All these things have a direct bearing upon the problem of noise elimination. No worthwhile progress can be made in the quieting of an office or factory unless existing conditions are first subjected to careful analysis. Supplied with an apparatus made up of a microphone, an amplifier and an indicating meter, the sound expert can quickly determine how noisy it is at any point indoors or outside. He can measure the echoes of rooms, the acoustical properties of an auditorium and the annoyance reactions of a multitude of sounds reflected from ceilings and walls. Instruments are likewise available to measure with precision the reflecting and absorbing properties of all kinds of materials which may be used in quieting treatments.

The engineer can also weigh sound. He knows that the pressure on the eardrum of a barely audible sound is equal to the weight of a section of a human hair which is one-third as long as its diameter. He can tell you just where every noise fits in on his scale of loudness, which scale is no less helpful in the realm of sound than the scale of temperature is in the realm of heat. In the measurement of noise just as in the measurement of temperature, intensity is different from quantity: a steam whistle gives a sound of great intensity, while the ocean's roar is of immense quantity.

The threshold of audibility on the scale is that point at the bottom where the least sound may just be heard. Such a sound is one sensation unit. The engineer calls this unit a decibel. The rustle of leaves in a gentle breeze is ten units. An average whisper four feet away is twenty, soft radio music in an apartment is thirty-five, noise on an average busy street is sixty, noise in a moving train is sixty-five, noise in a stenographic room is seventy, noise in a New York subway is eighty, and noise in an airplane is ninety-five.

The Noise Thermometer

At the top of the scale we reach a total of 108 units, and there we enter the threshold of feeling. In other words, when sound reaches a loudness of 108 degrees, it is actually painful to anyone whose hearing is normal. It should be mentioned in describing this noise thermometer that the range of human speech is from thirty-five to sixty units.

The noise scale, like the heat thermometer, cannot be numbered in direct ratio of the things it measures. A temperature of twenty degrees is not twice as hot as ten degrees, nor one-fifth as hot as 100 degrees. Zero is not "no heat," for there are minus temperatures. Scales of distance show true direct proportion, but this is not true of scales of sound and heat. Practically everything that is measured by the human senses must be indicated by what is called a logarithmic scale. Logarithmic ratios multiply instead of add as they grow bigger. The sound scale now in use is based upon the discovery that a sound in which the waves were actually 100 times as violent as those of another sound would be interpreted by the ear as being only twice as loud.

Recently a traveling noise laboratory made 7000 observations of sound conditions in and about New York City. The tests revealed that the loudest noises are those of blasting and riveting. These two sounds are nearly ten billion times as intense as the smallest sound that can be detected by the human ear. The roar of explosives at a subway excavation and the noise made by riveters both measured ninety-nine units. A steamship whistle averaged ninety-five, a subway express train passing a local station measured ninety-six, a steam-operated pile driver produced a sound intensity of ninety-one, the exhaust of unmuffled motor-trucks averaged seventy-nine, and honking automobile horns measured seventy-four.

Scientific studies of this kind have proved that New Yorkers are living and working in a veritable inferno of din which at certain places is so deafening that a lion could roar and scarcely be heard. Under normal traffic conditions in our greatest metropolis a sound must have a loudness of fifty units to be heard.

An interesting experiment was staged recently in a lecture room. A noise of a loudness equal to that which occurs at the intersection of Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue in New York was generated in the room and each member of the audience was requested to start a conversation with his neighbor. When the artificial noise was suddenly shut off, the babble of voices in the hall was almost overwhelming. Each person, in a strenuous effort to make himself understood, had raised his voice almost to a shout. Another test in an empty auditorium with a fan and motor in operation showed that with the fan and motor shut down the articulation increased 13 per cent. The mere act of separating an auditorium from a noisy corridor increased the average speech articulation 24 per cent.

Having come to understand that uncontrolled noise is a waster of health and wealth, forward-looking people are taking steps to improve conditions.

Our first endeavor should be to silence noise at its origin. The more nearly we can accomplish this aim, the less will be the necessity of checking the entrance of sound waves to our homes and working places. The noise from street cars may be greatly reduced by the removal of worn pinions and gears and a better maintenance of rail joints, switches and crossings. The exhaust noises from motor vehicles may be cured by having mufflers located closer to the engine. If mechanical silencers cannot be applied to riveting hammers, we must abandon the present practice and squeeze rivets into place or use electric welding.

Muzzling the Din

The multitude of noises from pipes, such as those produced by steam shovels, trench diggers and excavating machinery, can be remedied by the use of mechanical silencers. Noisy fans should be repaired or replaced. Window baffles will filter out street noises while letting in the fresh air. Ventilation ducts that sometimes act as speaking tubes in carrying noises may be lined with a sound absorber.

The smallest mechanical silencer weighs about six ounces. The largest one so far built weighs more than 20,000 pounds and quiets the noise from the largest Diesel engine ever constructed in the United States. This engine has an exhaust pipe thirty-two inches in diameter and the noise from it could be heard eight miles. When the silencer was installed, the noise from the exhaust could only be detected two blocks from the plant. A mechanical silencer will often provide a noise reduction as great as 90 per cent.

Acoustical materials of a sound-absorbing nature are now remedying the annoyance and distraction from excess racket in hundreds of places. These porous materials which are placed on walls and ceilings tend to absorb sound as a sponge absorbs water, or a blotter absorbs ink. Sound waves striking them are prevented from rebounding violently just as when a rubber ball strikes a feather mattress.

The covering of walls and ceilings with sound-control substances will muffle the clatter of trays and dishes in restaurants and cafeterias. In camera booths it will prevent the click of the camera from reaching the microphone. It will reduce the bedlam of noise in switchboard and telephone rooms, in the board rooms of brokerage houses, in printing plants, in bookkeeping and

The Christy Razor glides over your face as gently as the falling leaf flutters to the ground.

The lightness of the razor itself is made possible by the heavier blade. The weight is in the blade, where it belongs, rather than in the frame.

That light touch is a result, too, of the wonderful Massage Bar which smooths the skin in advance of the blade, which thus cuts the beard squarely at the base on a taut surface, permitting a clean, close shave free from irritating after-effects.

The Christy is, in fact, a delicate instrument for a delicate job. Yet it is so finely made that it will serve you for a lifetime.

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Ask your dealer for a Christy Razor. Feel its lightness. Try its comfort-shave.

Christy Razor with Massage Bar $1 and $5. Christy Blades (the product of a generation of fine razor-blade making) . . . 35c for package of 5.

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CHRISTY
SAFETY RAZOR
WITH MASSAGE BAR

Correct Time Always!

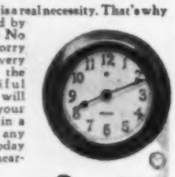
Needs no winding

Only $9.75

WHEN the radio announcer gives you the correct time—do any of your clocks agree? What you need is a dependable Victor Electric Clock and then you will have accurate time always. Ask your dealer to show you the Victor Kenilworth model—its handsome bakelite case is 8½ inches tall and is available in a variety of finishes. Also inquire about the Victor guarantee and learn how it assures you complete satisfaction. Don't deny yourself the great convenience that this attractive time-piece brings you—buy one for your home today!

The VICTOR KITCHEN CLOCK

Correct time in the kitchen is a real necessity. That's why this Victor model is praised by housewives everywhere. No winding or oiling to worry about—and accurate time every minute of the day. See the Waverly in its beautiful chromium finish and you will immediately want one for your kitchen. It is also offered in a variety of colors to match any decorative scheme. Write today for illustrated folders and nearest dealer's name.



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VICTOR Electric Clocks

Equip Your Car With Beldenlac Aircraft Standard Ignition Cables

BE ready for winter! Prepare for the test of sub-zero starting by equipping your car with Beldenlac Aircraft Standard Ignition Cables—built to the same high standards as Beldenlac Ignition Cables furnished to U. S. Air Corps.

Worn spark plug wires cause poor starting and loss of power

Belden Manufacturing Company
4627 W. Van Buren St.
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Belden

typing offices, in school classrooms, in hospital corridors, in airplane cabins and even in the press boxes at well-known race tracks. Atlantic City's famous Steel Pier has its floor entirely underlaid with a sound-absorbing material to deaden the roar of the waves underneath.

Although noise is a liability in business which cannot be written in on the balance sheet, it is reflected in the profit-and-loss statement as an unrealized economy—as a daily transaction on which the fraction of a cent was not saved.

The big office of a chain-store company got much noise not only from the outside but also from its forty calculating machines, eight bookkeeping and adding machines, twelve typewriters, two addressing machines, twelve extension telephones, and the additional din from a hundred voices. The cost for quieting this office was $6200. Prorated over ten years, including interest at 6 per cent, the cost amounted to two cents a day per employe. A saving of two minutes a day for each worker, or an increase in efficiency of one-half of one per cent is sufficient to cover the entire cost of this sound-proofing job. This quieting treatment so increased the efficiency of employes that all the executive offices fronting on the main street were similarly treated.

Outtalking the Talkies

A reduction of 28 per cent in the noise level in an insurance office where the workers were engaged in a variety of machine operations brought a 12 per cent increase in output. Acoustical treatment of a telephone-operating room of a telegraph company reduced the noise level 30 per cent, resulting in a 42 per cent decrease in errors and a 3 per cent drop in the cost per message.

Reduction of noise in a theater, of course, requires the coöperation of patrons, but as one critic said, "the talkies will not be a complete success until they are made to outtalk the girl who sat behind us last night." However, there are other noises which the theater owner himself must remedy. Upholstered seats and an absorbent-ceiling treatment will greatly reduce the reflection of noises. All the defects of echoes, reverberations and articulations may be traced to this reflection.

In remodeling old theaters for the talkies, the engineers first make articulation tests. A speaker on the stage calls out lists of single-syllable words and observers at different points in the theater record the words which they think they hear. The recorded list is compared with the original and the percentage determined. This figure furnishes an accurate index of the quality of the hearing conditions. Music in an auditorium where no quieting treatment has been applied usually has a harshness that takes away much of its delicate shading and tone color.

The United States Bureau of Standards asserts that "the engineering of silence is rapidly becoming a recognized branch of applied physics." Certainly it is true that the necessity of living in an environment of unceasing din is hard on ideals, costly to business and damaging to health. It is no wonder that after our hours of work we seek to translate the loud noises of the city into the loud harmonies of music. It is not surprising that we create in ourselves a nervous condition that requires a counteracting noise as a remedy.

Exhausting Exhausts

Our present industrial era has been vulgarized by an absence of quietude and repose. Most of our modern buildings are given an interior finish of such density that the walls and ceilings become perfect reflectors of sound. Long corridors carry voices like an immense speaking tube. Thousands of ill-conditioned automotive vehicles and an endless variety of unsilenced mechanical devices torture our ears and distract attention. A single engine exhaust can be heard four miles in a quiet region. Think what a hundred such engines in the city mean to the total volume of noise.

People dare not enter a man's house or peep into it, yet he has no way of preventing them from filling his house and his office with nerve-racking noise. Surely such a condition of uncontrolled din works a hardship that is unnecessary on the average citizen. Abolishment of a great deal of needless racket is not only possible but may prove to be an investment yielding a gratifying return.

One study disclosed that a simple regulation denying the streets to any vehicle having loose or rattling parts would not only effect a material reduction in outside noise but would prevent costly repairs later and lengthen the lives of vehicles. Tests have indicated that a loose, badly serviced truck emits five times as much noise as a truck that is well conditioned.

Other regulations should prohibit loud-speakers blaring into the streets, useless tooting of automobile horns, the excessive use of the sirens of fire engines responding to calls at night, the rough handling of ash cans and the employment of cow bells and screeching horns by junk wagons and fish peddlers. An actual census of automobile toots on a New York street corner recently showed that 97 per cent were wholly unnecessary. People walking in the streets would not dare shout at each other in the same ill-mannered way they do when seated safely in a motor car. Civic officials in several French cities have demarcated definite areas as zones of silence, where, after a certain hour, the sounding of a motor horn is prohibited.

Fortunately, American complacency respecting unnecessary racket is disappearing. Users of machinery are keeping the noise factor in mind in selecting new equipment. The owners of New York's subways are eliminating the racket raised by the clinking of turnstiles by installing gears of a softer material than steel. Factory whistles everywhere are being silenced. If children can get to school at the proper time without whistles to call them in, surely an adult workman should be able to get back to his job on time without the need of a whistle to remind him of the hour.

Sound is essential to modern life, but uncontrolled it becomes a tyrant instead of a servant. It always represents energy misdirected, and therefore is a true index of executive efficiency. It breeds mental confusion, multiplies misunderstood orders, increases wear and tear on things that should be preserved, and is producing in our people an overstimulation that is tending to make the race dangerously nervous.

A Noiseless Utopia

It will not be long until the average person will regard noisy streets with as much disfavor as he now does those that lack sewers. Landlords and architects who design and build offices and dwellings that admit too much noise will be held as much at fault as those who now allow roofs to leak or gas to seep into the basement. Sound-absorption will be regarded as no less important than provision for heat and water.

In office and factory, every machine from typewriter to drill will operate in comparative quiet. Noise will be attacked from both the point of origin and the point of absorption. Workshop walls will be covered with materials that will capture extraneous sound waves and provide silence. These advances will accelerate office routine, conserve energy and release the human body from its present use as a sound shock absorber.

The United States has created many things that are the envy of other nations. One of our next duties is so to reduce national din that we shall be able to say in truth that here within our borders are also the quietest cities in the world.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Haying Near Hagerstown, Maryland

WHIZ GOLD BAND ANTI-FREEZE
(DISCOVERY)
MAY SAVE YOU A 10-MILE TOW INTO TOWN

Whiz Gold Band is the unique and perfect formula for anti-freeze!

No boiling away
No evaporation
No high cost
Perfect protection

WHILE MANY anti-freeze solutions evaporate or foam away, Whiz Gold Band Discovery stays right on the job all winter long to protect you from the trouble pictured above—trouble which threatens every car when cold weather comes. *And Whiz gives this complete and carefree protection on 1 economical filling!*

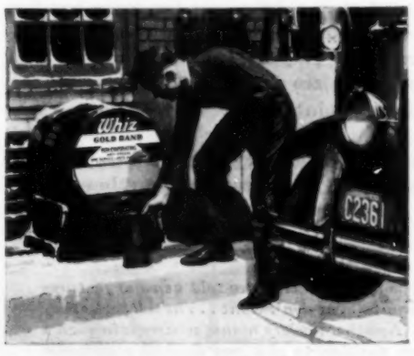
For the unique formula of this new Whiz Anti-Freeze prevents it from vanishing in air, steam or foam. It won't overheat in warm weather. *So you can safely fill up with Whiz Gold Band Anti-Freeze right now—earlier than you would dare to with any less stable brand.*

Whiz Gold Band is odorless, gives off no noisome fumes. It is non-inflammable, costs less per season than any other anti-freeze, and *is as powerless as pure water itself to harm anything about a car.*

Whiz Gold Band brings you another advantage you can get in no other type of anti-freeze. Because of the low "specific heat" of its special ingredients, Gold Band takes less heat from your motor in cold weather, and lets it get more quickly to a smooth-running temperature. *You spare the choke—save your motor—on dangerous metal-chilling days!*

Play safe. Protect your car with Whiz Gold Band, the anti-freeze with *the best known name in the world to those who are careful of their cars.* Drive to your nearest dealer now. Buy with equal confidence from the drum or from the can. Get the plus protection that Whiz Gold Band gives!

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO., CAMDEN, N. J. AND TORONTO, CANADA



$3.25 PER GALLON
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Whiz Gold Band (Discovery) Anti-Freeze is Certified by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory

Man to Man! That's how we

Straight from users we have found what features of wear, fit and style men want in socks

SOMETIMES it was approval we got . . . sometimes friendly advice. Or once in a while just a plain, unvarnished "kick."

In ten years of selling direct to customers, we've learned a lot about how to make good socks—*straight from wearers themselves.*

No other company has had this advantage because Realsilk is the only hosiery mills selling direct to you through Representatives.

Whatever they thought, men told us frankly, we found. All over the country they talked with our Representatives. They told us—millions of them—just what features they wanted.

Toes of extra strength, for example. So many of our customers stressed this need that we developed a new "triple tip" toe for silk socks—*6-ply at the end.* (*Patent applied for.*)

Then there's the whole question of *longer wear.* To measure up in this respect, Realsilk Socks are 9 per cent more closely woven from stronger yarn. Realsilk soles are reinforced. The high-spliced heel is *4-ply.*

The result is that *extra durability* which has led millions of users to call Realsilk Super-Service Socks "the best wearing socks in America—bar none."

Add to this such features as the *special garter band*—two thicknesses for more comfort and strength. And the *extra long silk leg*—in graduated lengths, because men who wear larger foot sizes need more leg length, too.

Point by point, feature for feature—we'll be glad to have you examine Realsilk Socks with the utmost care. They're made to suit men's ideas . . . and they measure up to these standards 100 per cent every time!

Millions of customers have told us what features they want . . . or don't want . . . in the socks they wear. No other hosiery manufacturer is in such a unique position to give you Realsilk's exclusive advantages—because Realsilk alone sells direct to you through Representatives

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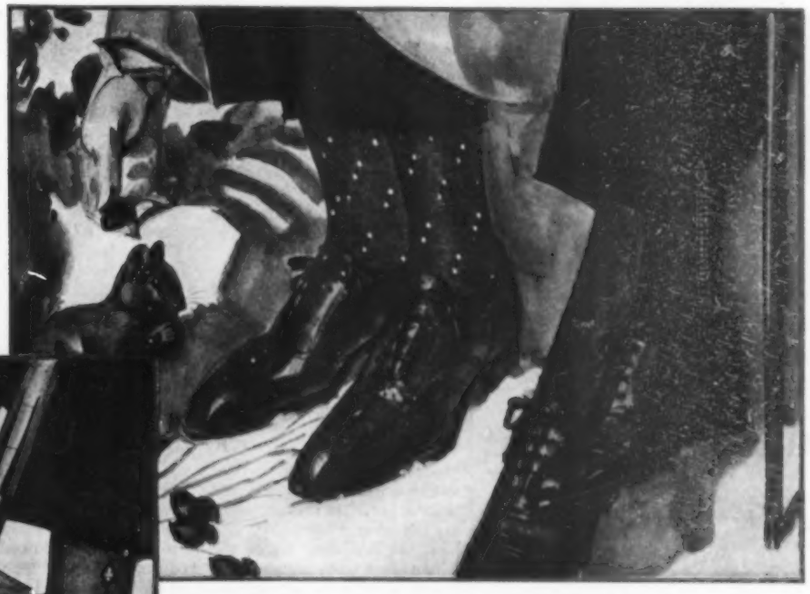


Above—*Illustrating two of the dominant style tendencies in men's light-weight wool socks! Spaced patterns and contrasting clocks, against a subdued ground, promise to enjoy a wide vogue this season*

Below—*With the continuing popularity of bright clocks and solid color backgrounds, the newest development is the elaborate clock worked in two contrasting shades. Spaced figures, too, will be increasingly good. Note the heavy ribbed wool sock in the center*

Above—*Two smart embroidered clocked socks, reflecting the latest style trend. At left, a handsome heavy ribbed wool. At right, a rich silk and wool in soft heather tones*

Right—*Here's a new note! A horizontal pattern in contrasting shades of blue wool, with spaced block figure. At right, a brown silk with an attractive vertical design*

RICH, warmly blended colors . . . conservative all-over figures . . . contrasting clocks, more popular than ever this season!

In Realsilk Socks for Winter, you'll find reflected the best taste of the great style centers —London, Wall Street, Hollywood and the universities. Our designers have chosen what is newest and most correct, and interpreted it with the kind of styles *men really wear*.

And you get the latest thing far in advance! Because Realsilk Socks come to you *direct*, without extra stops or delay.

Moreover, in the complete Realsilk line you'll find just the right shades and patterns to harmonize with your own wardrobe. Correct in style, trim and perfect in fit—Realsilk Socks offer you a wide choice of everything that's new and right for Winter!

And, remember, Realsilk Super-Service Socks are never sold in stores. If one of our Representatives is not calling upon you regularly, just telephone the Realsilk Office in your town. Entirely without obligation, of course.

. . .

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult local telephone directory.

REALSILK

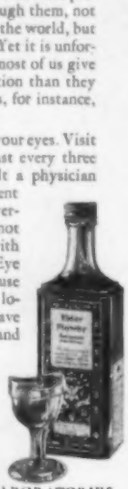
HOSIERY MILLS, *Inc.*

When did you cleanse your EYES *last?*

Of course, if you have had an opportunity to discuss the subject intimately with your physician or oculist, you probably bathe your eyes frequently. In that case, too, you probably know and use EVANS' Elder Flower Eye Lotion (in the Latin, "Lotio Sambuci"), which throughout eighteen years has demonstrated its unique efficacy as a general cleansing lotion for the eyes.

There is nothing in our lives more precious than our eyes. Through them, not only do we look out upon the world, but the world looks in at us. Yet it is unfortunately still a fact that most of us give our eyes much less attention than they need and deserve—far less, for instance, than we give our teeth.

Be more considerate of your eyes. Visit your eye specialist at least every three years, and *always* consult a physician when you have any persistent eye affection. Avoid overstrain or, when that is not possible, bathe your eyes with EVANS' Elder Flower Eye Lotion. And, of course, use this cleansing, soothing lotion whenever your eyes have been exposed to the dust and dirt of train or motor travel or of city streets.



If your druggist does not have EVANS' Elder Flower Eye Lotion, fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Evans'
Elder Flower
Eye Lotion

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I am enclosing one dollar, for which please send me a bottle of your Elder Flower Eye Lotion, together with the EVANS Eye Cup.

Your name

Address

City and State

Your druggist's name and address

VIENNESE CAPRICE

(Continued from Page 11)

What do you know about aristocracy over here? There was a class dressed up like dolls and hedged round with snobbery and set where life couldn't touch them. And then the wealth was gone and all their fancy trimmings torn away, and they were only ordinary people. When life finally got at them, what could they do but starve?"

Franz Vavorek was leaning on his stick, watching her intently.

"Yes," he repeated slowly, "what could they do but starve?"

Lisa was angry. She wanted, in an absurd and childish way, to avenge herself on this young man for her momentary humiliation of last night and this afternoon at the hotel.

"My grandfather," she said, and her black eyes—the famous Storm eyes—swept scathingly over the tall figure before her, "my grandfather started his life as a miner. My grandmother kept the boarding house at the mine. When they were married, the wedding was delayed because someone had hidden my grandfather's white shirt—it was the only one he had. He died when he was eighty, and left ten million dollars. Old Thunder Storm, they called him, one of the seven honest men on Wall Street. Nobody ever protected him from life. He fought it out alone. That's aristocracy!"

"Perhaps you're right," said Franz Vavorek slowly, and she noticed for the first time that there were little tired lines around his eyes. "Perhaps you're right."

He wasn't looking at her. He was looking at the ground, tracing an imaginary pattern with the ferrule of his stick. Lisa felt a little sorry for him and a little ashamed of what she had said. He took out his monocle and polished it carefully and put it back in his eye. He looked at Lisa Storm.

"You Americans!" he said, and he smiled a small, wintry smile. There was something like pity in his eyes, or was it contempt?

She hated him again.

"I should like," she said sweetly, "to go some place and dance. I noticed you dancing last night. You and the—ah—large lady in pink."

His jaw tightened. It was a shame, Lisa thought, that that straight, determined jaw line should have been wasted on a man like him.

"Certainly," he said. "Dancing is one of the few things that I do—rather well."

They would go, he said, to the Eden Bar, a *gemütlich* little place he knew.

"*Gemütlich?*" Lisa Storm repeated.

"Cozy," Franz Vavorek said. "Pleasant, friendly, comfortable—warm."

There were rose-shaded lights at the Eden Bar, and little nooks for tables and a dance floor slightly larger than a woman's handkerchief. There was dance music that wasn't American jazz. Dreamy music with the high, sweet notes of a violin weaving in and out among the firm beats of the piano and the liquid ripple of a harp.

Lisa Storm danced with Franz Vavorek, and other dancers turned to watch them. But Lisa was unconscious of their interest. She had forgotten they were there. She was moving in a world where the only reality was rhythm, and she herself and the man who held her in his arms had ceased to exist except as part of a pattern of motion and of sound.

"I never knew," she said dreamily, "that dancing could be like this."

The music drifted to a close, and Lisa was conscious again of the Eden Bar, where people were clapping and demanding an encore. Across the room, a woman was silently pressing a bill into the hand of the sleek-haired young man who had been dancing with her. He bowed graciously and pocketed the money as he moved away to his own table near the door.

Lisa saw it all—the silent, discreet exchange of money, the smooth gallantry of the sleek-haired man. The smile that had been on her face froze there.

"I enjoyed the dance," she said to Franz Vavorek. "Do you always hypnotize your partners into such a lyric mood?"

"Not always," he responded evenly. "Some of them are more susceptible than others."

It was like that, always, in the week that followed. Twenty times a day they insulted each other subtly. Twenty times a day Lisa Storm resolved to settle her bill with this impossible young man and to be off to Paris. And still she stayed.

She who had thought she knew the Continent because she knew where to stop in Cannes and Dinard and where to dance and shop in Paris, was finding here in Vienna a Europe whose existence she had always mockingly relegated to the pages of a history book or of the guidebooks that impossible people in flat-heeled walking shoes carried conscientiously about with them.

Josef, the *Volkskaiser*; and the crafty Metternich; the little adventurer, Eugene of Savoy; and the lovely, tragic Elizabeth of Bavaria—Franz Vavorek paraded them before her, and she came to feel that she knew them all.

He took her to tea in the Majolica Room, and to lunch at Schöner's in the Siebensterngasse, the Street of the Seven Stars. He took her to mass at St. Stephen's and to dinner at the Sacher House, where royalty used to go, he told her, on its evening out. He showed her the Spanish Riding School, and the Liechtenstein Gallery, and the Hofburg.

And together they heard music—the Philharmonic and the boys' choir at the Burgcapelle, those flutelike young voices so silver clear that it was hard to tell where the singing ended and the organ took up the hymn.

They had dinner one night at the Rathaus Kellar, and afterwards drank white wine and listened to a tenor singing old Viennese songs, and Franz Vavorek bought violets from a ragged flower woman, and laying them before Lisa, said simply, "For Vienna."

They went to Grinzing, to one of the small wine cellars with its inevitable bough of evergreen over the door to show that new wine was for sale within.

A blind violinist played The Blue Danube for them that night, and a little man with eyes like a frog yodeled Austrian folk songs. At most of the bare wooden tables couples sat and held hands, and from a little niche high up in the wall a statue of the Virgin Mary with a sprig of white flowers at her feet smiled down benignly on them all.

There were times during those days when Lisa Storm forgot that this was only a personally conducted tour arranged in advance as a business proposition. Franz Vavorek knew how to be charming. She found herself, sometimes, studying his lean, handsome face with its straight nose, its strong jaw, and its gray eyes that, on occasion, could stare so chillingly at the world. She wondered about his father, who, he said, had been killed in the war, and about his mother, who must have been an English gentlewoman. She wondered what sort of lodgings he left in the morning to come to her immaculate, perfectly groomed, with his gleaming monocle and his rosewood walking stick and his hat tilted on his blond head at an angle that suggested plumes and gentlemen gallants.

And then she would remember suddenly that first night at the hotel, and the woman in pink with whom he had danced. She would wonder whether he kept a detailed account of each day's expenditures, and whether at the end he would present her with an itemized bill. She could see herself, like the woman at the Eden Bar, trying to give him the money quickly, furtively, and talking with feverish animation, as though neither of them were conscious of the business that was being transacted.

When she thought of those things, she hated him again, and made cutting remarks, to which he replied in kind, and hostility came to sit between them like an unwelcome third guest.

The situation reached its crisis on the night he took her to the opera. The inimical mood in which Lisa had started out softened as the evening wore on, and she gave herself up to enjoyment of the spectacle before her—of the music, Tristan und Isolde, and the great golden horseshoe, and the women who stood up between the acts and stared at her so unashamedly through their glasses.

She was pleasantly conscious of the fact that her dark hair and the yellow satin of her dress and Franz Vavorek's fine profile stood out strikingly against the crimson background of their box.

The first act dragged a bit. Isolde swished around like an indignant dowager, and Tristan, who should have been so young and splendid, was a middle-aged, pompous little man.

"Why do they have to be fat?" Lisa demanded in an agonized whisper.

Franz Vavorek flashed a smile at her through the shadows.

"Don't look at them," he counseled her. "Shut your eyes and listen. You don't have to watch them."

But she watched them during the second act. The lights were dimmed to a blue dusk, for that love scene before Mark's castle on the coast of Cornwall, and Tristan and Isolde were vague, shadowy figures with voices that poured out in a golden flood of wild and passionate beauty.

The music was still ringing in Lisa's ears as the curtain fell and Franz Vavorek guided her out, along the hall to the gallery, where the Viennese, with their healthy enthusiasm for food, were already beginning to cluster around the buffet. Women in trailing gowns promenaded back and forth, cheerfully munching salami sandwiches, and gentlemen with gardenias in the lapels of their impeccable evening clothes drank beer and bowed with elaborate courtesy to passing acquaintances.

"I'm not in the mood to watch people eat," Lisa said suddenly. "Let's go somewhere else."

(Continued on Page 136)

1 *"One reason I use Dutch Boy is because it enables me to secure exactly the tints and shades my customers want."*

2 *"A Dutch Boy job does not crack and scale and therefore it saves money for the property-owner."*

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AN important job . . . this task demanded of paint . . . this dual job of preserving as well as beautifying . . . of making property last longer and look better. It's a job that the majority of painters (8 in every 10, to be exact) entrust to Dutch Boy White Lead.

Eight painters in every ten use Dutch Boy for the reason that it measures up in every way to their exacting paint requirements. And no one knows paint like a painter.

Dutch Boy protects while it beautifies. It l-a-s-t-s . . . it does not crack or scale and thus demand expensive burning and scraping later. It makes possible exactly the tints and shades you prefer. It provides a custom-made paint, mixed to the requirements of your individual job. When your painter specifies Dutch Boy White Lead, remember: No one knows paint like a painter.

Write for free booklet . . . "The House We Live In" . . . which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Please address the nearest branch office.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

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* *According to an impartial, county-wide survey*

. . . and no one knows paint like a painter

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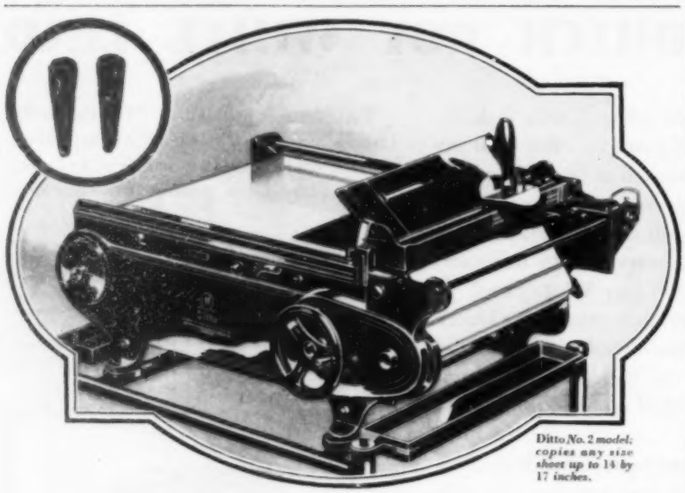

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(Continued from Page 134)

They went out through one of the long doors to the balcony that looked down on the Ring. It had been raining, and the headlights of cars gleamed on the wet pavement. The sidewalks were thick with people, meandering along with that curious shifting restlessness so different from the hurried bustle of American crowds. Somewhere an orchestra was playing the Viennese Caprice, and through the clatter of trolley cars and the honking of taxicab horns wisps of the music floated up to the two on the balcony.

Lisa Storm felt strangely content.

"I wonder," she said softly to the tall figure beside her, "why we've been so childish? Why have we hated each other so?"

He was silent for so long a time that she thought he hadn't heard. It seemed silly to repeat the question. He turned and looked down at her—speculatively, she thought.

"This," he said, "is why." And suddenly, fiercely, he caught her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

She stood quite still for a moment. Then, as he continued to hold her, she put up her arms and clasped her hands behind his head and returned his kiss.

A bell tinkled, and Franz Vavorek, releasing her, said gently, "The call for the last act. Come."

All through that last act, while Tristan died slowly and vociferously in the arms of Isolde, who had come billowing onto the scene at the opportune moment in a dress of royal purple, Lisa Storm sat thinking of what had happened, wondering what she would say to Franz Vavorek on the way home.

She needn't have wondered. He relieved her of the burden of conversation. Sitting back in a corner of the car, he passed her his cigarettes, and when she refused them, selected one for himself. Lisa could see him in the shadows, a dark figure with a silk hat tilted over his eyes and a white scarf tucked about his throat.

He said thoughtfully, "What a voice that woman has! But—*mein Gott!*—what a figure! Too bad you couldn't hear Jeritza."

Later: "The streets are slippery tonight. Hard on the driver."

And when at last they parted in the deserted foyer of Lisa's hotel, he took her hand and bending to touch it lightly with his lips, murmured, "*Gute Nacht, Fräulein. Küss die Hand.*" His monocle gleamed sardonically as he turned away.

"*Küss die Hand!*" I kiss your hand. It was what shopgirls said after they had made a sale. It was what bellhops and waiters in restaurants said when they had been well tipped. An old phrase that might once have been gracious, debased now by the meaningless politeness of servile people. "*Küss die Hand!*"

Thunder Storm's granddaughter was angry with a white-lipped, consuming wrath that nauseated her and made her long to seize something precious and break it into bits.

Alone in her room, she tore off the yellow dress, and ringing for the night maid, piled the shining satin folds into the girl's arms.

"*Ach, Fräulein, das ist sehr schön!*" The stolid Teutonic face was flushed with gratitude. "*Danke! Danke! Küss die Hand!*"

She looked dazed as the door was slammed in her face.

Lisa sat at her desk and did sums on the blotting pad. Ten dollars a day, probably, for the guide. Six dollars a day for the car. The dinners and luncnes and tips, museum fees, cocktails, opera tickets—two hundred for them, at the most.

She wrote a check on her Paris bank: "To order of Franz Vavorek. One thousand dollars."

She wrote a note that was a masterpiece of polite venom: " . . . leaving unexpectedly for Paris . . . don't know exact amount of bill . . . a little extra, in appreciation of services rendered . . . very competent guide . . . recommend you to friends who come to Vienna. . . . Most sincerely, Lisa Storm." Poison, dipped in milk chocolate.

She amused herself, imagining the expression on his face as he read that. All through the night as she packed feverishly, cursing herself for not having brought a maid; all through the next morning's rush for last-minute reservations she thought of that note and imagined what would happen when he came to the hotel and the *concierge* produced the note she had addressed to Herr Franz Vavorek.

What would he do? Learn her forwarding address from the hotel and send back the check with a note as insulting as her own? Or tear it into pieces and send them to her without a word? Or take out the exact amount she owed him, down to the last penny, and send her his check for the rest?

Nine o'clock. The train pulled creakingly out of the station and Lisa Storm said good-by to Vienna.

Nine-thirty. Ten o'clock. He would be at the hotel now. He would take her note and read it. His face would have a white, frozen look, and he would hold that check as though it soiled his fingers. Within the week she ought to hear from him.

It was not until she had been in Paris three weeks without a letter that a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her.

Lisa Storm did an unprecedented thing at the end of that time. She went to the bank and demanded her canceled checks. Sitting on one of the uncomfortable marble benches that banks provide for their clients, she thumbed through the green slips.

March 6, five hundred dollars to Suzanne Talbot. March 8, to self. March 10, to Hotel Meurice. March 27, one thousand dollars to Franz Vavorek. Indorsed and cashed on March twenty-eighth, at the American Bank of Vienna!

Somehow, she managed to wait until she got back to the hotel before she had hysterics.

From the time she was eight years old, Lisa Storm had known intervals of boredom. Endowed with all Thunder Storm's boundless energy, she had been born to a position that made the conquering of new worlds unnecessary. There had been times, before, when the life she led had seemed to her as futile as the frenzied activity of a flying squirrel in a cage, but never in all her twenty-five years had she felt as she did that summer after her return from Paris. An unprejudiced psychologist might have diagnosed her behavior as that of an unhappy person. Lisa Storm said simply that she was bored.

She opened the house, Seastorm, on the Maine coast, and spent a month flirting with the young Englishman who was staying at the Thorne place next door. He was tall and blond. He had an Honorable before his name. Lisa told him one night that she would marry him, and the next night that she had changed her mind. The reason?

(Continued on Page 138)

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Pick the Venus that suits your work

EVERY now and then you have probably come across a pencil that's "just right"... not too hard... not too soft ... one that glides over paper smoothly, noiselessly. One, in fact, that fairly "flows" over the paper.

As a matter of fact, you can have that kind always, if you use a Venus Pencil. You're sure to get the one that suits you, for there are 17 shades of black to choose from.

And once you find the right shade for your work, you are sure of permanent satisfaction. Because Venus Pencils are the same wherever you buy them—smooth, strong, free-flowing, *uniform* —a joy to write with.

No question about it, such pencil luxury is well worth the extra nickel that a Venus costs. Sold everywhere, plain or rubber-tipped, 10¢. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Also in convenient boxes of one dozen.

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Artists, architects, engineers and other craftsmen regard Venus as the standard pencil. For general writing purposes you'll find Venus B or 2B just right.

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10¢

17 SHADES
FROM VERY SOFT TO VERY HARD

Plain or rubber-tipped

Buy them by the dozen

How to Get 8 Hours Sleep Without Drugs

A New Discovery That Gives You 8 Hours Of Sleep—The Kind Of Sleep That Brings Teeming Energy All Next Day.

NOW there's a drugless way to get instant sleep. Sound, natural sleep, so all the next day you teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person—fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant the day long.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *This delicious food-drink actually rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after taking it.

Then *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides not only sleep, but the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates!*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. So you teem with energy every day. Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and rundown conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. 750

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

(Continued from Page 136)

She had always preferred red to blue, she said, in the matters of clothes and blood.

She carried on a violent flirtation with young Nick Weller, not because she liked him but because his wife's smug happiness irritated her.

In the middle of September she went to Santa Barbara to stay for a month with Maureen Chadwick, and came back by plane a week later, saying that California was too much like a movie set and she was sure they put the scenery away at night. She made engagements and broke them. She got herself talked about by being seen with a gentleman whose past was, at the mildest, decidedly mauve and who was said to be the best dancer in New York.

In November a letter with a Vienna postmark was forwarded to her from Paris. The envelope contained a check for a thousand dollars, signed in a clear, precise hand, "Franz Vavorek." Lisa tore it thoughtfully to bits and dropped it in the wastebasket. She wondered whether he had robbed a bank.

A week later she found the explanation. She had been playing contract at Mary Baldwin's and in an interval when she was dummy she got up to stroll restlessly about Mary's green-and-ivory drawing-room, looking out at the snow that swirled against the windowpane, thumbing idly through the magazines from which Mary got her opinions on clothes and plays and books.

A name on the printed page leaped out at her: Heritage, by Franz Vavorek.

Lisa sat down and began to read the review. The coldest critic in America had let himself go, for once, on the subject of "one of the few great books that have come out of Europe since the war."

"We have heard too many tales," the reviewer said, "about the sad fates of one-time Russian princes who now drive taxicabs in Paris, and German countesses who are reduced to keeping tea rooms in their palaces in Berlin, to get very much excited about any of them. But this new book is something different. Herr Vavorek traces the history of a family of Austrian aristocrats from their rise in the sixteenth century to their downfall after the war, when Vienna turned Red and the last young count, with a heritage of aristocracy and social graces and poverty, very nearly starved, until his father's old tailor financed him to a suit of clothes and he went into business as an *Eintänzer*—Viennese for gigolo. The book is more than a novel and much more than an autobiography. It is, in the last analysis, a history of Vienna that should be immeasurably valuable as a social document."

There was more in the same vein: "History humanized . . . vivid, beautiful prose . . . understand that the author has written the book in both German and English . . . remarkable feat . . ."

"Heritage is no romantic plea for the imperialists," the article concluded. "Vavorek is a realist. He shows us these people as they were—gay, witty, improvident, dancing charmingly through a life made easy for them by the labor of their inferiors. He shows us sympathetically the tragedy of their predicament when their world crashed about their ears and aristocracy in Vienna ceased to exist, yet he is pitiless in his condemnation of the social system that produced such a class and left it so helpless to cope with life when necessity arose.

"Is it, we wonder, merely another manifestation of the well-known herd instinct in the American reading public, or is it, as we would like to think, an indication of improving taste, that this great book has already surpassed in sales the latest murder mystery and is rapidly approaching the best-seller class?"

"Well, Lisa," Mary Baldwin's brittle voice was saying, "do you think you could tear yourself away for a minute? We went down two that time. Why you thought you had a raise——"

"I've got to go," Lisa said. "I've got an appointment I'd forgotten. I'll settle the losses for both of us."

And above the protests of them all, she went.

Ten minutes later she was standing in a book shop on the avenue, impatiently demanding a copy of Heritage. She cut a dinner engagement and the Brodericks' dance that night and shut herself in her room to read.

It was easy to see why Franz Vavorek had taken the world by storm. He wrote as he had talked. All the charm, all the gayety and glamour of the old Vienna were caught and held there between the red-cloth covers of his book. Lisa was back again in the long white-and-gold ballroom at Schönbrunn. She was riding again in the Prater and lunching at Schöner's in the Street of the Seven Stars.

She shuddered over the descriptions of Vienna in wartime, when everyone was cold and almost everyone was hungry, and people prayed at St. Stephen's and the little Capuchin Church for the success of a cause that they all knew was doomed. She wept for the Englishwoman who watched her husband march away to die in a battle against English troops, and for the boy, the Englishwoman's son, who was too young to fight, but not too young to suffer as he saw his mother dying slowly of heartbreak and privations.

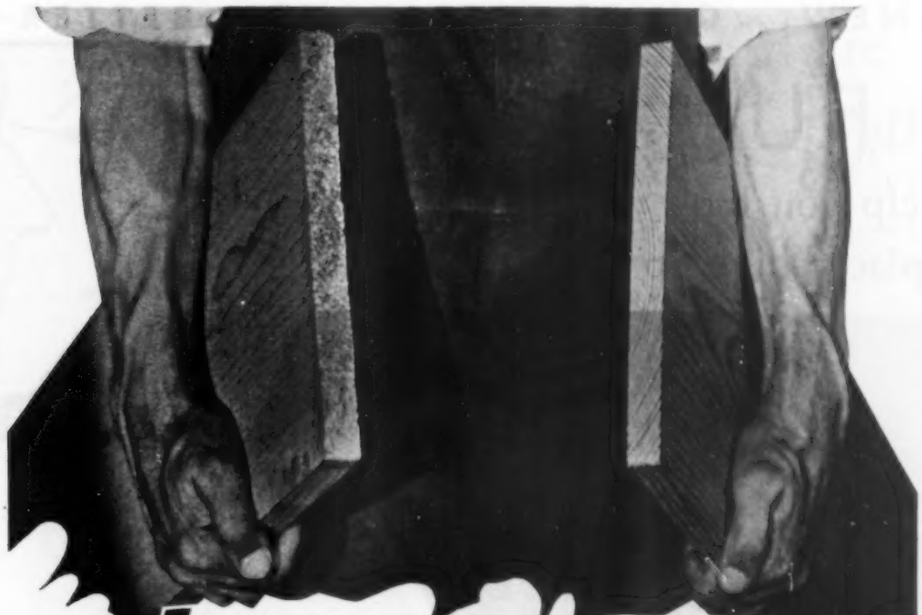
The terrible years after the war! It seemed to Lisa that she could hear the restless shuffle of feet along the Kohlmarkt and the Graben, as gaunt, hungry men hunted desperately for work, and beggars clutched at the hands of passers-by, imploring them for food, and women sold their bodies for the price of a loaf of bread.

And one of that haggard company was Franz Vavorek, the Englishwoman's son. He must have been a tall boy, Lisa thought, with sunken eyes and bony wrists and a thin, bitter young face. She could see him at seventeen, famished, tired of living, but too proud to give in submissively to death. At eighteen, ill from hunger, being taken in by the withered, kind little man who had made his father's uniforms. The last of the Vavoreks a charity patient in the house of a tradesman. And then the search for work again. Franz Vavorek as a chauffeur, as a waiter, as a clerk, losing one job after another, because, try as he would, he wasn't a very good chauffeur or waiter or clerk.

Hunger. Desperation. The gift of a suit of evening clothes from the little tailor. And there emerged the Franz Vavorek Lisa had known, with his air of casual elegance and his monocle and his stick. A blond young exquisite, despising himself, hating the women whose money kept him alive. Franz Vavorek, *Eintänzer.*

At three o'clock in the morning Lisa read the last page and turned back again to the beginning. The dedication

(Continued on Page 141)



Born twins but—

One is just a board, while the other is an aid to GOOD CONSTRUCTION

THESE two boards are identical in kind and grade quality. But one got ordinary, normal treatment. While the other has received extra care from the moment it was first touched by a saw.

One contributes nothing but its strength and durability to make your home well built. The other has extra advantages, *plus values*, that prove its right to be used by every man who wants the finest construction he can buy.

Look at the photograph again. Notice the board on the left. It is an ordinary piece of lumber, no different from hundreds of thousands on the market today. But it is rough-trimmed. It is not square on the ends. If you measure it with a steel tape you may find that it is not of exact designated length. You may not be sure it is seasoned. It is not marked for species and grade. You do not know who made it. It is not guaranteed. How can you expect this piece of lumber to help the carpenter build you a better home?

Until three years ago, almost every article you bought was made to exact standards, trade-marked and guaranteed—except lumber.

Then came a revolution in the lumber industry—a revolution that helps you to gain the better construction every home builder hopes for. Three years ago the first board like that above on the right was manufactured. Three years ago 4-Square Lumber and its contributions to better residence construction became a reality.

As you see in the photograph, the 4-Square board is clean. For this improved lumber is packaged. Ends and faces are kept bright and unmarred. Every board is protected from the dirt, damage and depreciation which add many dollars to your lumber bill. And every board is fit to be used in good construction.

The ends are squared and every piece is cut to exact standard length. This simple statement carries a world of meaning to the architect, contractor and carpenter. For it means better construction. It means a noticeable saving in time and money as the home goes up. Not only do they save hours of needless hand-trimming on the job but the machine-squared ends of 4-Square Lumber make perfect, weather-tight joints.

And 4-Square is properly seasoned, your protection against the construction errors that result when unseasoned lumber is used. It is marked with the species and grade name of the lumber in the package, your assurance that you get the exact kind and quality of lumber specified. It bears the 4-Square trade-mark, known as the mark of improved lumber.

This message to home builders is published by Weyerhaeuser as spokesman for

4 SQUARE DEALERS
FROM COAST TO COAST

Every piece of 4-Square Lumber gives you these

ELEVEN PLUS VALUES

1. FULL LENGTHS
2. SQUARE ENDS
3. PROPERLY SEASONED
4. BETTER CRAFTSMANSHIP
5. BETTER CONSTRUCTION
6. PROTECTED ENDS AND FACES
7. BETTER APPEARANCE
8. MARKED FOR SPECIES
9. MARKED FOR GRADE
10. TRADE-MARKED
11. GUARANTEED BY WEYERHAEUSER

And it is guaranteed by the largest lumber-producing organization in the world, and by the leading lumber dealer in your community.

The revolution of three years ago, the first announcement of 4-Square *plus value* lumber, brings us closer to the day of ideal residence construction. But it is merely the prelude to other important developments now in progress that will further extend 4-Square's contributions to good construction.

In the meantime, why not mail the coupon for the valuable book, "Eleven Plus Values"? It will help you to judge the differences that exist between lumber of identical kind and grade quality.

This package and label identify the lumber that helps the carpenter to build better. Notice the 4-Square trade-mark, the name of the lumber, the guaranteed species and grade, and the guaranteed length of the lumber in the package.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
Merchants National Bank Building
St. Paul, Minnesota

Please send me a copy of "Eleven Plus Values."

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

Lumber Dealer's Name ..... SEP 11-8

The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.

Vienna ceased to exist, yet he is pitiless in his condemnation of the social system that produced such a class and

read the last page and turned back again to the beginning. The dedication

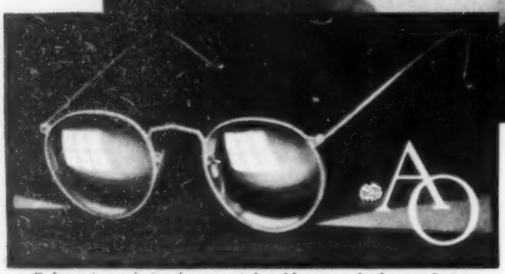
(Continued on Page 141)

BRAND-NEW...QUITE DIFFERENT...BETTER LOOKING

FUL-VUE

To help you look your best, "temples" are placed high up where they belong

See how, in this new, modern frame, the temples are raised, hinged high up, out of the way . . . And Ful-vue stays fitted—never slips down your nose . . . What's more, it is infinitely more becoming to every type of face.



Ful-vue is made in the new pink gold, to match the complexion

Ask the man who fits your glasses to show you this beautiful new frame

TRY on Ful-vue. Notice how much more comfortably and clearly you see, with hinges and wires high up out of the way so they do not annoy you. Then look in a mirror. See how much better looking Ful-vue is *on* you, whether your face be round or oval, square or long. The temples travel a straight, becoming, fore-and-aft line. The bridge is a handsome Gothic arch. Note the exquisite jeweller's engraving. And see how perfectly the new pink gold blends with your complexion. Ful-vue's improvements add up to the most becoming frame you ever wore. Optical authorities frankly call Ful-vue a remarkable combination of improvements.

This unusual new frame is patented, of course. The name FUL-VUE is clearly stamped on the inside of the bridge of each Ful-vue frame. Look for the name.

And as you're being fitted, ask about the advantages of Tillyer "wide-angle" lenses—the new type you've so often heard described as "accurate to the very edge." They may be fitted in your new Ful-vue frame to your exact prescription. American Optical Company, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED EVERY YEAR

© A. O. CO., 1930

AMERICAN OPTICAL FUL-VUE FRAMES FOR YOUR GLASSES

damage and depreciation which add many dollars to your lumber bill. And every board is fit to be

DEALERS
FROM COAST TO COAST

Lumber Dealer's Name

(Continued from Page 138)

said, "To L. S., the lady whose insult made possible the completion of this book." So he had the last laugh, after all.

There was a picture of Franz Vavorek on the inner page of the newspaper, with the caption: "Distinguished Austrian writer arrives in America to confer with publishers, Randall Armstrong & Co."

Lisa laid down the paper and called Roddy Ellsworth to take her to lunch.

On Monday Mrs. Armstrong's card came: "Thursday evening. Nine o'clock. To meet Herr Franz Vavorek."

Lisa didn't know the Armstrongs. Their guest, she thought, must have suggested the invitation. It was characteristic of the man that he should be unsatisfied until, with his own eyes, he could see her chagrin. Characteristic, too, that instead of coming to her, he should have summoned her to him.

She wore black velvet and pearls on Thursday night, and her black eyes were enormous, and her mouth a defiant scarlet dash in the pallor of her face.

Morris Ames, meeting her on the stairs as she went up to the Armstrongs' drawing-room, cried out, "Lucrezia Borgia on the loose! Who's the man you're out to poison this evening, my dove?"

"Idiot!" she laughed at him.

"Seriously, Lisa," he said, "you're tremendous! Let me paint you in that rig. With your eyes brooding over something or other, and that mean look around your mouth. I'd call the picture just The Storm. Be a good girl and pose for me."

"Perhaps," she said. "Sometime. Right now I'm going up to see Mrs. Armstrong's literary lion. Have you been up? Come on."

Franz Vavorek stood at the end of the room beside a little woman who looked at him with the expression of complacent possessiveness peculiar to the hostesses of celebrities. He was laughing when Lisa spied him. She realized suddenly that she had never seen him laugh before. And he wasn't wearing the monocle. Without it his face seemed younger, softer, as though he no longer found it necessary to build up a barricade of ice between himself and the world.

Lisa made her way through the crowd to the end of the room. She greeted Mrs. Armstrong and held out her hand to Franz Vavorek.

"Herr Vavorek and I have met before," she said. "I'll have to be trite and compliment you on your book. I enjoyed it so much."

He was looking down at her gravely, studying her eyes, the vermilion streak of her mouth.

"It's your book," he said.

"Mr. Ames, Herr Vavorek," Mrs. Armstrong twittered eagerly.

"So nice to have seen you again," Lisa Storm said, as she moved away.

There was dancing in one of the other rooms. Lisa danced with Morris Ames, who said the celebrity seemed a nice enough chap, but why not leave, now that they'd done their duty by Austria; why not go uptown and dance?

The orchestra began to play The Blue Danube and Lisa Storm said, "I think—that I'll go home."

"But first this dance, *Fräulein*," a voice said at her elbow, and she found herself in Franz Vavorek's arms.

"Such a charming sentiment, playing this waltz," she murmured. "If your name had chanced to be O'Brien, I suppose we'd all be dancing an Irish jig. I feel," she said, "like an obscure lady of the court receiving unexpected favors from royalty. I'll be a marked woman from this time on."

When he gave no indication of having heard her, she subsided into silence and the music drifted on around them.

The Blue Danube. It wasn't really a blue river. It was greenish brown, and sunlight sparkled on its surface—the violins and flutes were like that. But there were depths where sunlight couldn't go—the cello was playing those depths. The greenish-brown Danube, flowing on, flowing on, past a city that had been the gayest city in the world. The city had changed, but the river flowed on. Franz Vavorek's arms were strong. It would be pleasant just to float along forever like this.

The music stopped.

Franz Vavorek said, "Come. I want to talk to you," and piloted her out of the door and down the hall, and Lisa Storm was once again Lucrezia Borgia on the loose.

She looked around the small room into which he led her. She looked at the crimson-velvet drapes and at the books that lined the walls. A fire smoldered in the grate, and an old man with mutton-chop whiskers gazed down severely at her from the picture over the mantelpiece. Lisa settled back among the crimson cushions on the davenport.

"Well," she said, "let's begin. Let's talk."

"Did you get my check?" the man demanded. He was standing in front of the fire, long legs spread apart, arms crossed as he looked down at her.

"I tore it up," Lisa said.

"I'll send you another. I had to use your money. I'd reached the point where I couldn't work in snatches of leisure. I had to have whole days for it, and I had to live. A thousand dollars can last a long time."

"You could have got it in some other way," Lisa said in a cold, still voice. "You took it—to hurt me."

"Perhaps I did," he admitted, "but that's all over now."

"I think I'll go," Lisa said. "Talking about money never interested me much."

"It doesn't interest me much, either"—his voice was grim—"but it's got to be done. If the book hadn't sold, I'd probably have had to steal, but I'd have paid you, somehow. As it was, I never dreamed of overnight success."

"You must remember to tell that to the interviewers. And now your public will be looking for you. I think we'd better go."

"Not yet," he said. "There are some other things I want to say to you. Did you see the dedication?"

"Yes, I saw it!" Lisa stood up. "I saw it. And there are some things I want to say to you. You've humiliated me enough. If you brought me here to see me grovel, you'll be disappointed, because I'm not the groveling kind. I'm sorry for the things I said. I'm sorry for what I did. I apologize. Now are you satisfied? You've had your revenge. The book and your check were enough. That dedication was vindictiveness."

"Not vindictiveness," Franz Vavorek said. "Just—love. Aren't you going to laugh?"

"No," said Lisa quietly. "I'm not going to laugh at that."

"I thought you'd understand," the bitter voice went on. "The book was all I had to give, and I offered it to you. I should have known it wouldn't be enough for Lisa Storm, with her pride and her black hate and her delight in hurting people just to see them squirm."

Lisa put her hands on his shoulders and shook him gently.

"You're an awful fool," she said.

She laughed at the expression on his face. She brushed the blond hair from his forehead and touched his eyelids with her finger tips. Then, as his arms closed around her, she sighed lightly and whispered against his cheek, "We have such placid dispositions. What a peaceful domestic life we're going to lead!"

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

"Madame Needs a Brim, a Little Shadow Over the Face"

are Your Floors STREAKED STAINED SPOTTED?

Give them a *fresh* start in life—not by "glossing" them over with wax and polish but by *bleaching* them down to the wood. Floor Refinishing used to be a tedious, costly job but it's easy *now*. Economical, too!

A 75¢ can of Double X will "do over" an average floor; will *remove* varnish, shellac, wax, dirt, and *bleach* the floor, ready for refinishing. All in *one* operation!

At paint and hardware stores—in two sizes; pound can (75¢), and 4 oz. carton (25¢) for smaller clean-up jobs. SCHALK CHEMICAL CO., 349 East Second Street, Los Angeles.

Double X Floor Cleaner

Don't Sob the New Shoe Blues

CORNS lift off

If a bothersome, aching corn makes wearing new shoes torture instead of pleasure, call FREEZONE to the rescue. With the first application of this amazing liquid you can feel cool comfort come as all the ache goes. *Pain stops instantly!* And soon corn gets so loose you can lift it right off, core and all. For removing hard or soft corns, calluses and ugly warts there's nothing quicker, safer or easier to use than....

FREEZONE

ALL DRUGGISTS

Winter plays hob with neglected motor cars

HOW about your car? Is it ready to meet exacting winter demands? Have you made sure that your personal transportation will not fail you in a pinch?

Now is the time to check over in detail the mechanical condition of your car. The time to think about the appearance of your car, both inside and out. The right time to arrange for needed replacements and the addition of helpful accessories.

Don't wait until trouble comes. Head it off. Put your car in first class condition for winter—think what it will mean in comfort, in peace of mind, in sheer enjoyment.

Monthly inspections are recommended, but particularly at this time skilled attention is imperative. The sensible thing to do is to take your car to a reliable shop, garage or service station. There are many such establishments, doubtless one not far from your home. Look for this sign.

MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

©1930, M. and E. A.

THE FOOTBALL FALLACY

(Continued from Page 30)

do not agree—are notably confirmed in their opinions. But youth looks at life and facts with a clear, unprejudiced eye. Very well, then; let us see how the modern undergraduate and the undergraduate-to-be regard the situation.

A few years ago Syracuse University, after a protracted period of winning elevens, submitted to the student body a questionnaire whose answers were to be used by one of the social-science instructors as laboratory material. The queries dealt with the student attitude toward school work and, among other things, inquired definitely into the forces which influenced the choice of the college. To assure honest replies, students were not required to sign their names to the papers.

The Student Attitude

When the answers were tabulated it was learned that approximately 5 per cent of the undergraduates had chosen Syracuse because of its football or other athletic records. The remaining 95 per cent gave reasons which had not the slightest reference to athletic achievement.

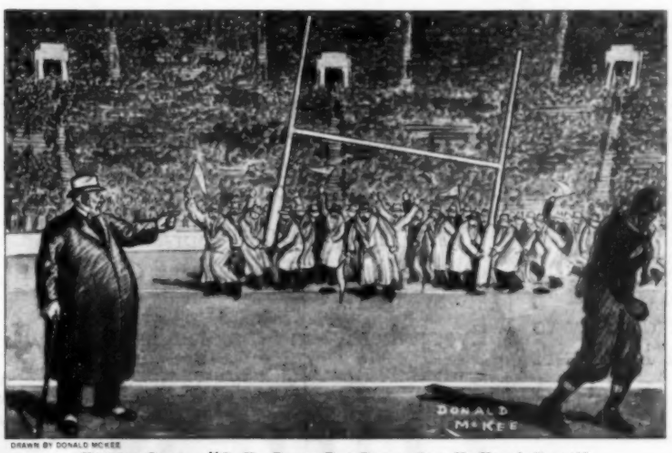
Many reported motives, incidentally, which seemed to authorities somewhat less worthy than the athletic stimulus, thus indicating absolute honesty in the answers. In the opinion of those who gave the test, the results would have been much the same in almost any American university.

Among the students-to-be—today's undergraduates in the high and preparatory schools—much the same spirit prevails. This is significant, because the prospective college student usually has much more to say concerning the school he will attend than is generally realized. I have in mind the case of a particularly brilliant young athlete who is the namesake of my own preparatory-school roommate. Both his father and his godfather, now business partners, were famous athletes at Harvard. Their great hope for years had been to see the boy tear through the Eli line. Yet Junior has announced his determination to attend Yale, and there he will matriculate. He offers two reasons—one, that he likes the university; the other, that his closest preparatory-school friends are going there. Even Harvard's victory over Yale last fall hasn't affected his determination.

Few preparatory-school boys are, in fact, influenced by winning elevens. The majority of them have chosen their colleges even before entering prep. They cheer lustily when the university of their choice wins, and raz the boys scheduled to enter the losing school; but apart from that, victory or defeat has little or no influence on them. High-school boys, particularly the athletes, are a bit more attentive to the football records of colleges, but my own observation is that the influence thus exerted on their choice of a university is slight. The enrollment records quoted above would seem to prove it. However the old grad who has not outgrown the idea that to die for dear old Silo represents the ultimate of college spirit may feel about it, there is a growing suspicion among high and preparatory school boys that too consistent a record of victories suggests a type of near-professionalism, which they are being taught to deplore. This is a fine and healthy spirit. The pity is that it's not more prevalent among those go-getter alumni who, in the last analysis, are responsible for the so-called over-emphasis on athletics which worries so many of our educators and investigators today.

It's Only a Game

I would not have it thought that I disapprove of college football. On the contrary, I think it is a grand and glorious game and an enthralling spectacle. I enjoyed playing and coaching it, and I still get some of my biggest thrills out of watching it from the stands. I think that, properly directed, it has a splendid influence on college spirit and loyalty. But I do not believe that it can make or break the reputation of any college or university. I do not believe that victory or defeat on the gridiron can influence, to any appreciable degree, enrollments, endowments or prestige. Neither, for that matter, do the men who play and coach it, the student body which cheers it, the majority of executives who direct the destinies of the colleges, or any others except those dear old grads whose vision is still obscured by the hazy sentimentalism of a departed era. Despite its gate receipts, its amazing ballyhoo and its constantly growing popularity, football has little significance as an educational enterprise. As any undergraduate will tell you, it's only a game—and a good one, at that.



DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Visiting Prexy: "O. K., Boys—But Remember, No Vandalism!"

Adjudged America's Most Attractive Child — John Raymond Le Huquet, Victoria, B. C., Canada, First Prize Winner in Photographers' Golden Anniversary Contest.

They can't buy THIS CHRISTMAS GIFT

Baby's photograph will win a welcome no merchandise could equal

Your Christmas list is quickly completed when a baby rules your home. Photographs of His Royal Chubbiness make the perfect gift for aunts — cousins — grandmothers — intimate friends. And of course you can never have enough childhood records for your own Memory Corner!

Let your local photographer convey those priceless smiles and ringlets to a living, lovable portrait. Before the holiday "rush" begins, arrange with him for an unhurried sitting. Why not phone the studio today?

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH
The gift that only you can give

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"IF SHE SAID WHAT SHE THOUGHT

I'm leaving

I won't let him give me a cough"

HOW often you have thought that very same thing when someone carelessly coughed his way through a bridge game—or dinner. Yet, convention says you must put up with it for the sake of courtesy and politeness, even though it does endanger your health.

If every cougher would realize the menace of infecting others with his cold, he would at least have the decency to protect their health, even if he doesn't consider his own comfort.

And it is *so* easy, with Luden's always ready to give *Quick Relief*.

In ten seconds, Luden's relieves the irritation that causes the cough. The exclusive Menthol Action in Luden's quiets the troubled nerves—cools the throat and nose—clears the head and gently soothes the tender tissues.

The safe way—for yourself and for others—is to keep a package of Luden's always near.

Everywhere—in the familiar yellow package—5¢. (In Canada 10¢.)

LUDEN'S

CAN PROSPERITY BE MANAGED?

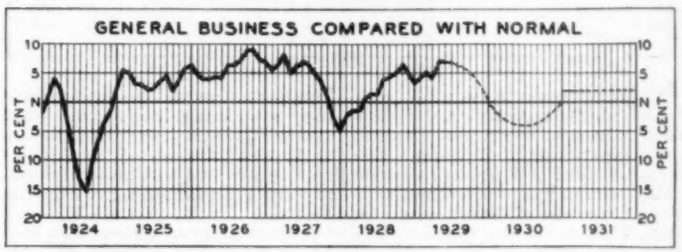
(Continued from Page 13)

What did all the study do to prevent this depression? Certainly not enough to stop it, but I think that it did do a very considerable amount to soften it. Perhaps I can illustrate the situation partly by the experience of the Bell System.

During 1927–28 and the first part of 1929 we experienced, along with almost everyone else, a great increase in business. A service like the telephone is not like a commodity. It cannot be quickly manufactured. Buildings, switchboards, cables, and so on, have to be engineered, manufactured and installed before large numbers of new telephones can be interconnected or a greatly increased volume of telephone calls can be taken care of.

Moreover, it is much more essential to keep ahead of demand in a service like the telephone than in the selling of a commodity, for if the manufacturer of a commodity fails to keep up, it means that he loses some possible sales. The rest of his business is not affected. If a telephone system is overloaded, it affects the service of all customers, old as well as new. So, during 1928 and 1929, the Bell System was bending all its energies toward keeping its facilities ahead of its growing business and toward constantly improving service. Nevertheless, we knew just as well that a depression would come sometime as we now know that good times will come again sometime. The question was: When?

We watched the studies publicly issued by banks and various services, and made studies of our own. In May, 1929, one of these studies showed the following curve:



In other words, it said that a general business slump was about to begin and that it would last through 1930. However, the line did not show so serious a slump as has occurred. By the end of August another study indicated a slump of still less severity, but of somewhat longer duration.

Planning for the Long Pull

Having some idea, therefore, that a depression was coming, although not an accurate idea of its size or just when it would occur, what did we do?

We directed attention to strengthening our sales forces, for, though we could not handle the business if they had gone ahead full steam while the boom was on, we wanted them to be ready to help take up the slack when the depression set in. If the depression had been of the size we expected, our sales results might have more or less kept up the level. As it was, we have fallen behind our expected growth, although not so much as we otherwise would.

Every effort is made to plan and operate the business for the long pull. Accordingly, our construction program has been continued in these dull times with little change. The construction of telephone plant in the Bell System, exclusive of construction of additional manufacturing facilities, has been as follows:

1926	$382,749,686
1927	377,104,349
1928	428,777,516
1929	588,022,404
1930 (partly estimated)	600,000,000

We have been spending about as much money during the slack times of this year as we should have done had we a year ago entirely accurately forecast events.

On the other hand, it is true that if our statistics five years ago had convincingly told us of the degree to which the boom of 1928 and 1929 would go, we should have built more plant in 1926 and 1927, and less in 1929.

Control by Economic Studies

The Western Electric Company, which does the manufacturing for the Bell System, bought raw materials from hand to mouth during 1929 and is buying ahead now, which also tends to stabilization.

We stopped our efforts for a wider distribution of our capital stock and increased the installments and the interest on our installment plan of selling stock in order to discourage speculation in it.

The point I want to make is that we met the problems of this depression better than we should have without planned progress based on economic studies.

As we practice the technic of making and using studies we ought to do better and better in the future. And this is going on in practically all big business and through associations in most business that is not so big.

Now, of course, the new science of business, like every other new thing with us, gets thrown up before the public eye in lurid colors. It is hailed by some as having already solved the problem of the business cycle, as a way to end depressions and as a panacea for all ills.

Consequently, when business ills persist in descending upon us, the easy-running critics denounce the science—if it can be called that yet—and all its prophets, without taking time to discover whether the thing, in spite of its youth and imperfections, has not actually accomplished much good and, more than that, if it does not hold out the best prospect we have of controlling depressions in so far as that is humanly possible.

The suggestions made when President Hoover called the representatives of the various industries to the White House in November, 1929, were exactly those which were recommended by the surveys I mentioned earlier in this article.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

$12

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE with Feeture Arch

In The FLORSHEIM SHOE with the Feeture Arch you will discover an absolutely *new* comfort . . . a restful support that benefits both normal and weakened arches . . . that gives lasting comfort through long service. The Bellevue . . . Style M-418

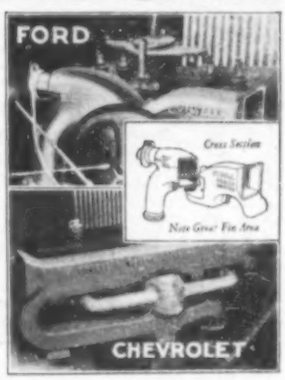
Tune In

"FLORSHEIM SHOE FROLIC" on the air every Tuesday night — N B C Network

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

This Heater Had to Come

For years the industry has known that millions of car owners wanted—*without compromise—quick* heat—*fan driven* heat—*directable* heat—*heat in floods—heat without smell or gas*—without *rattle* or *bother*—at a *minimum* price. The genius of Otwell finally found the answer—a one-piece casting that "couldn't be cast"—today an automatic Otwell product—that takes the place of the standard manifold. Now you can equip—for the car's life—for the comfort and safety you deserve. Read the name—"Otwell"—a guarantee always. Models available immediately for Fords ($10), Chevrolets ($13) and Plymouths ($12). Buy from your car dealer.



OTWELL Health HEATER

PRODUCT OF THE OTWELL COMPANY, DETROIT

Address Dept. D-17005 Fullerton Avenue.

Someone Called It
GLUEY
and how the name has STUCK!

Yet this remarkable paste is anything but messy—and it contains not one trace of glue.

"THE paste that sticks—with an everlasting grip—why not call it Gluey?" Someone did, years ago, and now the name has become an inseparable part of the product. Today, millions of people call for Gluey—for use in schools, offices, homes.

Gluey Paste is smooth and easy-spreading. Dries fast, leaves pasted surfaces unwrinkled and neat. No discoloration. Never shows through. Ask your dealer for Gluey—or send 10c for full-size tube and booklet showing interesting uses.

Dealers: If your jobber doesn't stock Gluey Paste, write us direct.

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Paste Specialists Since 1900 Columbus, Ohio

We make the broadest line of Stationers', School and Industrial Adhesives. If you are a user of bulk adhesives, tell us your problems.

Does Personal Cleanliness Stop at the HAIRLINE with you?
To be clean, odorless and comfortable, a man's head needs light shampooing frequently, which takes but a moment. Glo-co replaces natural oils and controls hair perfectly. Checks dandruff, too. No gummy feeling... No unnatural shine . . . 50¢ and 75¢ at all Drug Stores
GLO-CO
UNSCENTED
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

The representatives of industry explained what they were prepared to do in the way of maintaining employment. In our case, and I expect in the case of most of the others, that was more than we should have been able to do if we had not been using our studies.

The Government on its part did what it could to accelerate the employment of labor on public works. I have no question that the conference did two highly useful things: 1. It made clear the responsibility of business to do its utmost to protect society from the effects of depression as well as to protect itself—these two interests in the long run are identical, but in times of stress may seem to be somewhat apart. 2. It increased the courage of many people and prevented the evil effects of a possible panic.

Soft-Pedaling Pessimism

After this a National Business Survey Conference was called to discuss further the exact condition of business. This conference was made up of business men under the chairmanship of Mr. Julius Barnes, and this group, the National Business Survey Conference, issued from time to time bulletins on The Business Situation.

These bulletins, based upon reports from business men, have been the subject of criticism which for good measure has included also the President's conference.

The criticism is twofold—first, that the bulletins indicated better prospects than have materialized, and, second, that neither the President's conference nor the work of the National Business Survey Conference stopped the depression.

If there were not more optimism in the bulletins than the facts warranted, it would, I think, be the first time that a compilation from business sources for publication was free from this bias. The average American believes that the condition of business is partially, if not largely, psychological, and he, therefore, habitually, when speaking for publication, paints it a little brighter than he thinks it is, in order that he may influence it to be so. Moreover, he knows that to make a gloomy prophecy in public will earn for him the dislike of the business world.

For example, when the stock market was in the midst of its boom, the Federal Reserve Bank issued a statement which was taken as a warning that the market might collapse. The warning was true enough, but it was not received with appreciation. On the other hand, the optimistic statements from other sources were taken with avidity.

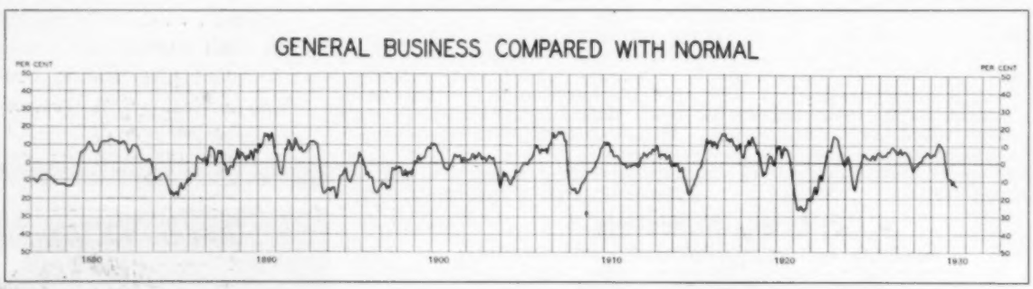
The general tenor of brokers' letters was optimistic, yet they were at the time requiring 50 per cent more margin than usual. Many people spoke of the possibility of the collapse of the boom privately, but not publicly, for it is unpopular to be a prophet of evil days to come. The financial columns of the newspapers feel this influence and spread it. In boom times the story is more boom. In depression, people exaggerate the evil in private, but in public optimism is the rule.

The public psychology asks for good news of business, whether it exists or not, or rather more good news than is justified by the facts.

If we are going to use the truth for our guide, we shall have to acquire the habit of telling it in public without rose-tinting it. Technical excellence in statistics and forecasting trends will not be effective if it is habitually colored when presented to the public.

The other basis of the criticism is that the President did not stop the depression. In so far as political parties gain political strength by claiming credit for prosperity which they did not create, I suppose it is but justice that they should suffer for depressions of which they were equally innocent. But to confuse the issue by making prosperity a political problem has its serious side, for the whole idea of endeavoring to control the ups and downs of business will be warped out of all recognition if it is made to appear a part of partisan politics.

A chart of business activity in relation to the parties in power may help to show how little there is to the partisan claim of political prosperity.



Cleveland came in, in 1885, with business badly depressed, and it came back to normal—an almost identical experience of that of McKinley. Following the end of Harrison's term, in 1893, business was in bad shape, as it was at the end of Wilson's term in 1921. The curve during the four years 1893–1897 under Cleveland is not unlike that of 1921–1925 under Harding and Coolidge.

There seems to be little or nothing in the partisan claim to prosperity. And there seems about as much in the old theory that election year is a bad year in business. From 1884 until now there have been five election years below normal, and five above normal, and two in which business came from below to above normal.

The One Hopeful Method

If the buncombe of political prosperity and depression can be got rid of, it will greatly aid the serious effort of industry to grapple with the real problem.

The problem presents a fine challenge to the business leadership of America. We can hardly accept as a satisfactory civilization one which periodically jeopardizes the livelihood of millions of people and leaves in the wake of each era of jeopardy ill-cared-for children, wrecked families and broken individuals. As we believe in the effectiveness of business leadership and the activities of voluntary associations more than in government control, there is every reason why business should accept the major responsibility for stabilization.

In this effort the Government's fact-finding agencies, its scientific forces and its statistical forces can be and are of the greatest assistance, because the one hopeful method toward the control of business depressions is the current study of the elements of current business and the use of the results of such study in the making of business decisions.

As I have tried to point out, that method has made very considerable progress in recent years. Its practice is improving and its use is spreading. It is in essence the widespread acquisition of a kind of higher education in business—the establishment of a professional knowledge and attitude. Progress made upon so wide a foundation as this has solidity and strength. But the building up of a standard of this kind is relatively slow.

Courage From the Past

It must be measured in ten-year periods. It took faith, experience and time to build the standards in other professions; it took patience and skill and time to build up our knowledge in other sciences.

Modern meteorology, for example, began about the time of Benjamin Franklin's observation—entirely contrary to the then general opinion—that storms traveled in the opposite direction to the wind. He noticed from his correspondence that northeasters seemed to reach Philadelphia before they did Boston.

A great array of observations confirmed Franklin's observations. But it was a long time before the study of what had happened began to be used to tell people what was going to happen. The storm warnings for shipping and weather forecasts for farmers are of comparatively recent use, and, as yet, far from perfect.

The practical application of the study of economics to the science of business is younger than the application of meteorology to safety at sea and to the business of agriculture. It is not surprising, therefore, that it is still in a formative state.

The test of a civilization is the well-being and advancement of a population. It will take time to make business management a science that can begin the control of the cycles of business and to make it a profession that recognizes its full obligation to make industry serve society.

What we must have is faith, hope and charity, and perhaps some day we shall not need charity. In the meantime, let us keep in mind that prosperity is not something to be adversely affected for an appreciable period of time by any of the maladjustments that temporarily beset the path of our orderly progress.

Opens a new era in antiseptic care of mouth and throat

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HEXYLRESORCINOL
SOLUTION S.T.37
LIQUOR HEXYLRESORCINOLIS
12 FLUID OUNCES
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A powerful non-poisonous antiseptic for
wounds, burns, scalds and the hygienic care of mouth
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HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

NOW, with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37, you can give mouth, nose and throat safe, *intelligent* antiseptic care. Solution S. T. 37 has sufficient power to kill the harmful bacteria usually present in the mouth, and to keep the bacterial count reduced for hours.

Its active chemical, Hexylresorcinol, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution can be poured even into open wounds without the slightest injury or irritation. Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, are less effective, either because they are not powerful enough to kill bacteria on contact, or because they penetrate so slowly and imperfectly that they fail to reach them. For intelligent antiseptic care of mouth and throat, you should rinse them twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. It is odorless, stainless, and has a sweet, pleasant taste.

Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or whenever there is irritation in nose or throat.

It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces —it will not burn or sting; it is actually soothing. Ask your own physician and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

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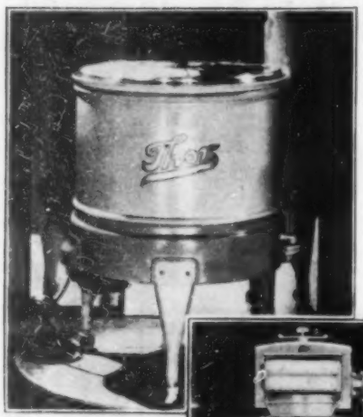
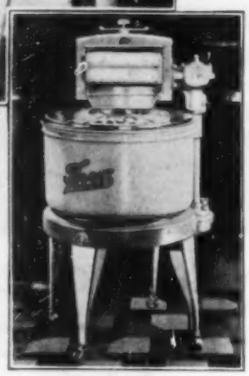
to WOMEN . . .

who still WORK on washday

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR THOR DEALER



The beautiful new Thor Wringerless that enables you to wash and damp-dry your clothes in the *same tub at the same time.* It is a masterpiece of fine engineering, yet the price is only $99.75*



Above is an illustration of the famous Thor Agitator Washer with handsome ripple-green tub—porcelain inside and out. This washer may be yours for only $99.75*

"I AM your local Thor dealer. I'd like to have you drop into my store next time you are in my neighborhood. If you're one of the women who still dread washday—I can show you how to turn every bit of the drudgery into child's play. I can have you through with your week's washing and ironing by three o'clock at the very latest. And I'll guarantee you'll feel young enough to play bridge the rest of the afternoon.

"'Impossible,' you say. All right—let me tell you how thousands of women are doing it right now. Take that Thor Agitator Washer, for example (illustrated on this page). We have sold thousands of them to women who used to *work* on washday . . . many of them your neighbors. It is the fastest washer built. Takes just 5 minutes to wash a generous tubful, and that means they're *clean* in 5 minutes. You start your washing at 8 in the morning with this Thor and you're through easily by 10.

"You rest or work while clothes dry"

"Then you turn to other household tasks while clothes dry. Have your lunch, and at one o'clock start your ironing with either the Thor Table Model Speed Iron or the Attachment Iron which fits on to the wringer post of your Thor Agitator Washer. (Both of these ironers are illustrated on this page.) Your ironing will take you just two short hours—and since you sit down to iron—you are actually resting at the same time. At 3 o'clock you're through—and Thor has done 95% of the work.

"You may have your own ideas about what you want for a washing or ironing machine. The people who build Thors have given me the most complete line of home laundry equipment available in this city and made it possible for me to sell them to you at exceptionally low down payments and easy terms. If you prefer the wringerless type of washer, I have just received the wonderful new Thor Wringerless, and in all my years as a washing machine dealer I have never seen anything to equal it. It washes and dries in the same tub at the same time.

"If you have a large family I want you to see the Thor Lifetime Cylinder Washer, also illustrated on this page. This is the washer, you know, that holds world's records for long life. We have many of them in use today after 24 years of service.

"I am located right here in your town. You'll find my name in your telephone directory, or the Hurley Machine Company will send it to you.

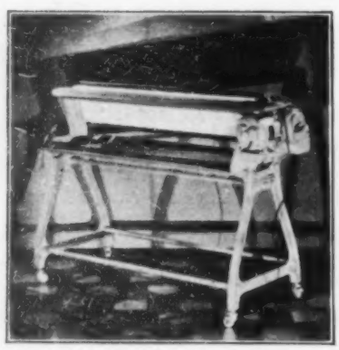
"I'd like to be given the opportunity to prove to you that you're making a serious mistake if you are still *working* on washday. I'd like to give you the names of some of your neighbors who have discovered that washday drudgery is a thing of the past. Telephone me. If you haven't time to come in I will be glad to come out."

Yours very truly,

Your Thor Dealer

Representing

THE HURLEY MACHINE CO.
22nd Street and 54th Avenue, Chicago



Above: The Thor Stationary Ironer for larger homes and families. It is supplied for either gas heat or electric heat at $215* and $175*

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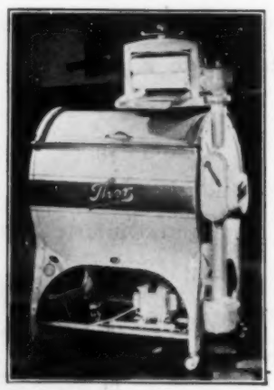

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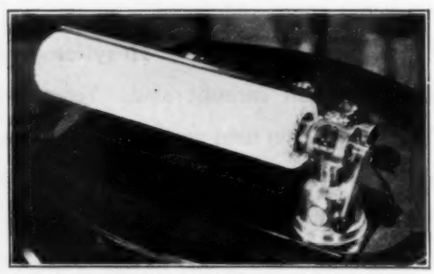

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THE MASACCIO PANEL

(Continued from Page 4)

"Here comes mamma." Mr. Luce raised his voice a trifle: "Mamma, you just missed meeting the professor. And Carrie's been cutting up."

"I didn't cut up. I was nice. I just gave him an opening to trot out his line."

"What professor?" asked Mrs. Luce, smiling in her quiet, genial way at husband and daughter, both of whom she understood very well indeed.

"He said his name was Prof. Erasmus Orson Fox."

"That young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Luce. "I'd so like to have seen him. What's he like? You remember him, papa. Don't you recall how we used to be sorry for him?"

"Don't seem to."

"He's the boy that was in all the papers years ago. You must remember. His father took some queer way to educate him, and he was quite a sensation. I was so sorry for him, because he couldn't have had any boyhood. The papers called him a prodigy, but I just called him one of the saddest, most unfortunate children I ever heard of."

"He grew up swell," said Caroline, "with the right number of arms and legs, and he looks about seventy, and I think I choose him to play with. I've educated a batch of boys, but I never in my life took on a prodigy. I'm going to tell him a joke and watch his safety valve pop."

"Let's see," said Mrs. Luce meditatively. "He was fifteen when he graduated from college, and that was the year your Aunt Nellie married Uncle Jim and moved out on the Heights. Fifteen and thirteen are twenty-eight. That's how old he is now."

"Well," said Caroline, "I'm giving you a tip. He's going to be a lot younger before your debutante daughter gets through jazzing up his cosmos. You're not set on my marrying a duke or anything, are you?"

"Only," said Mr. Luce, "over my dead body."

"Swell! Then I'll have time to take him in hand."

"Don't you go smashing any dishes, Carrie."

"Only the breakage incident to a general housecleaning," said Mr. Luce's daughter.

Unconscious of the malign intentions of Miss Caroline Luce, Prof. Erasmus Orson Fox stood, neglecting to look with appreciation upward at Brunelleschi's dome, or Giotto's tower, or backward at Ghiberti's bronzes—which were said, to a master, to be worthy to be the gates of paradise. He was longing for classrooms and study. A year of leisure already appalled him. The trouble with him, though he did not know it, was that he was lonesome. If the gift of prophecy suddenly could have descended upon him, he would have seen that his year would be rather more than reasonably full, and that, for some time to come, he would be quite something else than lonesome.

A large, chauffeur-driven motor car stopped on the *piazza* and a large, diaphragm-driven voice broke in upon his doleful reflections.

"Hey, professor! Hey, Professor Fox!"

He turned to see Mr. Biddiford Luce half standing and waving a big hand toward him; also, he saw Mrs. Biddiford Luce and Miss Caroline Luce, who remained seated and motionless.

"Going anywhere?" asked Mr. Luce.

"I am engaged," said the professor, "in seeing Firenze."

"Who?" asked Mr. Luce.

"Hush, papa. Firenze is the Italian name for Florence," said his daughter.

"It's none of my business what Italians call it," Mr. Luce said; and then, to Erasmus: "We're seeing it too. Come along and help."

Erasmus had no desire to come along, but his social equipment was such that he did not know how to avoid the invitation. He regarded it somewhat in the light of an arrest to which he must submit peacefully. All his life he had been submitting peacefully to various species of such arrests. So he walked rather stiff-legged toward the car and through its open door, and occupied the only available space, which was between the ladies.

"I bet you know a sight about this place," said Mr. Luce. "Open up and enlighten the heathen. Give us the low-down on Florence."

Erasmus acceded, as he always acceded to any request to impart information.

"Firenze," he said, "formerly Fiorenza, from the Latin Florentia—that is, town of flowers—has been proved, by the discovery of the tombs of a pre-Etruscan race, to have been occupied a thousand years B.C. Etruscan Florence itself was founded about 187 B.C. by settlers from Fæsulæ, now corrupted to Fiesole. It was destroyed by Sulla in 82 B.C. ——"

"Give him the other barrel," said Miss Caroline crisply.

"I beg your pardon? Ah—er—Etruscan inscriptions ——"

"Not that barrel," said Miss Caroline.

"You are not a collector?" asked Mrs. Luce hastily.

"Collector? Collector? I am professor of ancient languages ——"

"On a vacation," said Caroline.

"My husband has become an enthusiastic collector," said Mrs. Luce. "That is one reason for our presence in Italy."

"Papa," said Caroline pertly, "is sniffing at the heels of a Masaccio."

"The first of the great Renaissance painters," said Mrs. Luce. "Nobody owns anything he has done—nobody. There is commonly believed to be nothing of his work in existence except fragments of a mural. But papa has got on the track of a hitherto unknown panel ——"

"Hush, mamma; it's not to be talked about," said Mr. Luce.

"Besides," said Caroline, "you can see the professor is just crazy about art."

"Art!" said Erasmus, as if he never had heard the word before.

"An English word, derived from the Latin *ars, artis*," said Caroline. "It means art."

"Ah," said Erasmus. "Just so."

"Have you," asked Caroline suddenly, "ever been in love?"

Erasmus started; he almost jumped. "Love!"

"To be sure. You know, *amo, amare, amavi, amatus*. The first Latin verb you learn."

"First conjugation," said Erasmus. "Perhaps the simplest verb, and so used at the commencement of the course."

"That's the very one. Have you ever been it?"

"Caroline!" expostulated her mother.

"It expresses," said Erasmus, "a condition, state of being, or emotional

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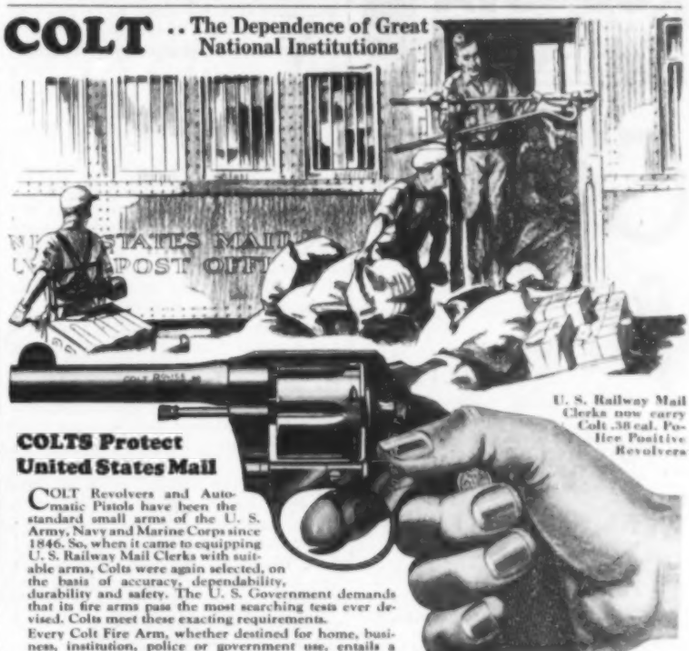

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activity with which I have experienced no personal contact."

"Do you dance?" asked Caroline.

"I do not."

"I'll teach you," said Caroline firmly.

"I have no desire to learn," said Erasmus.

"You'll like it. It's got Etruscan inscriptions lashed to the mast."

The car had crossed the bridge and climbed the hill, and now came to a stop upon that vantage point where stands Michelangelo's David, looking down upon the city—that David which, when the master sculptor had hewn it from its defective block of marble, had been stoned and jeered by the populace as it was drawn through the streets. Caroline skipped from the car and stood leaning upon the parapet, gazing down at the domes and spires and palaces of Firenze as they clustered along the shallow river, and the sight stirred her pulsing young imagination until her lovely brown eyes were dimmed by unshed tears of romantic regret. The city was there; the stones were there; the shell was there; but the spirit, that sturdy, turbulent soul which had made for the greatness of the Renaissance, was dead. At this distance one could not see the motor cars or the uniforms or the black shirts of Fascisti. One saw only—preserved by some magic—the same sight upon which the eyes of Lorenzo the Magnificent had gazed, and the eyes of Benvenuto and Brunelleschi and Dante and Masaccio and Giovanni delle Bande Nere and Cosimo; that sight that had been venerated rebelliously by artists and artisans, nobles and warriors, popes and Savonarolas. It was there—all there—to be repeopled by the imagination—processions and tournaments, conspiracies and torturers, color and throbbing, hot, tumultuous life. All there to be grasped only by the hand of romance, directed by the urge of sympathetic imagination!

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked of Erasmus.

"Doubtless very instructive," he replied.

"Is there nothing but instruction in the world?" she demanded sharply.

He stared at her, not knowing what to reply and feeling singularly uncomfortable. He discovered himself to be looking at Caroline, not at the ancient city, and seeing her as an individual. This was quite a new experience. In his classes he had seen plenty of girls and women; at faculty teas and dinners he had encountered, often, members of the other sex, but there had been an impersonality about these persons; vaguely he had classified them as pupils to be educated or as older women to be avoided.

Now, for the first time, he was seeing dimly something else and discovering in a dim sort of way that Caroline was different from the others he had met. He found his eyes returning to her, no matter how determinedly he withdrew them. Not so much with curiosity as with—he sought for a word to describe it—satisfaction.

"Did you ever have a fight?" she asked.

"Absurd," he said shortly.

"Why is it absurd? Every man ought to have fights. He should know the joy of hitting someone a good, healthy wallop."

"I never have felt the necessity to hit an individual."

"Did you ever kiss a girl?"

"Certainly not."

"Did you ever imagine you were a pirate or a robber?"

"The question is ridiculous."

"You've never struck a man, or kissed a girl, or imagined yourself a robber. What have you done that amounts to anything?"

"I have made myself the foremost authority in the country upon certain ancient-language groups."

"And you call that worth while?"

"Its value is obvious."

"Not to me," she said. "Do you know, you remind me of Firenze down yonder. Outwardly you've got it. You look possible. You've all the general appearance of a human being with possibilities, but the thing that would make you, the necessary element to give you kick and make you worth wasting time on, is dead." She wrinkled her brows. "Professor, you're the most abysmally ignorant man I ever saw."

"I may point out that various universities think otherwise. They have conferred upon me degrees ——"

"Why did you come abroad? You're not interested in people, you never heard of beauty."

"It is the custom to go abroad during one's sabbatical year," he said.

Mr. Luce's voice boomed from the other side of the little park, "Time to eat. Let's get going."

Erasmus and Caroline walked back to the car; she with a glint of enjoyment in her eye, and he rather blank as to expression, but with an inward sensation of inadequacy such as he never before had experienced. Never before had he harbored a doubt of himself. He was Erasmus Orson Fox, and that he did not constitute perfection never had occurred to him. It was a trifle unsettling to discover a person who found him defective. Of course, she was very young and impertinent, and, obviously, she was wrong, but he did not like this first encounter with someone who questioned the prodigiousness of his mental accomplishments, or asserted that the acquirement of knowledge was not the chief end of man.

"Professor," said Mr. Luce, "I don't often meet a man of your attainments, and after lunch I'd be obliged for your advice."

This was as it should be, and Erasmus looked at Mr. Luce with awakening favor.

"If it's got anything to do with anything that anybody has talked about since the boys and girls gossiped in cuneiform," said Caroline, "you'd better pick another party."

"Carrie," her father said severely, "lay off the professor."

"He's a brand," said Caroline, "and I'm plucking him from the burning."

They drove back to the Villa Christina and lunched in the beautiful garden. When they were through, Mr. Luce turned to his womenfolks.

"Scamper," he said. "Go and buy something, or something. I got to talk to the professor."

"He'll tell you the accent is on the antepenult," said Caroline over her shoulder.

As she walked away beside her mother the eyes of Erasmus Orson followed her. He found, with mild surprise, that he derived pleasure from looking at her, and he did not recall ever deriving pleasure from looking at anything before. It was odd. He determined to analyze the phenomenon in his leisure.

Mr. Luce was speaking. "Now I tell you what, professor. Every man's got to have an ambition. I mean, you have to keep on having one. Once mine was to make money, but then I made it, so I got me another one. Yes, sir. I found it when I read a piece about Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was a dickens of a fellow, but the main reason folks remember him today is because he collected art—he and his folks. And they got together the greatest collection that could be got, and when the line played out they left it to this city. Get the idea?"

"It is not perfectly clear to me."

"Why do people come from all creation to Florence?"

Erasmus rather wondered himself, so he contented himself by shaking his head.

"Because there's such fine art here," said Mr. Luce. "Now I'm a kind of a patriotic fellow and mine is the greatest city in America. But it's shy on art. What I'm cal'lating to do is to make it the Florence of America. I have the money to do it, and I aim to leave that city a fine collection of paintings and sculpture. Before I get through we'll have folks from Florence coming over to visit us."

"Ah," said Erasmus Orson.

"I been buying right and left. But right now I'm on the track of something that'll make my collection unique. I'm on the track of something not a museum in the world's got, and that's a Masaccio—a panel by Masaccio. But I'm not a sap exactly, so I'm not buying unsight, unseen. They have to prove to me it's genuine."

"Precisely," said the professor.

"It belongs," said Mr. Luce, "to a duke."

"An interesting word," said Erasmus, "from the Latin *dux* ——"

"We'll go into that another time," said Mr. Luce hurriedly. "Now, maybe this duke won't sell, and if he does, there's the job of getting it out of Italy. If the government knew about it, they never would let it get out—not for any price. But a certain man says it can be bought and that he can get it to America."

"Ah," said Erasmus again.

"He says," said Mr. Luce, "I can get it for half a million. That's all right. But before he lays hands on it he makes good. He proves it's genuine and he lays it down in America."

"Er—exactly," said Erasmus.

"It's a secret deal," said Mr. Luce, "and I've got to move cautiously. I don't want it to get away from me, but, on the other hand, I don't want to get stuck." He lowered his voice: "I have a date to see this Masaccio panel this afternoon, and I want you to go along with me. They claim they've got documents right down from fourteen hundred and something, when this fellow painted, to prove it."

"Documents," exclaimed Erasmus Orson, interested at last. "Interesting. Significant. Shall I be able to see these documents?"

"You bet you," said Mr. Luce.

"I shall go with you," said Erasmus firmly.

Mr. Luce looked at his watch. "I'm going to meet this fellow at the Savoia Hotel. Let's get going."

They drove down to the city and to the Piazza Victor Emmanuel, where the Savoia faces the massive magnificence of the ancient Strozzi Palace, and there in the lobby found awaiting them Signor Giuliano d'Arezzo, a largish man with olive cheeks and sloe eyes and white spats, who arose as they entered and extended an effusive hand.

"You are prompt," he said in impeccable English. "A quality of your countrymen."

"Signor d'Arezzo, this is Professor Fox, who comes with me to see what you have to show."

(Continued on Page 152)

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(Continued from Page 150)

"An art expert, perhaps?"

"I am not," said Erasmus severely.

The *signor* lifted his brows. "Just a friend," said Mr. Luce.

"Then, shall we proceed? Perhaps it will be as well if we walk. It is but a step."

"Whatever you say," agreed Mr. Luce.

They crossed the *piazza*, traversed the Via Strozzi, and passed the imperishable stones of the *palazzo*, and presently reached that street which bears the name of the mother of the Magnificent, the Via Tornabuoni. Here they bent to the left until they reached the Via delle Terme.

"It is because the Duca dei Guelfa is not so rich as his ancestors that he considers this matter. To provide, as one would say, a suitable marriage portion for his daughter," said the *signor*.

A servant, not the most immaculate, admitted them, and they were shown into a considerable room, dingy and ill lighted.

"The *duca* himself is not present," said the *signor*, "but the treasure is here. Ah, what a treasure! The museums of the world would fight for it! Imagine if you can the finding of a painting by Appeles! Only second to that! A panel from the hands of the mysterious Masaccio. That miraculous youth whose years numbered but twenty-seven!"

"Just a young fellow, eh?" asked Mr. Luce.

"But what a youth! The inspiration of the Renaissance. He who discovered anew the art of painting. Supreme! A miracle! Ah, *signori*, you have seen all the world knows of him, in the Church of the Carmine. Disfigured, all but invisible, yet magnificent! It was in this dark chapel that the great ones—Raphael, Da Vinci, Signorelli, Michelangelo—came to seek their initiation! He outstripped his whole century, to arrive with a single bound at the conclusion of Michelangelo! At twenty-five he knew what the greatest only were able to discover in their old age!"

"But," interrupted Erasmus, "these manuscripts."

"Of a truth, the manuscripts. A story the most fascinating, the most glamorous. One from the very hand and pen of Giovanni de' Medici, that De' Bicci who was the father of Cosimo, Pater Patriæ. But first the masterpiece—the lost, the newly discovered masterpiece. The sole work of him who gave birth to the Renaissance, save only those frescoes in the Carmine. Be ready! Be prepared! I exhibit it to you with reverence."

From a closet he brought a panel of wood. Four feet by five feet it was, black with the passing centuries, cracked, faded, shining with that gloss, that patina which only antiquity and neglect can give. Yet emerging from its blackened surface were two figures, man and woman, nude, amazing in perfection of line, magnificent in feeling—Adama and Eve! He striding, face covered by wondrously wrought hands; she, fingers pressed to breasts and such an expression of ineffable agony as startled, shook even the academic phlegm of Erasmus Orson.

"Identically the same as the Adam and Eve in the Carmine," said Mr. Luce in a hushed voice.

"Such is the story," said the *signor*. "Giovanni de' Bicci, patron of arts, caused the wondrous young man to reproduce for him that Expulsion. Both De' Bicci and Masaccio died in 1429. Then came Cosimo, whom Rinaldo degli Albizzi resolved to crush. But in this hour of crisis old Niccolo da Uzzano lifted his voice and advised against the trial of strength. Because of his age and his place as the head of the *nobili*, his counsels prevailed. And so we have the next document, the next manuscript in the unbroken chain—no less than a letter from Cosimo de' Medici to this Niccolo, sending him the Masaccio panel, with his love and his gratitude. It you also shall see."

"But this panel—how did it come to light?"

"The duke is a descendant of this Niccolo," the *signor* went on. "In other papers and writings the panel is mentioned. I have them all—an unbroken chain. How was it found? By good fortune, Mr. Luce. It was I, the duke's man of business, who discovered it. I am making search for certain title deeds in a lawsuit that is made. Among the great mass of papers I find mention of Masaccio, so I look again and again, and find more and more mention. Then I search for the panel itself. This is before the duke is compelled to move from the old *palazzo*. I find it where it is hidden during those bad days when Napoleon is trampling Italy and stealing away our great art. Ah, we lose that lawsuit, and now the duke must sell this great treasure to rehabilitate his family."

"Sounds genuine, doesn't it?" Mr. Luce asked Erasmus in a whisper.

But Erasmus was not interested in the genuineness of panels; his concern was with ancient writings, and he desired to read the phraseology of that early Medici, to see the veritable words, to study the letters, to gaze upon the language as written by a man who lived so long ago as the commencement of the fifteenth century.

"I wish," he said, "to see these documents."

"And you shall see them. They are here. Behold, I open this safe in which they repose!" He suited the action to the statement and faced Erasmus with a sizable packet of yellowed parchments and papers in his hands, which Erasmus seized eagerly and carried to a chair by the window. There he sat sunk in the only delight he was able to comprehend, while the *signor* and Mr. Luce discussed methods and terms.

"The figure you set is half a million?" asked Mr. Luce.

"Not half the worth of the panel if it could be offered on the open market."

"I won't boggle about that. But the delivery. How will you get it out of Italy?"

"There are methods," said the *signor* with a knowing smile.

"I pay upon delivery in America," said Mr. Luce firmly.

"I have discussed that with the duke. He is agreeable as follows: Here in Florence he delivers to you these documents of proof. When they are placed in your hands you pay down one-fifth of the purchase price, and the panel is yours. On the day when it arrives in your house the balance shall be paid. It is a fair way."

"Suits me," said Mr. Luce. "But say, can't we have this panel sent to the Villa Christina, so my womenfolks can see it, and so I can kind of get the feel of ownership?"

The *signor* hesitated. "It is a great risk. A word might slip out, and then the fat would put out the fire, as you say. Yet, if you give me your word no eye shall see and no ear shall hear, excepting only your family and this gentleman, then it can perhaps be arranged."

"Good! That's the ticket. Send her up this afternoon. Then we'll deal tomorrow morning. I kind of like my wife's O. K. before I go ahead."

"It is agreed," said the *signor*.

Mr. Luce called across the room to Erasmus: "Well, professor, we'll be going along."

"But I am not ready," said Erasmus petulantly. "I am engaged. My interest is aroused. I wish to stay here and study these manuscripts."

Mr. Luce lifted his brows and whispered to the *signor*, "Why can't we cart the papers along, eh?"

"Why not?" asked the *signor* in return.

"We'll take them to the villa," Mr. Luce said to Erasmus, "where you can get some comfort meddling around with them."

Erasmus Orson sighed irritably, but arose, still clutching the precious manuscripts. "Let us make haste, then," he said.

Mr. Luce lingered for another look at the panel. Erasmus did not spare it a glance, but it would have taken force to wrench the letter of Cosimo de' Medici from his hands.

They walked back to the Savoia, Mr. Luce excited and elated at the prospect of the glory he was about to bring to his native city, a fire upon which the *signor* adroitly poured oil. Erasmus Orson was grimly silent, a far-away look in his fine eyes.

At the hotel they parted from the duke's man of business and drove to the villa, in time to meet Mrs. Luce and Caroline returning from a shopping expedition.

"Well," demanded the young lady, "have you robbed the tomb?"

Erasmus looked at her without seeing her and moved toward the stairway. Her eyes glinted.

"Professor," she said distinctly.

He turned impatiently.

"Generally I'm noticed," she said. "I am distinctly visible. My age is twenty-two, my weight is a hundred and fourteen, and gentlemen have been known to walk miles for a brief glimpse of me. To put it briefly, I dislike being ignored."

"Please," said Erasmus Orson coldly, "don't annoy me. My mind is occupied."

"I don't care for your line. You irritate me. I wish to be amused."

"Am I a nurse to amuse children?" he demanded shortly.

"Right on the nose!" exclaimed Mr. Luce delightedly.

Caroline's eyes narrowed. "So," she said slowly, "your mind is occupied, is it? Well, my pedantic acquaintance, before I get through with you something besides your mind will be busy. You've made me mad, young man. And I'll show you if you're a nurse to amuse children."

"I have been adequate to the quelling of impertinent classrooms," he said coldly. "I fancy one young woman will scarcely tax my powers."

With which he turned and hastened up the stairs, unconscious of Mr. Luce's delighted chuckling.

"That round," said Caroline's father, "goes to the professor."

Caroline smiled at him, but the light of battle was in her eyes. "My head," said she, "is bloody but unbowed. I've now an interest in life. Dad, did you ever see a professor jump through flaming hoops?"

"Not recently, anyhow."

"Well, keep your eyes peeled. Give me a week."

"Spoiled brat!" said Mr. Luce. "My money's down on the prof."

"Well, Lorenzo the Magnificent, you're going to lose," she said. "I go to powder my nose and apply aids to beauty."

"He'll never notice it," said Mr. Luce.

"That young man," said Caroline, "will have lipstick on his handkerchief before the month is out." And with this last word she, too, went up the stairs to make ready for warfare.

That evening, mysteriously wrapped and guarded, the Masaccio panel arrived at the villa, chaperoned by the Signor d'Arezzo, and was carried to the parlor of Mr. Luce's suite, where it was opened reverently and placed where the light would fall upon it to the best advantage.

"Sit down, *signor*. My wife and daughter." He turned with enthusiasm to the panel. "Isn't it a wonder, mamma? You can see with half an eye the same man painted it that did the Adam and Eve in the Carmine. I'll bet Morgan'll bite himself when he hears I've got it. Say, send somebody after the professor. He didn't come down to dinner. Beats all how these men like him get all het up over some old writing."

"The manuscripts themselves," said the *signor*, "are not without value."

"Same as an abstract of title," said Mr. Luce. "That's why I wanted the professor to read 'em over. The only language I know is English. Not that I'm not satisfied this is genuine. Why, anybody could tell Masaccio painted it after he saw that fresco in the Carmine, but half a million's a sight of money and a business man takes precautions."

At that moment Erasmus Orson entered without rapping; it was a formality he quite overlooked.

"Well," asked Mr. Luce, "read them over?"

"I have done so," said Erasmus. "I may say I have done so with considerable interest and pleasure."

"Good. And what do they say?"

"This gentleman told you, in effect, what the manuscripts contained," said Erasmus.

"First that letter from Cosimo de' Medici, and then all the rest. What they say substantiates what the *signor* told us?"

"Er—exactly. What they say substantiates the *signor*."

"Then," said Mr. Luce, "there is no reason why we can't do business. If those manuscripts are authentic, then we've got a chain of title. If they're real, then I guess we can take it the panel is real. Professor, you've taken a load off my mind. I was afraid there'd be a hitch. But I'm lucky, eh? Here you bob up just when I need somebody that understands all about how men wrote and talked four, five hundred years ago." He showed his strong teeth in a delighted smile. "I bet this is the first half-million deal you were ever mixed up in."

"Deal? Half million? And how, sir, am I concerned?"

"I'm spending five hundred thousand dollars on the strength of what you've just told me. For this Masaccio panel. Get the idea? If those manuscripts you just read are the real thing, then the panel is the real thing. They're proof."

"Ah," said Erasmus. "Ah! Indeed! You astonish me. And conversely, should the manuscripts have proved to be spurious, then the panel itself would not be veritable. Am I right?"

"Exactly."

"Very odd," said Erasmus.

"What is very odd?"

"The abysmal ignorance of certain individuals, and—er—their lack of what, for want of a better term, we may call resource."

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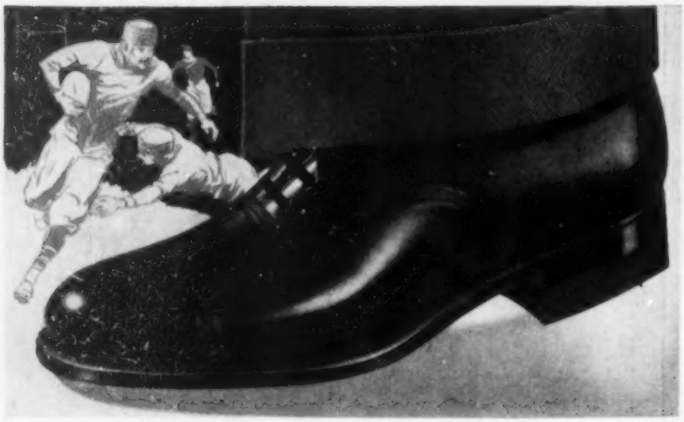

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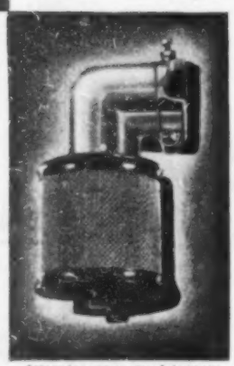

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"What are you getting at anyhow?"

"Language," said Erasmus, "is volatile. It alters from day to day. It is not static, but rather is dynamic, always in movement, subject to constant change and growth. A word which did not exist yesterday will be found in common use tomorrow. Terms of which we were ignorant last week will be on every tongue next month. Our speech enriches itself. Language is an opportunist. Witness the late war and the enormous number of new and valuable words which derived from it."

"Very interesting, I am sure," said Mr. Luce, "but what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

"It causes one to wonder," said Erasmus, "how this De' Medici, writing a letter in the first third of the fifteenth century, should, on a single page, make use of no less than four words which were unknown to the Italian language before the end of that century. One word which was born, as one might say, while Lorenzo the Magnificent was constructing his great harbor project at the town now designated as Leghorn. How, I ask you, did his grandfather use words not invented until after his death?"

Mr. Luce frowned. The room was suddenly very silent.

"In the second manuscript occur two verb endings not a part of the grammar of the tongue until a hundred years after the date of the paper. I marvel at this lack of thoroughness. Is there no learning in Italy? Was there no person with whom you could consult, Signor d'Arezzo?"

"Consult! What do you say? What do you mean?"

Erasmus Orson shrugged his shoulders. "In every writing there is internal evidence of its authenticity," he said pedantically. "Or on the contrary, as the case may be. Here, for instance, we have a letter purporting to be written by a certain man in a certain year. The most cursory reading demonstrates to the man of learning that the letter could not have been written in that year and by that man, because it contains words which did not exist for three-quarters of a century. Hence we are convinced that the intention was to deceive. That, in short, the document is spurious."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Signor d'Arezzo.

"Quite the contrary. The original Medici letter is spurious. It is a forgery. It is not genuine. So of the second and third documents. To the scientific mind this suggests that the remainder of the chain is equally spurious, and has been contrived by a partially educated man for some purpose of deception. One may even go further and deduce, as we men who constantly are being confronted with ancient documents must deduce."

"Deduce what?" demanded Mr. Luce.

"Fraud," said Erasmus baldly.

"Fraud!"

"Precisely. I fancy I can reconstruct the plan or scheme. It is desired by certain persons to obtain a large sum of money. They are aware that paintings of certain character bring enormous prices. They procure an artist who by skill in his craft is able to produce a painting which simulates great age and which bears marked resemblance to the work of a certain so-called master. Having done so, it is essential to establish its authenticity. Therefore, manuscripts and documents are forged. This is no new thing—the forgery, the imitation of ancient manuscripts. But commonly the detection is not so simple as in this case. The covetous persons neglected to employ a man of real learning to do their work. And these, sir, are my conclusions."

"You mean ——"

"I mean that the Masaccio panel is a forgery, and that you, sir, have been selected as the victim of a plot to, in effect, rob you of no less than half a million dollars."

"Are you positive?"

"It is not my custom to be mistaken in matters which fall within my province."

"Dad," said Caroline, "you can bet your hat the professor's right. He may be this and that, but when it comes to his line, he's there with bells. Here's one time the old fox came close to being gypped."

Mr. Luce turned grimly to the *signor*. "And what have you to say?" he demanded.

The *signor* shrugged his shoulders. "One can but try. One does not always encounter such erudition. It is a lesson. I lose with good grace, and bid you good evening. For my next sale I shall retain a man so learned that no other can catch him in error. My felicitations to you, professor. Again, good evening."

The *signor* withdrew in good order and in perfect safety. Mr. Luce could not complain, being himself a step outside the law when he sought to buy and to smuggle out of the country a piece of art which the government would not allow to leave. He scowled. He grieved. But then, being a business man, and a sportsman besides, he clapped Erasmus on the shoulder.

"Young fellow," he said, "you're there four ways from the jack. I never knew that a knowledge of ancient languages could be so useful."

The lip of Erasmus curled. His chest enlarged. He stood to his full height in justifiable pride.

"True learning," he said, "is incomparably the greatest adjunct of civilization."

"Shucks," said Caroline. "I'll admit you're quite a lad. But you've your weak points. Come on down into the garden and get a little real education."

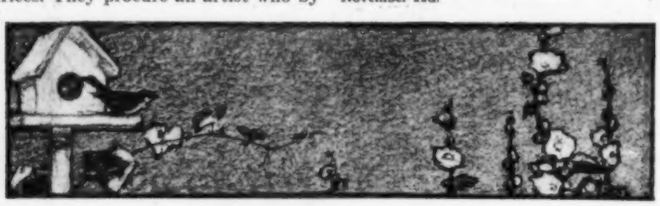
"Caroline!" expostulated her mother.

"He'd be swell if somebody would cure him of mental cramps," said Caroline. "And, mamma and dad, I'm the little volunteer to tackle the well-nigh hopeless job."

"If," said Erasmus Orson gravely, "your language were as—er—seemly as your personal appearance, you would, I am sure, be a companion from whom one might derive both satisfaction and pleasure."

"Come and try," said Caroline pertly.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The second will appear November 22d.



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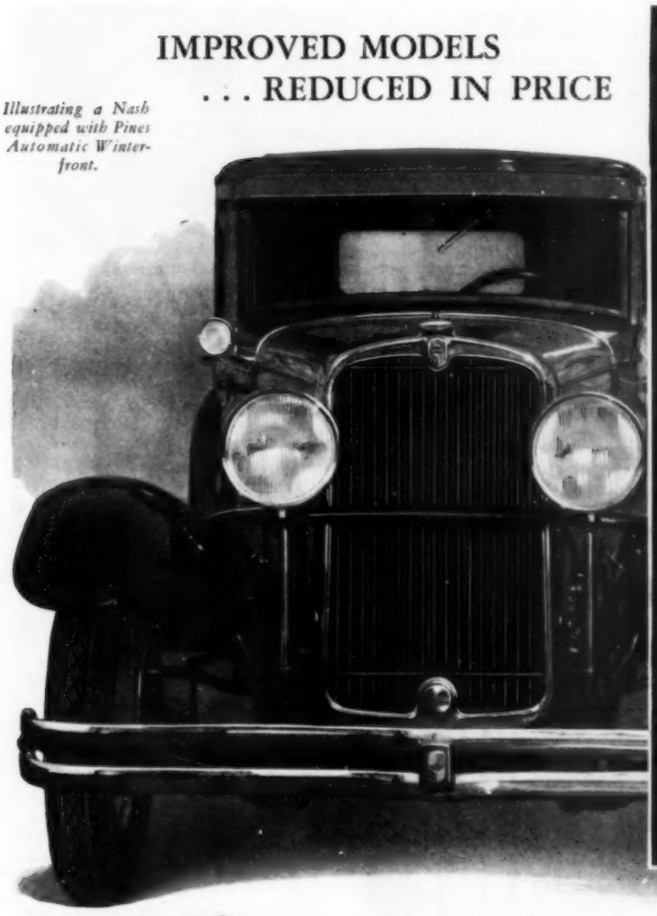

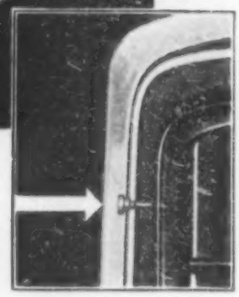

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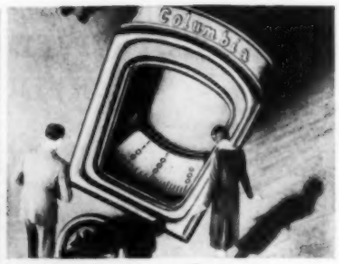

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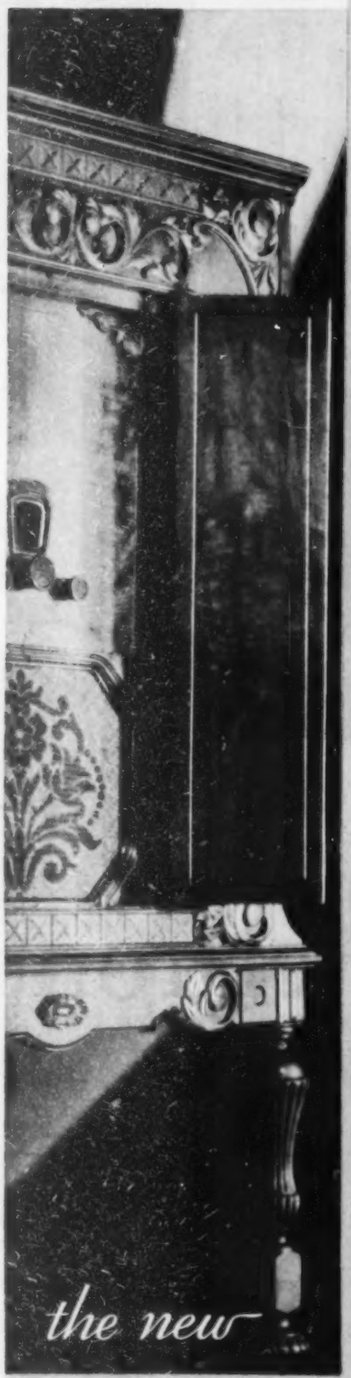

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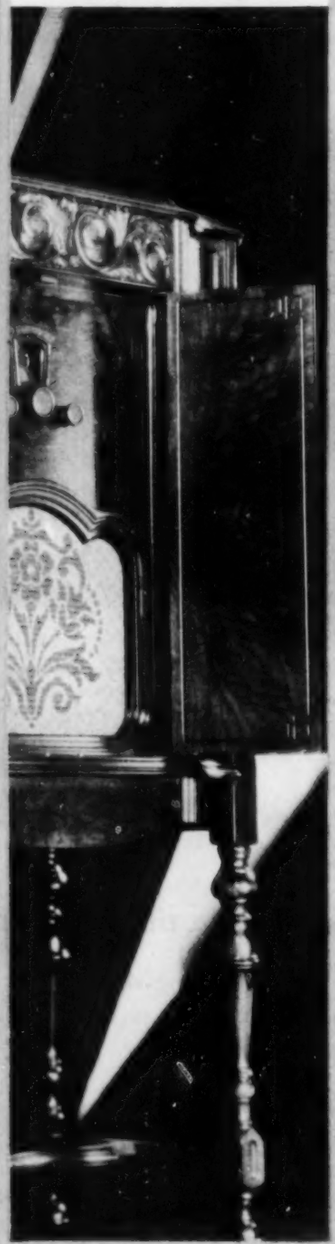

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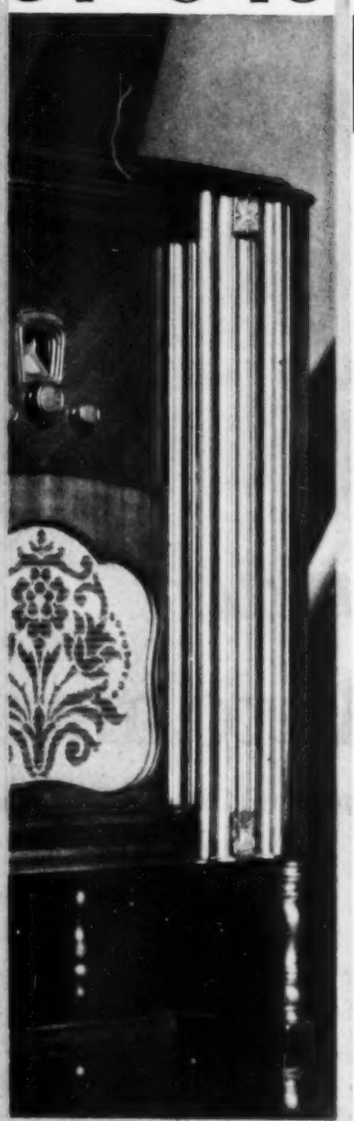

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CHAMP

(Continued from Page 23)

got an investment in you, you can't miss. I'm tickled to death to see it come your way. You're just as nice a kid as I ever knew an' I don't think they'll ever talk you into doin' anything crooked."

"They won't."

"The minute they do they've got it on you for the rest of your life."

"I won't fall for that. I'd be a sucker to fake a fight or double-cross in some way. That would take my ace away. They'd be boss after that."

"Don't ever forget that, kid. An' watch out that they don't jockey you into a spot where you'll even look bad."

"Whenever I ain't sure, I'll talk it over with you, Oley."

"That won't do no hurt."

"I will."

"An' watch this dame, see? You're a kid an' you got a lot to learn. One time I met a dame with great big eyes and cheeks like little red roses. She was so innocent I was afraid to take my hat off in front of her. But she wound up doin' two a day in a burlesque show, an' it cost me six thousand bucks to buy back half a dozen post cards I got originally for two bits. You get them contracts signed before you see this dame again. An' keep your feet on the straight an' narrow. Fight your best always an' don't sign a lunch check without my knowin' about it. Later on I may have an ace of my own to toss into this game."

"You're my pal, Oley. I'll do like you say."

"I'm your pal," Olson nodded, "an' I'll prove it as time goes along."

VII

"IT AIN'T a question of trusting you," Eddie Riton assured his new manager. "It ain't a question of that, Tommy. It's just business. I never thought much about business until I met real good business men like you. You made me see the importance of things like this."

"If it was good business to get these things signed," the manager growled, "wouldn't I have been the first one to do it?"

"I don't know; maybe you would."

"Certainly I would. Now forget it. I ain't goin' to these people with no such thing as this, kid. Why, you'll ruin the whole scheme."

"I'm just bein' a business man."

"You're bein' a mug, that's what you're bein'."

"Mebbe. But get 'em signed, Tommy."

"Who's runnin' this outfit? I just told you I wouldn't go to these nice people with any such rot as these contracts. Why, you make a racketeer of a moll that is foolish to speak to the likes of you!"

"Then I don't fight Fetter an' I don't go for this publicity thing," Riton answered quietly. "It's all in the way you look at it. If these people are on the level, they'll gladly sign. If they ain't, we better know it now. How about that?"

"You won't fight Fetter, eh?"

"That's what I said, Tommy. I'll do anythin' you say except put a mortgage on my future. The best fighters in the world only last six or seven years, an' I ain't the best fighter in the world. What I get while I'm at it I'm goin' to keep."

The eyes of the manager were drawn to slits. His jaw was set. Anger abided in his eyes and flamed there ominously. To all this the young fighter turned a smiling face and a deft word.

"That's the way it is," he avowed, "an' that's the way it stays. Take it or leave it."

Tommy jammed the moot contracts into his pocket. "All right, punk," he grumbled. "It ain't that I object to havin' 'em signed. That ain't it. It's just the idea of gettin' you such a swell publicity break, then havin' you tell me what to do about it."

"I'm not tellin' you what to do. I'm sayin' only what I'll do. It's goin' to be the way I say, or the whole deal is off. You can't crawl on that, because I'll tell the papers the simple truth if you do."

"Smart, ain't you?" Tommy sneered.

"If I was, I wouldn't need you, Tommy. But if I am, I ain't any worse than you. You're certainly smart. One of the smartest men I ever knew."

"Keep workin' out every day at the same time," the manager instructed curtly. "Don't change nothin'." And he added: "You know, if I wanted to, I could pick up some real fighter an' throw him in with you in the gym. He'd knock you cockeyed to please me. Mebbe you got that comin' to you just to shake out a few of these wild notions of yourn."

"Maybe I have."

"I can pick you up a lickin' whenever I think you got it comin'."

"Well, if you do, I'll be able to take it."

"I'd hate to rely on that. But there ain't no use in our havin' a battle, punk. We're lookin' at pastures green. We'd be suckers to let anythin' trip us up now."

"Get the contracts signed. When you do I'll sail into Fetter an' go for this love business just like I promised. Not until then, Tommy."

So the days passed. The papers gave to the Riton-Fetter combat a merit it did not deserve, and Riton was always the name played up. It evolved into a question of whether or not the youngster could stop the veteran. Sport writers drew contrasts between what others had done with Fetter and what what might be expected of Eddie.

If, they said, Riton could manage to stop Fetter or make an exceptionally good showing with him, it would go far toward establishing him as the comer everyone claimed him to be. If he failed in this he would have to gather more experience before crashing the big time. This angle made printable stories.

Eddie did not see Linda Belledu again until the night of the fight. Three days before the battle Tommy brought to him the three contracts, all signed. These he forwarded to Oley Olson with a sense of relief. There certainly was no objection on his part to spending considerable time in the company of the beautiful Linda, so long as the process entailed no aftermath of a serious nature.

So he contemplated the immediate and the distant future with equanimity and a sense of extreme comfort. Backed by these moguls of a new fight profession, he did not see where he could lose. Protected by contracts that Olson himself had pronounced waterproof, he looked forward with an inner delight to further contact with the beautiful Linda. It was in his mind that Oley overestimated the dangers of the girl. He was very certain that no one so altogether sweet and unaffected as Linda could throw in her hand with such as Tommy in a systematic effort to extort from a young fighter the money he might earn.

But he had a bump of caution that was well developed too. Oley was a smart man. He had been a smart and a great fighter, and from their earliest association he had been absolutely honest. It was wise to accept his statements at face value and profit by his maturity and experience.

Tommy, of course, had spoken often and slurringly of the matter. His accusation, always made sarcastically and with a pronounced condescension toward Eddie, was that Eddie had suddenly acquired a swelled head and figured himself so big that beautiful girls were falling for him and would later blackmail him.

He told several assemblages of the élite at the Manazita Club that Eddie Riton really did not need a manager, that he was too smart in his own right, and immediately after he won the heavyweight championship he would take over the management of their club for them and so establish it on a truly paying basis. To all these things Eddie turned a smiling countenance.

Usually he brushed them aside with some thrust back at Tommy. But always these affairs were friendly banter, and usually they terminated with a suggestion from Eddie that they wait until after he fought Fetter, when a better idea of his effectiveness would be available.

In this manner the night of the Fetter fracas arrived.

"It's a long way from a sell-out," Scale Murphy told Andy, the publicity man, "but we do stand to make a little dough."

"You would have a profit losing ten thousand on this card," Andy pointed out.

"The directors don't look at it that way," the matchmaker complained. "To them a fight is a fight, and every fight ought to show a profit. They don't consider future, build-up, weather or anything else. We got to look at it the same way."

"No lousy fight ever got better notices," Andy snapped. "What is there to write about a fight like this? Anyone with half a brain knows that Riton ought to stiffen this stumble bum in a round. Why pay dough to see a sure thing?"

"What's the matter with that preliminary card? There's plenty of fight there."

"That saved the show, even if they are all second-raters."

"Well, the show's saved, ain't it? Fans can see a load of fightin' tonight an' get a flash at the comin' champ for the price of one ticket. What more do you ask for a build-up battle?"

"I ain't askin' any more. You was squawkin' about the directors. What do they expect?"

"Profit. Not another thing in the world but profit."

"They'll get double profit in the future out of this youngster."

"Go ahead," Scale grunted, "argue. I just explained the whole thing to you."

Reports from the advance sale and the box office indicated that the ballyhoo about Riton had borne fruit. The house was a surprisingly good one and the management stood to make money. While the earlier fights were in progress, Tommy came to Scale in his little office. The two were alone.

"We're all set," Tommy reported. "That kid is apt to develop big ideas,

Things to do with

PLASTIC WOOD

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Of course you know Plastic Wood—it handles like putty and hardens into solid wood. You have probably used it for some one job—holding loose handles, loose casters, loose tiles; repairing broken furniture, broken toys. Now here's a 48 page illustrated book, *"Things to do with Plastic Wood"* showing everyday uses for the home, the automobile, the boat, model making, etc. By mail 10 cents.

Plastic Wood is sold at hardware and paint stores in 25c, 35c, and $1.00 sizes. Solvent, to soften Plastic Wood, 25c. With Plastic Wood and this book you can save many dollars on repairs.

ADDISON-LESLIE CO., 229 Bolivar St. Canton, Mass.

Please send "Things to do with Plastic Wood." I enclose 10 cents.

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Could YOU Spend Extra Money?

A new hat . . . gloves and shoes . . . a bright slicker . . . what girl wouldn't be elated over such gay things? Yet they are but a few of the delightful "extras" that Evelyn Buell of New York has bought with her earnings.

Of course you'd like to make your spare time bring you smart clothes and spending money, as so many other schoolgirls, business women and homemakers are doing.

You too can earn *quickly — without experience!* The coupon below brings all details.

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999 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

I'd like to make my spare moments "count," too. Please tell me how.

Name.....*Age*.....

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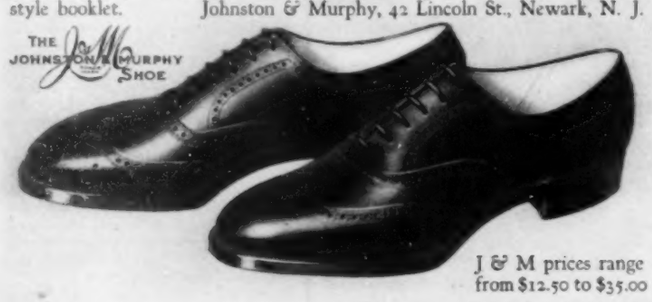
SHOES FOR MEN

It is true economy to own the best. Well-dressed, successful men in every walk of life shrewdly appraise J & M Shoes as the most economical to be had. Their smartness and newness of appearance are prolonged because of the rugged endurance of materials used. Sold by a leading dealer near you. The Ambassador (illustrated) is No. 414, Black; No. 314, Tan. Ask for J & M style booklet. Johnston & Murphy, 42 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.



J & M prices range from $12.50 to $35.00

Two Out of Three
Who Mail This Coupon—

The Curtis Publishing Company
998 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn extra money for Christmas?

Name ..... Age .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Will Derive No Profit

But the Other Third

Will Earn Up to

$25.00 *for* Christmas

BASED upon years of experience with subscription offers similar to this, two out of three who write us will neither win nor lose—principally because they will not take advantage of the friendly opportunity we give them.

But the other third—the ones who *try*—they will make up to $25, $50, $100 a month extra! Real hard cash in addition to all their other earnings.

If you want extra money—fifty or so would be fine for Christmas, wouldn't it?—just mail the coupon above. Then join the happy "third" who, even without experience, will earn many extra dollars.

but we'll take that out of him as we go along. I'll get him a lickin' if we have to. But after the show tonight, the big love drama comes off in the restaurant. I already got seven of the best writers in town to eut in with me for a little supper before they do their stories."

"It's a right gag if you're smart in workin' it," Scale admitted.

"How many times have you caught me dumb?" Tommy queried modestly.

"Don't make this the first," Scale counseled. "With this Riton, we're starin' right into the face of a platinum farm. We don't want to blow the whole thing through some sucker play."

"Leave that to little Tommy."

Together they went to the dressing rooms, where fighters were preparing for their various contests. The air smelled of liniment and perspiration; benches were lined with battered baggage in which reposed the habiliments of the fighting profession. Words that might have been meaningless filled the air with raucous sounds. In one corner a colored boy, soon to do battle with a white one, was the recipient of whispered advice upon which, to all appearances, the future of nations might have hung.

Eddie Riton was the cynosure of all eyes here. He paid little heed to that which went on about him. Now and then he spoke to handlers who were bandaging his big hands. None attempted to advise him; he was in a class by himself. Across the room was Fetter. The man bore evidence of his multitudinous ring encounters. His brows were cut and battered, his nose twisted, his lips thick and his ears cauliflowered. He took the whole thing as a matter of course and received scant attention from those in the room.

Newspapermen were frequently dropping into the room. They invariably approached both main-event fighters with the same question: "How is it, kid?" Invariably they got an identical answer: "Great with me, bo."

This routine was disrupted now and then by the antics of a preliminary fighter who had the natural gift of comedy. There is, they say, always one such in every club or training camp, and they serve the purpose—the noble purpose—of giving vent to high-pressure feelings in the breasts of others.

"How is it?" Scale Murphy asked of Fetter.

"Great with me."

The two crossed the room to Eddie. "How is it with you?" Scale asked casually.

"Okay by me," Eddie smiled. "Hello, Tommy. Don't we go in there pretty soon?"

"It won't be long now," Tommy snapped curtly. He glanced about the room to see what newspapermen were present, then he leaned close to Eddie and said, *sotto voce*, "Remember, sail in at the bell. Throw punches until the bum is stretched like a wet curtain in a back yard. It'll come off all right. Do exactly as I tell you."

"Just as you say, Tommy," the fighter nodded. Oley Olson had given him identical advice. "I'll do it, all right."

"You can't miss, see?" Tommy repeated. "Just throw punches till he drops. Got that straight?"

"Straight as a die." Eddie nodded, realizing that Oley, too, had reckoned the powers of strength and youth against those of age.

"See that you don't flop on it. We don't want no fancy boxin'. We want to see you fight, savvy? Start right in with both hands an' throw punches without a let-up till the count begins an' ends."

"I'll do it, Tommy."

"I'll be in your corner, see? I'll go out now an' watch this semiwind-up. There's a couple kids I want to look over a little. You come on when they call an' I'll meet you in the corner. Keep your head now. An' remember what I told you. Never mind feints, or footwork, or a damned thing in the world but a flock of punches that never stops till the fight is over."

"I got you, Tommy. I'll work that way."

The matchmaker and manager walked from the room, and instantly the voices of those gathered there took on renewed activity. These two men were of great standing in their profession. Scale Murphy unquestionably had the power to make or break a fighter on the big time. All were fully aware of this poignant fact, and they tendered to Scale the homage which was his due.

As for Tommy, he was tied in right, and the fighters knew it. He was not the greatest manager in the world, but he was a fine politician and his fighters managed to fight while those of other managers idled away their priceless youth.

That Eddie Riton should be selected by Tommy indicated one of two things: Either he was a great fighter or he had connections that would carry him close to a championship and, at least, into the big money. So Eddie was a target for envious glances there in the fighters' dressing room.

As he passed along the aisle to the ring and climbed through the ropes, he heard the galleries burst into cheers of welcome. This was unexpected and surprising, until he saw that Tommy was appraising the volume of noise with a practiced ear and weighing it upon the scales of what he had paid for it. Ushers had quite cleverly inspired the ovation.

They met at ring center for instructions and the referee was brief. During the short period he spoke to them about breaking clean and fighting with one arm free, Fetter managed to catch Eddie's eye and convey to him a gesture of understanding friendliness.

At the stroke of the bell, Eddie darted from his corner as he never before had done. He feinted with his left and immediately drove a wicked right for Fetter's head. It was wild fighting, but it pleased the crowd and they evinced their delight by continued cheering. The blow missed its mark, but Eddie hooked again with his left, swerved as Fetter side-stepped, and lunged in close. Fetter fell back against the ropes and Eddie hooked with both left and right for the head. He felt his right scrape Fetter's shoulder.

The man slipped backward into the ropes. His knees buckled under him. Before either Eddie or the fans realized that the fight was begun, Fetter dropped to his knees, weaved there a second, then slid prone into the rosin. The referee waved the surprised Eddie toward a neutral corner and began a count. Fetter lay still, his arms jerking convulsively and his lips gasping.

The crowd had risen en masse and their thunderous cheers filled the vast arena and reverberated through the concrete-and-steel structure under the roof. Never had a main attraction opened with such violence or closed with such suddenness. At the count of six Fetter rolled over; at eight he climbed shakily to one knee. He was up at ten, but he lurched helplessly

(Continued on Page 161)

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[REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE]

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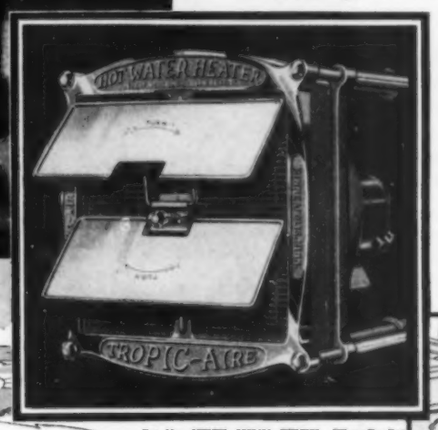

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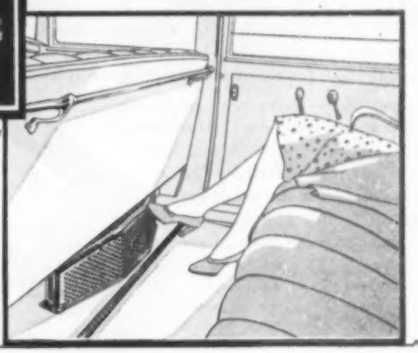


The New Rear Compartment Heater
Installed back of front seat or in front of rear seat—a perfect heating plant for Town Car, Limousine, Taxicabs, the larger Coaches or Sedans. Independent or operates in unison with front heater.

Throws all the heat up to warm the whole car.

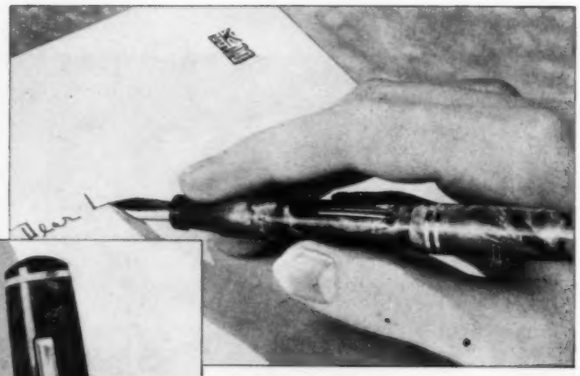
Throws all the heat *down* to warm the car floor.

Throws all the heat *right* to front seat passenger.

Throws all the heat *left* to the driver.

He writes swiftly . . She writes slowly . .

HOWARD A. LOEB, prominent Philadelphia banker, writes: "The adoption of an ink of proved permanence should appeal to all business men."



HOSTESSES, INC., New York social secretariat, writes: "Your correspondence gains unmistakably in distinction when you choose a full-bodied, deep-colored ink that flows evenly and writes smoothly."

. . Both write smoothly with this pen and ink that performs precisely at any pace . .

AT the office . . . He races his pen through a busy day. Dashes off a check, scrawls a hasty memo, signs a mass of correspondence . . .

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He writes like lightning—she writes at leisure—but both write well. For both use the pen and ink that writes smoothly *at any speed* . . . Carter's Pen, Carter's Ink.

Carter's Pens always write smoothly because nib and feed are perfectly mated . . . adjusted precisely to the thousandth of an inch.

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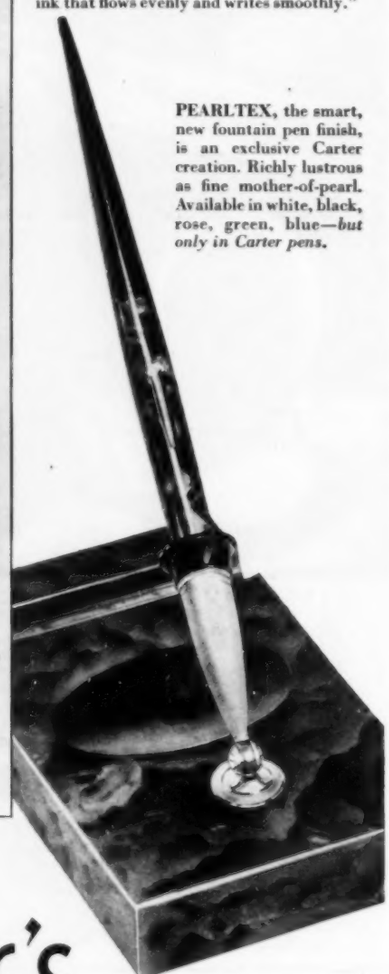
Vivid blue, Ryto dries a *permanent* black. Its smooth flow assures a delightful evenness of texture and tint. *Safe* for business; *smart* for social uses.

Carter alone styles pens in Pearltex . . . In five smart shades . . . Handsome as mother-of-pearl. Ryto is sold everywhere but the Pearltex Pen is new, so if your dealer is not yet supplied, write The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Mass.



PEARLTEX, the smart, new fountain pen finish, is an exclusive Carter creation. Richly lustrous as fine mother-of-pearl. Available in white, black, rose, green, blue—*but only in Carter pens.*

Free Ink . . .

Enjoy Ryto's velvety flow. Send for sample (writes 40,000 words). Enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover postage. The Carter's Ink Co., Boston, Mass.

Carter's

PENS AND INKS

The lustrous black PEARLTEX pen materially enhances the natural beauty of the base of rich, green Argentine onyx. (Only Carter desk stands are fitted with Pearltex pens.)

(Continued from Page 158)

into the ropes and sagged there defenseless as Eddie rushed across the ring.

The referee caught the charging fighter and held his hand aloft. While the mad throng cheered, the announcer consulted the timekeeper and at last, after many admonitions to silence, announced the time of the knock-out as nineteen seconds of the first round—the shortest ever recorded in the club—and the winner, Eddie Riton.

In the dressing room, news writers sought Eddie.

"What did you connect with, Eddie?" they inquired.

Eddie made the best possible answer: "It was either a right or a left," he grinned. "I was throwin' 'em as fast as I could an' I had Fetter backed up where one of 'em was bound to land. I thought it was a right hook that finished him."

Fetter lay on the rubbing bench and appeared dazed still. He made no coherent response to questions. "He come at me too fast," he said. "I never seen a fighter like him. It was a right that clipped me. Take my word fer it, that Eddie Riton is gonna be champ."

While Eddie dressed, Tommy appeared and backed him into a corner. "I'll do all the talkin' that needs doin'," he said. "You leave here in half an hour an' go over to the restaurant. Take a table already reserved for you. If that twist ain't there when you get there, she will be as soon as that show rings down. When she comes in, seat her beside you at the table an' try to act like you loved it, see? Don't pay no attention to anybody in the joint. Just as soon as I'm sure she's there, I'll bust in on you with these writers in tow. My cue is to raise the devil with you for bein' out with a twist. I'll do it an' pretend to be surprised."

"I know all the rest," Eddie grinned. "It'll be kind of fun, huh? Have you told Linda what to do?"

"She'll know. It's you I'm worried about."

"How about the fight?" Eddie asked. "I done what you wanted, didn't I?"

"Yeah, you done fine, Eddie. The fight was all right. No kick on that. A nineteen-second kayo is grand stuff for paper an' ink. You done all right."

"It's funny"—the fighter grinned again—"that you can't find somethin' to kick about, Tommy."

"I'll kick plenty if you blow this setup tonight."

"I'll do what you say. If we blow it that'll be your fault."

Tommy left, and shortly Eddie himself was ready for the street. As he passed from the room, he went to Fetter, still stretched out on the bench, and smiled down upon him.

"How is it?" he queried.

"Great with me," Fetter grinned. "That was a nice fight, Eddie."

"Lucky for me, unlucky for you, Fetter. Better luck next time."

Fetter glanced at those about him. There were only Eddie and his own handlers. He grinned broadly, his battered lips spreading over crooked teeth.

"How'd it look?" he whispered. "How'd it look, Eddie? I never went in the tank before an' I was scared to death I'd make it look bad."

"Well," Eddie said casually, affecting not to have heard the remark, "so long. Better luck next time."

But outside the arena, where curious crowds gathered about him and asked him ridiculous questions and clung to his side until he was able to secure a taxicab, thoughts filled his mind. They were strange thoughts, and disturbing. He recalled the feel of that blow under which Fetter collapsed. It had not landed cleanly; it was not a knock-out punch.

The easy manner in which Fetter had fallen before him suddenly became understandable. Tommy had arranged matters for a fake fight. He had taken no chances by telling Eddie that he could not lose. It had been a simple thing merely to instruct him to throw those punches from the moment the fight started, thus assuring a good-looking ending and a sensational one. It had been a sensible bit of advice, too, else Olson never would have advised him identically.

For a time, knowledge of the sham battle worried the fighter. As the taxicab bumped through traffic, he felt a sense of shame, of guilt that he had been a participant in the affair. But this, philosophically, faded from his mind.

"After all," he muttered to himself, "that's what they want. I'd be a sucker not to let them build me up as long as I'm not supposed to know anything about it. I guess that's what Tommy meant when he said he'd put me in the ring 'with all the best of it.'"

At the restaurant he verified that a table had been reserved for him and he went to it. Linda Belledu had not as yet arrived and he recalled that she appeared on the stage in the finale of the play, so would probably be late. As a result of the sudden termination of the bout, Eddie himself was ahead of time.

"I'm waitin' for a lady," he told the head waiter. "She ought to be along right quick. I'll just sit down at the table. You might give me a glass of water, if you will."

"Yes, sir. You're Eddie Riton, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"That was some kayo you scored tonight! Nobody else ever beat Fetter like that. He's a tough old bird and he's had a lot of experience. I guess that'll start you on the way toward the championship, sure enough."

"I was pretty lucky."

"It wasn't your good luck"—the waiter smiled—"it's just the other fellow's hard luck when he steps into that right hand of yours. It's a peach, boy!"

"Thank you."

"I guess you're waitin' for Linda Belledu, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"We were told you'd meet here. She's certainly a beautiful girl, ain't she?"

"She certainly is."

"From all I hear, a nice girl too. Not like a lot of these actresses that get a break on the main stem an' start lording it over common people."

"She's an awful nice girl."

"She comes in once in a great while after the show. Always sweet an' quiet an' pleasant."

"She's a nice girl."

"Not like some of 'em. She's never ginned up, an' she don't suck cigarettes all the time an' talk about temperament."

"No, I guess she don't."

"A fine actress too. Swell singer, eh?"

"Yeah."

"Have you caught her in the show?"

"Not yet. I been trainin'. But I'll see it soon."

"The show ain't so hot, but it'll give her the big break. She's all the show now."

"That's what I hear."

"Yeah. She's hot stuff, all right. Knocks 'em right off the benches. I'm tellin' you, if they ever work her in a decent play, she'll hang 'em on the paint an' make a big star of herself."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"The talk is that they're goin' to give her a break. She's already signed up with Ellerson. He'll make her famous if he sets out to do it."

"Yeah."

"You must make a great-lookin' couple, all right. She's so small an' you so big. I bet everyone would look twice at you two when you're together."

They laughed. For Eddie this prolonged and very obvious conversation was his first taste of hero worship here in the big town. He found it a little tiring but, nevertheless, pleasant. It came to him that others in the restaurant were whispering about him and he knew a slight confusion under the curious eyes of the diners.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the restaurant began to fill rapidly. Theatergoers came in for their midnight supper, and with them brought early editions of a tabloid which specialized in making a prompt report of sporting events. Across the back page was a headline indicating that Eddie had triumphed by a knock-out in the first round. The head waiter promptly brought him a copy, and Eddie took it with a smile and read about himself.

Tommy's fine hand could be discerned in the brief but glowing account of the battle. According to the paper, Eddie had come from his corner at the opening bell after the fashion of Jack Dempsey. They proclaimed him a demon in the ring; a fighter with every attribute and a heart of flaming courage. They pointed out that the nineteen-second victory established a new record for the club and prophesied great things for this youthful newcomer who already was being classed as a contender.

"That's a great write-up," the head waiter smiled.

"Yeah," Eddie nodded. "I was pretty lucky all right."

"It's just like I said. That right smack of yours stretched him like a carpet. The paper says it was the fastest punch that has ever been thrown in the Manazita Club. I guess Fetter will agree with that!"

"Yeah, I guess mebbe he would."

Some twenty minutes passed and Eddie had begun to worry about Linda Belledu. It was quite possible, he thought, that Tommy would arrive with his writers before the girl got there. This might upset the whole plan, and Tommy was not only certain to be angry at this, but he was quite apt to blame Eddie in some way for it.

But the girl arrived in due course. Her face was flushed from hurrying and she ignored the flurry of interest her entrance aroused and came directly to Eddie. He rose to meet her and they shook hands.

"Hello, Eddie," she greeted warmly. "Please do forgive me for being late. They wanted a brief rehearsal after the performance tonight, and that delayed me. The traffic is dreadful too."

She sank into a seat opposite him, but still clung to his hand so that the diners near by could see.

"I should have come over to the theater for you, Linda."

"No, indeed! I told you not to bother. After boxing, it would have been a shame to go through all that traffic. I'm so happy about your winning so quickly and easily. See? I bought a paper the first thing and I got such a thrill when I read the headline. Think of it—the record you made! I do feel sorry for the other fellow though. Goodness, it must be terrible to be hit by you, Eddie."

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He laughed uncertainly and glanced about them. He liked this business of holding Linda's tiny soft hand.

Tommy's judgment again proved solid. His estimate of the publicity value of this boy-and-girl combination was more than justified. Every eye in the place was sooner or later fastened upon them. They sat thus for some time. Their gripped palms lay in plain sight upon the white linen; waiters hovered near to take their order, but the two seemed engrossed in each other. They were so when Tommy appeared with his guests of the press. For a moment the manager affected not to see them. Then he let his glance fall upon them and instantly his demeanor underwent a decided change

"What the hell!" he snapped, striding quickly to their table. "What's the big idea here, punk? How do you get this way? Runnin' around to late suppers with dames, eh? Tryin' to kid somebody, are you?"

Eddie rose to his feet and smiled in friendly fashion.

"Do you know Miss Belledu?" he asked.

"No. An' I don't want to know her. What's the big idea? Think you're kiddin' somebody?"

"This is my manager," Eddie offered. "Want to sit down a minute, Tommy?"

Behind Tommy the news writers were bunched, and among them was no little laughter. They whispered to one another and nudged with elbows. It was obvious that they were thoroughly enjoying the discomfiture of the manager.

"You oughta be home in bed," Tommy exploded. Then, to Linda: "What's the big idea, you? If you had any sense you'd know this kid shouldn't be here an hour after a hard fight!"

Linda, seemingly horrified at this sudden turn of events, backed away so that fighter and manager faced each other.

"What're you eatin'?" Tommy demanded. "What have your ordered?"

"Nothing, yet. We were just talkin' a minute before we did order."

"Well, never mind orderin', see? Pack up your kit bag an' blow, punk. We understand each other right now, or we never do, savvy? I'm the boss an' you're the fighter. As long as you keep yourself in shape an' do as I tell you, I'll make you champ an' get you a million bucks. Start playin' loose with me like this, an' we'll separate before some stumble bum knocks all the shingles off'n your roof. Beat it."

"No," Eddie snapped, "I won't beat it. Ain't I got a right to see my sweetheart the night of a fight? An' have a little supper with her? What do you think I am—a slave?"

The writers crowded closer.

"Beat it, twist," Tommy snarled at Linda. "On your way. I'll settle with this guy alone."

"What do you mean—twist?" Eddie demanded. He stepped around the corner of the table angrily. "You're the one that'll beat it, Tommy. You'll apologize to my sweetheart an' act like a gentleman, or I'll toss you right out in the gutter!"

"I wouldn't apologize to ——"

Eddie reached out and caught his manager roughly by the arm. Some lady near at hand cried out in apprehension. Linda darted between them and threw her arms about Eddie. She nestled her head against him.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop, gentlemen! You forget yourselves. Eddie, please, please! Perhaps this man has been drinking too much."

They were a picture as they stood thus, and Eddie enhanced its sentiment by permitting his now-famous right hand to slip about the girl's shoulder and draw her closer. He liked this acting, now that Olson's contracts were duly signed and executed and precluded an aftermath of a costly nature. This little girl was lovely and felt delightful there in his embrace.

"You better beat it, Tommy," he said slowly. "I'm tellin' you the truth, you better beat it."

"What's the idea, Tommy?" one of the writers cut in. "Don't lose your head, old kid. After all, there's nothing wrong about this, is there? Why shouldn't the kid take his girl out to supper if he wants to?"

"It's the big laugh that bothers you, Tommy," another spoke up. "He was just tellin' us how you couldn't wait to get to bed nights," he laughed to Eddie. "You didn't have a girl at all, accordin' to him. This is kind of a jolt for him."

"Yeah, an' it's kind of news for us," the first said. "A story that'll be a story, what I mean."

Tommy appeared to become calmer at this. A wistful sort of smile gripped his lips. "This certainly makes a sucker of me," he lamented. "I didn't mean any harm, miss, the way I spoke."

"I'm sure it's perfectly all right," Linda answered readily. "Perhaps it was quite a surprise for you." She glanced shyly upward at Eddie.

"I'm tellin' you the truth," Tommy grunted; "it knocked me bow-legged. I was just tellin' these boys that Eddie didn't go for any of the things that interfere with trainin'. Girls, I said, were out with Eddie. He seemed to have no interest in 'em at all. I swore he would be home in bed before we even got here to eat. An' then I walk into him, sittin' here with a beautiful girl!"

"Didn't he tell you we were meeting here?"

"Nary a tell. Not a word."

"Well"—Eddie smiled—"I'm sorry if I got sore, Tommy. But this is my sweetheart. We're in love with each other. We didn't see whose business it was outside our own. But we ain't ashamed of it, are we, sweetheart?"

Linda snuggled closer.

"Sit down, fellows," Tommy grunted, extending his hand to Eddie in a placatory gesture. "I guess the party's on me. After all, a guy that gets a load of Miss Belledu, here, couldn't blame you, Eddie. Let's have peace in the family an' I'll put a blessin' on you both."

In this simple manner there broke for the front pages of the papers a human-interest story that brought two young people irretrievably into the limelight. It was excellent copy and writers made excellent use of it. Linda Belledu, the beauty; Eddie Riton, the coming champion, each hewing an individual way to fame and fortune, and each doing it largely for the other.

Their pictures were featured in the papers, story after story about them ably and interestingly filled the columns that faced space writers. Their names became common property and their identities established in the public mind. They reaped a golden harvest of publicity that brought them invitations to most of the dinners and banquets in town, and farseeing managers chuckled happily in the possession of two new popular idols who were certain to set the turnstiles clicking.

Later, Oley Olson, over the long-distance telephone, expressed himself to Eddie Riton in no doubtful terms. "They certainly are givin' you the

(Continued on Page 166)

"BOY! *Here's Just What I Want!*"

BOB WHEELER'S the same kind of fun-loving fellow you are. He does the same things and plays the same games you do, and lately, Bob has the niftiest bunch of prizes you ever laid eyes on!

Some time ago, Bob read an ad like this. When he found that we needed live-wire boys who could build up a list of regular customers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, Bob shouted: "Boy! Here's just what I want!"

Lots of Prizes
—Spending Money, too!

Right now, Bob's out to earn a gleaming, new bicycle, from his Curtis work. He's already earned dozens of prizes—some like those pictured here—besides his spending money. *You can, too!*

It's easy—we'll coach you how to get regular customers, and almost before you know it, you'll be earning money and prizes!

Make up your mind that you, like Bob, can become a real salesman. Selling's really a game—and you'll like to play it!

What to Do

Show this advertisement to Mother or Dad. Tell them that you'd like to try out Curtis work. They'll probably be glad to have you start, for it's the best kind of business training. Then, clip the coupon below.

—And Mail it NOW!

The Voucher Man
The Curtis Publishing Company
997 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Penna.

Sure, I want to start. Send my first copies and full instructions right away.

Your name ..... Age .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

(Have your parent sign the statement below)

I am glad to have my boy take advantage of your business training.

.....
(Signature of parent)

MAKE YOUR HOME A SUNBEAM HOME

Three NEW marvels *in* ELECTRIC COOKERY

Sunbeam TOASTWITCH

A Completely Automatic Toaster

Toasts two slices of bread, both sides at once or two full size sandwiches

When toast is finished, current shuts off, top opens, and both pieces of toast raise for easy removal. All automatically.

Press a lever and the heating elements lift up revealing a shining crumb tray. The easiest toaster to keep clean.

WHEN the toast is finished the heat automatically shuts off, the top opens up, and the front edges of both pieces raise up for easy removal—all automatically.

You can make delicious toasted sandwiches on Toastwitch. It adjusts itself to any thickness. The filling can't fall out because the sandwiches lie flat. Just think of the possibilities—toasted English muffins, halved rolls, cheese dreams! Adjustable to any degree of toasting wanted—light, medium or full brown.

And easiest to clean of all toasters. The heating elements lift up at a touch, revealing a shining crumb tray. Whisk the crumbs away and Toastwitch is spick, span and spotless. Toastwitch is finished in beautiful chromium plate and designed in the modern mode. Its heating elements are the dependable Sunbeam units for a lifetime of use.

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

Beats, Stirs, Whips or Mixes in One-third Usual Time

LET MIXMASTER *beat your eggs, whip your cream, stir your cake batter, mash your potatoes—do all your mixing, whipping, beating.*

Run at any speed—fast, medium, slow—whichever you want. Trouble-proof motor—plenty of power to mix anything desired.

Mixmaster is light—portable—occupies little space. It has two beautiful metal bowls, one for large quantities, one for small. The easiest to clean of all mixers.

Motor tips back when mixing is finished allowing beaters to drain into bowl.

Sunbeam WAFFLEWITCH

More Than a Waffle Iron

Waffle grids, batter bowl, measure ladle, all in one

NO LONGER need you have the mess and inconvenience that has always been a part of waffle making. The new Sunbeam Wafflewitch has grids, batter bowl and ladle—everything you need—*all in one.*

No more messy batter bowl or pitcher on your table—in Sunbeam Wafflewitch the batter bowl and measure ladle are all out of sight, out of the way beneath the grids.

Just swing the grids to one side and batter bowl and ladle are uncovered. The ladle holds exactly enough batter for one perfect waffle. When the heat indicator says "hot" pour one ladleful of batter into the grid. No guesswork or confusion. Delicious, golden brown waffles made right at your dining room table.

Wafflewitch is finished in rustproof chromium plate, including batter bowl and ladle. Beautiful ivory-finished handles. Extra-deep, non-sticking grids. Heating unit of Sunbeam long-life quality.

Note how grids swing to one side uncovering batter bowl and ladle. Everything in one beautiful unit.

The ladle holds exactly enough for one perfect waffle. The batter bowl makes a beautiful general utility dish.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT *Company*
5542 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.
40 Years Making Quality Products

Sunbeam

THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

See these new ones at your Electric Light Company or your dealer. Write us for complete catalog on all Sunbeam Appliances—the finest home appliances made.

SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

Keep shivers away with a New Firelight Heater

WHEN shivers drive your family into a huddle on chilly days, get a new FIRELIGHT Heater, to spread warm comfort throughout the room.

Take the FIRELIGHT upstairs to dress by, and for extra comfort in the bathroom. Set it in the living room to shed that additional warmth that brings cozy content.

Choose your new FIRELIGHT from tasteful new colors in porcelain enamel, or finished in satin-black japan. Fire-bowl of Pyrex. Other Perfection styles, all-metal in choice of finishes. $5.75 to $17.75 at your dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY · Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto

PERFECTION
Oil Burning
Room Heaters

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SHEATHED IN THE ETERNAL LUSTRE OF ENDURO

THE PERFECTED STAINLESS STEEL

Chrysler Building Spire, Photographed by Margaret Bourke-White

LIKE a gigantic finger, clad in gleaming armor, New York's great Chrysler Building rises majestically for more than a thousand feet.

Sheathed in the eternal lustre of Enduro Nirosta, it is a glittering landmark—conspicuous even in a skyline celebrated for its famous buildings.

Another new building—the Empire State—will also use quantities of this perfected, stainless steel. Its pilasters will be of Enduro Nirosta.

with all these marked advantages, Enduro is easily worked. Stronger than carbon steel, it can be deep or wire drawn, spun, machined, welded.

Automobile manufacturers have adopted it for radiator shells, head lamps and other parts where permanent lustre is desirable. It quickly found a place in the manufacture of scores of products where ordinary metals could not render a satisfactory service. Every day, other new uses for Enduro are discovered.

Modern architecture and modern manufacture both call for the most modern materials . . . . and Enduro Nirosta KA2 is essentially a metal of the twentieth century.

It will not tarnish. Its smooth, mirror-like finish is impervious to rust, corrosion and the destructive action of most acids. It can't chip off or wear thin like a plated surface because it is the same wonderful metal all the way through. And yet,

Republic has already placed at the disposal of industry the largest facilities in the world for the production of Enduro, and increasing demand has made further expansion necessary.

A special Republic metallurgical department is devoted to alloy steel research. Its findings are available to manufacturers, architects, engineers—anyone interested in the development of new steels and new uses for steel.

Central Alloy Division

REPUBLIC STEEL
CORPORATION
GENERAL OFFICES: YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

Hundreds of Experts—Say the VALET Blade Is Perfect

CHEMISTS, metallurgists and engineers—a veritable army of men who know steel—outspokenly prefer the new Valet blade and definitely assert that it is vastly superior in quality of material, workmanship and performance.

Nine research men of the Detroit Testing Laboratory, eleven precision diemakers of the Benrus Watch Company, metallurgists and engineers of the Great Lakes Aircraft Corporation, every 1930 metallurgy graduate of the University of Pittsburg, laboratory men of the Diebold Safe & Lock Company—these are a few of the many experts who have tested the steel, photographed the micro-perfect edge, made actual shaving tests and declared the new Valet to be a triumph in steel and a masterpiece in precision manufacture!

Physicians and dermatologists the world over not only prefer—but definitely recommend and prescribe this blade. Their tests have conclusively demonstrated the value of the new Valet blade for the prevention and relief of skin disorders caused by harsh or incorrect shaving.

The Valet blade and Valet AutoStrop Razor are made for each other—exclusively. The blade is held at a friendly shaving angle and never requires removal for cleaning or stropping. You'll find that the Valet blade always glides across your face like a cool caress—leaving your skin smooth, clean and refreshed.

Learn why steel experts and skin specialists are Valet enthusiasts. Make an actual test—prove to your own satisfaction that the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor positively gives you the utmost in shaving ease, speed and comfort.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York

Also, Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 162)

rib-up," he admitted. "They're just the boys that can do it too. They'll sweep you in on a platinum shovel, Eddie. You're known all over the country now, an' big offers ought to come in fast. They've got a million-dollar property in you an' they can't cash without kickin' you in 50 per cent. An', by the way," he finished, "is that dame as good-lookin' as the pictures make her?"

"I'll say she is," Eddie chuckled. "Honest, Oley, she's a knock-out. Little bit of a thing an' as dainty as the lace on a handkerchief. A pip, she is. Nice too. I don't think she's like you imagine, Oley. Mebbe she is, though. She's smart enough to be if she wanted to. I guess mebbe I'm a sucker. But I can't kick on this kind of publicity. I just as soon kiss her, even if they didn't put my picture in the papers for doin' it!"

"You kissin' her?"

"Sure. You know, only stage kisses. But I'm all set for a flock of 'em whenever the part calls for 'em!"

"You're supposed to be in love with each other, huh?"

"Sure. Lovers have to kiss, don't they? We gotta be careful not to give it away, you see."

"It's too bad for you, huh?" Olson laughed. "Boy, this fight racket has changed! I used to sign up for fights in the biggest saloon in town, an' whenever they gave me a publicity stunt, it never had anythin' to do with kissin' gorgeous girls! What a chance! They always showed me in a check cap with a big, phony diamond on, an' when they set out to put me in society, they spread a press story about me knockin' out a horse. Things have changed plenty!"

"It's all right with me, Oley. I ain't got a kick in the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Eight Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

Let EVERY DAY *be a* THANKS GIVING *day*

HOURS saved on cleaning tasks that must be done every day! Knowledge that rugs and other furnishings are really clean . . . *clear through!* Relief from the endless grind of chasing dirt!

Certainly these are things for which any woman can be thankful. They are among the many benefits realized by more than 2,500,000 who own Grand Prize Eurekas, and have experienced the joy of cleaning their homes electrically with *air* in the form of powerful suction . . . The Better Way.

These women have learned that Eureka "High-Vacuum" whisks away the clinging, deeply embedded grit as well as surface dirt, by drawing air at high velocity *through* the rug or other material. They have found that air cleans harmlessly . . . that it preserves the beauty and prolongs the life of fabrics. They appreciate *every day* the lightness, convenience and sturdiness that this simple cleaning principle has made possible.

Are you using an electric cleaner that is more than three years old? If so, you should have it inspected at once. Don't let surface cleanliness deceive you. Even though your cleaner runs as well as ever, it may have lost its deep-cleaning effectiveness through wear. A simple test will tell . . . a comparison with the work done by the powerful new Eurekas.

Let the Eureka Man show you some of the reasons why experts have bestowed the Highest Award on the Eureka at seven great international expositions. Let him help you make every day a thanks giving day. A home demonstration will place you under no obligation. Refer to the classified section of your telephone directory under the heading "Eureka". Phone today.

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Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ont. Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia.

THE EUREKA STANDARD IS PRICED AT $56.50. OTHER LATEST MODELS ARE THE HIGH-QUALITY, FULL-SIZED EUREKA SPECIAL, $39.50; THE EUREKA JUNIOR, $16.50 (ELECTRIC HEATER HAIR-DRYING ATTACHMENT, $3.00). ALL OBTAINABLE ON AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

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EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

GETS · MORE · DIRT

Irreproachable

Immaculate

ARROW SHIRTS

Don is just as comfortable as it is smart. It opens in the back and has a bosom so contrived that it will not bulge. The fabric is exquisite white piqué, of patterns fine as snow crystal. Don is an aristocrat in style.

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MORE THAN 250 ITEMS

"Is supper ready, Mom?" You turn to see a little fellow, tired, dirty, ragged, *hungry*. What a boy! How happy you are that he is yours . . . . and how careful you are to see that he gets the kind of food that prepares him for these strenuous play hours. Mothers for 77 years have welcomed the known, constant quality of Monarch Foods.

THE MONARCH WAY

See it in glass

Buy it in tin

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THE NEW VICTOR RADIO

New Victor Radio R-39
Identical in equipment and performance with R-35 . . . In distinctive deluxe classical Italian cabinet of alluring beauty, 43⅜" high, 27" wide and 16⅞" deep. List price, $185.00, less Radiotrons.

Other Victor Models

	List Prices
Victor Radio RE-57	$285.00
	Less Radiotrons
Victor Radio R-35 (5 circuit)	152.50
	Less Radiotrons

9 FEATURES OF THE NEW VICTOR RADIO

1. ***First five-circuit, micro-synchronous, screen-grid radio.***
2. ***Home Recording*** **. . . Victor's latest development!**
3. ***Victor Acoustic Tone Control*** **. . . created and introduced by Victor.**
4. ***Victor Tone*** **. . . more beautiful than ever!**
5. ***New Beauty of Appearance*** **. . . most striking cabinets Victor ever designed.**
6. ***The New Improved Electrola*** **. . . plays Victor Records with startling new beauty.**
7. ***Micro-Synchronous Radio*** **. . . perfect performance . . . *A child can tune it!***
8. ***New Sensitivity*** **. . . bringing you the station you want—*when* you want it.**
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IN SIXTY DAYS the new Victor Radio has become the most talked-of musical instrument . . . since the first Victrola.

It is startlingly new—incorporating features never before known. It is new in design, in appearance, in construction and . . . in performance.

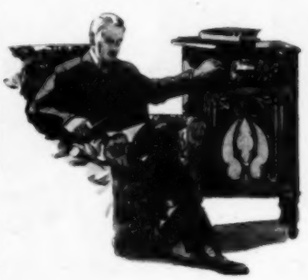
With the new *Home Recording* Electrola, it brings you a totally *new kind* of entertainment.

The New Victor Radio Electrola not only plays radio programs with a new perfection, but also Victor Records, electrically, with a beauty that Victor believes *unequalled by any other means of reproduction.* And, for the first time, with this complete musical instrument you enjoy the thrilling new sport of making records of your own voice . . . "vocal snapshots" that are "the life of the party."

Only Victor's 33 years' experience with music could create the new Victor. That is why the new Victor is musically supreme. Only Victor's matchless resources could bring these exquisite models to you at such low prices. That is why anyone can now afford a New Victor.

These things are important when you buy a musical instrument. And today—as always—*absolute dependability is guaranteed by the Victor name.*

Victor urges you to see and hear the four new Victor models . . . enabling you to enjoy the New Victor Radio separately or with the *Home Recording* Electrola. Compare the New Victor with any other instrument . . . at any price. Then you will know why the entire world is acclaiming "the greatest instruments Victor ever built"! At all Victor dealers.



Victor Radio R-15—**The "personal radio." In compact, exquisite cabinet, built with Victor craftsmanship throughout. Brings you the famous Victor Tone and performance you would expect in a much more expensive instrument at a startlingly low price. The ideal "second set."**

The new
Victor Radio
HOME-RECORDING
Electrola

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